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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
EDMUND SPENSER

THE BEST LIBRARIANLY REVISED AND REPRODUCED
WITH NOTES, ORIGINAL AND MODERN

BY
FRANCIS A. CONNELL

FIVE VOLUMES IN THREE

VOL. III.

BOSTON

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD AND COMPANY

The Riverside Press, Cambridge

1878

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COMPLAINTS
OF THE
MISCELLANIES

MISCELLANIES

1

Vol. I.

COMPLAINTS.

CONTAINING SUNDRIE SMALL POEMES OF THE
WORLDS VANITIE:

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE MAKETH MENTION.

By ED. SP.

L O N D O N:

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.

A NOTE OF THE SUNDRIE POEMES CON-
TAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

1. The Ruines of Time.
2. The Teares of the Muses.
3. Virgils Gnat.
4. Prosopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.
5. The Ruines of Rome : by Bellay.
6. Muiopotmos, or The Tale of the Butterflie.
7. Visions of the Worlds Vanitie.
8. Bellayes Visions.
9. Petrarches Visions.

THE PRINTER TO THE GENTLE READER.

SINCE my late setting foorth of the Faerie Queene, finding that it hath found a favourable passage amongst you, I have sithence endeavoured by all good meanes, (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale poemes of the same Authors as I heard were disperst abroad in sundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by by himselfe; some of them having bene diverslie imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure over sea. Of the which I have by good meanes gathered togeather these fewe parcels present, which I have caused to bee imprinted altogeather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them, being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie grave and profitable. To which effect I understand that he besides wrote sundrie others, namelie: *Ecclesiastes* and *Canticum Canticorum* translated, *A Senights Slumber*, *The Hell of Lovers*, his *Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to ladies, so as it may seeme he ment

them all to one volume: besides some other pamphlets looselie scattered abroad; as *The Dying Pelican*, *The Howers of the Lord*, *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*, *The Seven Psalmes*, &c., which, when I can either by himselfe or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your favour sake to set foorth. In the meane time, praying you gentlie to accept of these, and graciouslie to entertaine the new Poet,¹ I take leave.

¹ Spenser had printed nothing with his name before the *Faerie Queene*. — Ponsonby's account of the way in which this volume was collected is rather loose. The *Ruins of Time* and *The Tears of the Muses* were certainly written shortly before they were published, and there can be equally little doubt that *Mother Hubbard's Tale* was retouched about the same time. C.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

THE KITE OF TIME

DEDICATED

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND BEAUTIFULL LADIE,

THE LA: MARIE,

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

Most honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long sithens deepe sowed in my brest the seede of most entire love and humble affection unto that most brave knight, your noble brother deceased; which, taking roote, began in his life time somewhat to bud forth, and to shew themselves to him, as then in the weakenes of their first spring; and would in their riper strength (had it pleased High God till then to drawe out his daies) spired forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath disdeigned the world of that most noble spirit which was the hope of all learned men, and the patron of my young Muses, together with him both their hope of anie further fruit was cut off, and also the tender delight of those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet, sithens my late cumming into England, some frends of mine, which might much prevaile with me, and indeede commaund me, knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him, as also bound unto that noble house, of which the chiefe hope then rested in him, have sought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not shewed anie thankefull remem-

brance towards him or any of them, but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to avoide that fowle blot of unthankfulnesse, I have conceived this small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines*; yet speciallie intended to the renowming of that noble race from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which I dedicate unto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth, and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden by manie singular favours and great graces. I pray for your honourable happinesse, and so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships ever

humblie at commaund,

E. S.

THE RUINES OF TIME.

It chaunced me on ¹ day beside the shore
Of silver streaming Thamesis to bee,
Nigh where the goodly Verlame stood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see, 5
By which the travailer that fares that way
This once was she may warned be to say.

There on the other side, I did behold
A Woman sitting sorrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde 10
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares from her faire eyes forth

railing ²:

In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven shee seemd on high to weld.

¹ *On*, one.

² *Railing*, flowing.

Ver. 3. — *Verlame*.] Verulam, or Verulamium, was a British and Roman town, near the present city of St. Alban's in Hertfordshire. Some remains of its walls are still perceptible. H.

Whether she were one of that rivers nymphes, 15
 Which did the losse of some dere Love lament,
 I doubt ; or one of those three fatall impes
 Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent ;
 Or th' auncient genius of that citie brent ¹ ;
 But, seeing her so piteouslie perplexed, 20
 I, to her calling, askt what her so vexed.

“ Ah ! what delight,” quoth she, “ in earthlie thing,
 Or comfort can I, wretched creature, have ?
 Whose happines the heavens envying,
 From highest staire to lowest step me drave, 25
 And have in mine owne bowels made my grave,
 That of all nations now I am forlorne,²
 The worlds sad spectacle, and Fortunes scorne.”

Much was I mooved at her piteous plaint,
 And felt my heart nigh riven in my brest 30
 With tender ruth to see her sore constraint ;
 That, shedding teares, a while I still did rest,
 And after did her name of her request.
 “ Name have I none,” quoth she, “ nor anie being,
 Bereft of both by Fates uniust decreeing. 35

“ I was that citie which the garland wore
 Of Britaines pride, delivered unto me
 By Romane victors which it wonne of yore ;
 Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
 And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see, 40
 VERLAME I was ; what bootes it that I was,
 Sith now I am but weedes and wastfull gras ?

¹ *Brent*, burnt.² *Forlorne*, forsaken.

" O vaine worlds glorie, and unstedfast state
 Of all that lives on face of sinfull earth !
 Which, from their first untill their utmost date, 45
 Tast no one hower of happines or merth ;
 But like as at the ingate ¹ of their berth
 They crying creep out of their mothers woomb,
 So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

" Why then dooth flesh, a bubble-glas of breath, 50
 Hunt after honour and advauncement vaine,
 And reare a trophee for devouring death
 With so great labour and long-lasting paine,
 As if his daies for ever should remaine ?
 Sith all that in this world is great or gaie 55
 Doth as a vapour vanish and decaie.

" Looke backe, who list, unto the former ages,
 And call to count what is of them become.
 Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
 Which of all wisdomes knew the perfect somme ? 60
 Where those great warriors, which did overcome
 The world with conquest of their might and maine,
 And made one meare ² of th' earth and of their
 raine ?

" What nowe is of th' Assyrian Lyonesse,
 Of whome no footing now on earth appeares ? 65

¹ *Ingate*, entrance, beginning.

² *Meare*, boundary.

Ver. 64. — *Th' Assyrian Lyonesse.*] These types of nations are taken from the seventh chapter of the book of Daniel. H.

What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
 Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares?
 Who of the Grecian Libbard¹ now ought heares,
 That over-ran the East with greedie powre,
 And left his whelps their kingdomes to devoure? 70

“ And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
 That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 To fall before her feete at her beheast,
 And in the necke of all the world did ride? 74
 Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide?
 With her own weight downe pressed now shee
 lies,
 And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

“ O Rome, thy ruine I lament and rue,
 And in thy fall my fatall overthrowe,
 That whilom was, whilst heavens with equall vewe
 Deignd to behold me and their gifts bestowe, 81
 The picture of thy pride in pompous shew:
 And of the whole world as thou wast the empresse,
 So I of this small Northerne world was princesse.

“ To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre, 85
 Adornd with purest golde and precious stone,
 To tell my riches and endowments rare,
 That by my foes are now all spent and gone,
 To tell my forces, matchable to none,
 Were but lost labour that few would beleewe, 89
 And with rehearsing would me more agreeve.

¹ *Libbard*, leopard.

“ High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
Large streetes, brave houses, sacred sepulchers,
Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries 95
Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries, —
All those, O pitie ! now are turnd to dust,
And overgrowen with blacke oblivions rust.

“ Theretoo, for warlike power and peoples store
In Britannie was none to match with mee, 100
That manie often did abie full sore :
Ne Troynovant,¹ though elder sister shee,
With my great forces might compared bee ;
That stout Pendragon to his perill felt,
Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt. 105

“ But long ere this, Bunduca, Britonnesse,
Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought ;
Bunduca ! that victorious conqueresse,
That, lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove womens weaknes, with the Romanes fought, 110
Fought, and in field against them thrice prevailed :
Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

“ And though at last by force I conquered were
Of hardie Saxons, and became their thrall,
Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere, 115
And prizde with slaughter of their generall,
The moniment of whose sad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me lasted,
But now to nought, through spoyle of time, is wasted

¹ *Troynovant*, London.

“ Wasted it is, as if it never were ; 120
And all the rest that me so honord made,
And of the world admired ev’rie where,
Is turnd to smoake that doth to nothing fade ;
And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell 125
With fearfull fiends that in deep darknes dwell.

“ Where my high steeples whilom usde to stand,
On which the lordly faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lyme and sand
For the shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre : 130
And where the nightingale wont forth to powre
Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull lovers,
There now haunt yelling mewes and whining plovers.
ers.

“ And where the christall Thamis wont to slide
In silver channell downe along the lee, 135
About whose flowrie bankes on either side
A thousand nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free,
There now no rivers course is to be seene,
But moorish fennes, and marshes ever greene. 140

“ Seemes that that gentle river, for great grieve
Of my mishaps which oft I to him plained,
Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe
With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
From my unhappie neighborhood farre fled, 146
And his sweete waters away with him led.

" There also where the winged ships were seene
 In liquid waves to cut their fomie waie,
 And thousand fishers numbred to have been, 150
 In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
 Of fish, which they with baits usde to betraie,
 Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
 Nor ever ship shall saile there anie more.

" They all are gone, and all with them is gone ! 165
 Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
 My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
 And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment :
 Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
 To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160
 And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

" But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
 Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie ;
 Nor anie lives that mentioneth my name
 To be remembred of posteritie, 165
 Save one, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
 And Times decay, and Envies cruell tort,¹
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

" CAMBDEN ! the nourice ² of antiquitie,
 And lanterne unto late succeding age 170
 To see the light of simple veritie
 Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 Of her owne people led with warlike rage,
 CAMBDEN ! though Time all moniments obscure,
 Yet thy iust labours ever shall endure. 175

¹ *Tort*, wrong.² *Nourice*, nurse.

“ But whie, unhappie wight ! doo I thus crie,
 And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced ¹
 Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
 And all my antique moniments defaced ?
 Sith I doo dailie see things highest placed, 180
 So soone as Fates their vitall thred have shorne,
 Forgotten quite as they were never borne

“ It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, ² of most renownmed race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held, 186
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace ;
 Of greatest ones he, greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosom of his Soveraine,
 And *Right and Loyall* ³ did his word maintaine.

“ I saw him die, I saw him die as one 190
 Of the meane people, and brought foorth on beare ;
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate that late him loved deare ;
 Scarse anie left to close his eylids neare ;
 Scarse anie left upon his lips to laie 195
 The sacred sod, or requiem to saie.

¹ *Raced*, razed.

³ Leicester's motto.

² I. e. the Earl of Leicester.

Ver. 190. — *I saw him die.*] Leicester died at Cornbury Lodge, in Oxfordshire. Mr. Collier rightly remarks that these words are not to be taken literally, and that Verulam witnessed Leicester's death only in the sense in which the expression might be employed of all England. C.

“ O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly thinke your selves halfe happie then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing ;
And, when the courting masker louteth¹ lowe,
Him true in heart and trustie to you trow !

“ All is but fained, and with oaker² dide,
That everie shower will wash and wipe away ; 205
All things doo change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decaie.
Therefore, what ever man bearest worldlie sway,
Living, on God and on thy selfe relie ;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210

“ He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens storehouse he uplaid :
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And evill men (now dead) his deeds upbraid :
Spite bites the dead, that living never baid. 215
He now is gone, the whiles the foxe is crept
Into the hole the which the badger swept.

“ He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse upon the water shone, 220
Which vanisht quite so soone as it was sought.
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie poet seekes him to revive ;
Yet manie poets honourd him alive.

¹ *Louteth*, boweth.

² *Oaker*, ochre, paint.

“Ne doth his Colin, carelesse Colin Cloute, 225
 Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
 Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
 Of shepherd groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
 Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
 Untill he quite ¹ him of this guiltie blame. 230
 Wake, shepheards boy, at length awake for shame!

“And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
 And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,²
 Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
 (For manie did, which doo it now denie,) 235
 Awake, and to his song a part applie:
 And I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
 Will with my mourning plaints your plaint in-
 crease.

“He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
 His brother prince, his brother noble peere, 240
 That whilste he lived was of none envyde,
 And dead is now, as living, counted deare;
 Deare unto all that true affection beare,
 But unto thee most deare, O dearest Dame,
 His noble spouse and paragon of fame. 245

¹ *Quite*, acquit.

² *Trie*, experience.

Ver. 225. — *Colin Cloute.*] Spenser himself, who had been befriended by Leicester. H.

Ver. 239. — *His brother.*] Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick.

Ver. 245. — *His noble spouse.*] Anne, the eldest daughter of Francis Russell, Earl of Bedford.

“ He, whilst he lived, happie was through thee,
 And, being dead, is happie now much more ;
 Living, that lincked chaunst with thee to bee,
 And dead, because him dead thou dost adore
 As living, and thy lost deare love deplore. 250
 So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Dost live, by thee thy lord shall never die.

“ Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
 Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever :
 For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse 255
 His worthie praise, and vertues dying never,
 Though death his soule doo from his bodie sever :
 And thou thy selfe herein shalt also live ;
 Such grace the heavens doo to my verses give.

“ Ne shall his sister, ne thy father, die ; 260
 Thy father, that good earle of rare renowne,
 And noble patrone of weake povertie ;
 Whose great good deeds, in countrey and in towne,
 Have purchast him in heaven an happie crowne :
 Where he now liveth in eternall blis, 265
 And left his sonne t’ ensue those steps of his.

“ He, noble bud, his grandsires livelie hayre,
 Under the shadow of thy countenaunce

Ver. 260. — *His sister.*] Lady Mary Sidney.

Ver. 261. — *That good earle, &c.*] This Earl of Bedford died in 1585. — TODD.

Ver. 267. — *He, noble bud, &c.*] Edward Russell, grandson of Francis Earl of Bedford, succeeded in the earldom, his father Francis, having been slain by the Scots. — OLDYS.

Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre
 In learned artes, and goodlie governaunce, 270
 That him to highest honour shall advaunce.
 Brave impe¹ of Bedford, grow apace in bountie,
 And count of wisdom more than of thy countie!

“ Ne may I let thy husbands sister die,
 That goodly ladie, sith she eke did spring 275
 Out of this stocke and famous familie
 Whose praises I to future age doo sing;
 And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
 The sacred brood of learning and all honour;
 In whom the heavens powrde all their gifts upon her.

“ Most gentle spirite breathed from above, 281
 Out of the bosome of the Makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous love
 Appeared in their native propertis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his 285
 With treasure passing all this worldës worth,
 Worthie of heaven it selfe, which brought it forth:

“ His blessed spirite, full of power divine
 And influence of all celestially grace,
 Loathing this sinfull earth and earthlie slime, 290
 Fled backe too soone unto his native place;
 Too soone for all that did his love embrace,

¹ *Impe*, graft, scion.

Ver. 275. — *That goodly ladie, &c.*] Lady Mary Sidney, mother of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke.

Ver. 281. — *Most gentle spirite.*] Sir Philip Sidney.

Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

“ Yet, ere his happie soule to heaven went 295
Out of this fleshlie goale, he did devise
Unto his heavenlie Maker to present
His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice,
And chose that guiltie hands of enemies
Should powre forth th’ offering of his guiltles blood :
So life exchanging for his countries good. 301

“ O noble spirite, live there ever blessed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new ioy ;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortall cares and cumbrous worlds anoy ! 305
But, where thou dost that happines enioy,
Bid me, O bid me quicklie come to thee,
That happie there I maie thee alwaies see !

“ Yet, whilst the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
And sing to thee, untill that timelie death
By heavens doome doo ende my earthlie daies :
Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathest perfect and entire. 315

“ Then will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thine owne sister, peerles ladie bright,

Ver. 317. — *Thine owne sister, &c.*] The Countess of Pembroke, to whom this poem is dedicated. “The Doleful Lay of Clorinda” (Vol. IV. p. 426) appears to have been written by her.

Which to thee sings with deep harts sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare I feeble my feeble spright
Robbed of sense, and ravished with ioy ;
O sad ioy, made of mourning and anoy !

320

“ Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thou thyselfe thine owne selves valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, madest the forrests ring, 325
And fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
And shepheards leave their lambs unto mischaunce,
To runne thy shrill Arcadian pipe to heare :
O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were !

“ But now more happie thou, and wretched wee, 330
Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elisian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes reioyce,
Conversest, and doost heare their heavenlie layes, 335
And they heare thine, and thine doo better praise.

“ So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng 340
Of heavenlie poets and heroës strong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And everie where through excellent desart.

“ But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,

345

Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was ; ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rustie darknes ever lie,
Unles they mentiond be with infamie. 330

“ What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious, 355
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrels is,
And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

“ How manie great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies most famouslie did flourish,
Of whome no word we heare, nor signe now see, 360
But as things wipt out with a sponge to perishe,
Because they living cared not to cherishe
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize !

“ Provide therefore, ye Princes, whilst ye live, 365
That of the Muses ye may friended bee,
Which unto men eternitie do give ;
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie
And Iove, the father of Eternitie,
And do those men in golden thrones repose, 370
Whose merits they to glorifie do chose.

“ The seven-fold yron gates of grislie Hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,

They able are with power of mightie spell
 To breake, and thence the soules to bring awaie 375
 Out of dread darkenesse to eternall day,
 And them immortall make which els would die
 In foule forgetfulnesse, and nameles lie

“ So whilome raised they the puissant brood
 Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merite, 380
 Out of the dust to which the Oetæan wood
 Had him consum'd, and spent his vitall spirite,
 To highest heaven, where now he doth inherite
 All happinesse in Hebes silver bowre,
 Chosen to be her dearest paramoure. 385

“ So raisde they eke faire Ledaes warlick twinnes,
 And interchanged life unto them lent,
 That, when th' one diës, th' other then beginnes
 To shew in heaven his brightnes orient ;
 And they, for pittie of the sad wayment,¹ 390
 Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
 Her back againe to life sent for his sake.

“ So happie are they, and so fortunate,
 Whom the Pierian sacred sisters love,
 That freed from bands of impacable² fate, 395
 And power of death, they live for aye above,
 Where mortall wreaques their blis may not remove :
 But with the gods, for former vertues meede,
 On nectar and ambrosia do feede.

¹ *Wayment*, lament.

² *Impacable*, unappeasable.

“ For deeds doe die, how ever noblie donne, 400
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay ;
But wise wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muses, live for ay ;
Ne may with storming showers be washt away,
Ne bitter-breathing windes with harmfull blast, 405
Nor age, nor envie, shall them ever wast.

“ In vaine doo earthly princes then, in vaine,
Seeke with pyramides to heaven aspired,
Or huge colosses built with costlie paine,
Or brasen pillours never to be fired, 410
Or shrines made of the mettall most desired,
To make their memories for ever live :
For how can mortall immortalitie give ?

“ Such one Mausolus made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine : 415
Such one Marcellus, but was torne with thunder :
Such one Lisippus, but is worne with raine :
Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gaine.
All such vaine moniments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

“ But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay 425
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

“ For not to have been dipt in Lethe lake,
 Could save the sonne of Thetis from to die ;
 But that blinde bard did him immortall make 430
 With verses dipt in deaw of Castalie :
 Which made the Easterne conquerour to crie,
 O fortunate yong man ! whose vertue found
 So brave a trompe thy noble acts to sound.

“ Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read ¹ 435
 Good Melibæ, that hath a poet got
 To sing his living praises being dead,
 Deserving never here to be forgot,
 In spite of envie, that his deeds would spot :
 Since whose decease, learning lies unregarded, 440
 And men of armes doo wander unrewarded.

“ Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long agoe did grieve the noble spright
 Of Salomon with great indignities,
 Who whilome was alive the wisest wight : 445
 But now his wisdom is disprooved quite,
 For he that now welds ² all things at his will
 Scorns th’ one and th’ other in his deeper skill.

“ O grieve of griefes ! O gall of all good heartes !
 To see that vertue should dispised bee 450
 Of him that first was raisde for vertuous parts,

¹ *Read*, consider.

² *Welds*, wields.

Ver. 436. — *Good Melibæ.*] Sir Francis Walsingham, who died April 6, 1590. The poet is Thomas Watson. — OLDYS.

Ver. 447 – 455. — These lines are aimed at Burghley, who was

And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
 Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted bee.
 O let the man of whom the Muse is scorned,
 Nor alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorned ! 455

“O vile worlds trust ! that with such vaine illusion
 Hath so wise men bewicht and overkest,¹
 That they see not the way of their confusion :
 O vainesse to be added to the rest
 That do my soule with inward grieve infest ! 460
 Let them behold the piteous fall of mee,
 And in my case their owne ensample see.

“ And who so els that sits in highest seate
 Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
 Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate, 465
 Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 And his owne end unto remembrance call ;
 That of like ruine he may warned bee,
 And in himselfe be moov'd to pittie mee.”

Thus having ended all her piteous plaint, 470
 With dolefull shrikes shee vanished away,
 That I, through inward sorrowe wexen faint,
 And all astonished with deepe dismay
 For her departure, had no word to say ;
 But sate long time in sencelesse sad affright, 475
 Looking still, if I might of her have sight.

¹ *Overkest*, overcast.

Which when I missed, having looked long,
 My thought returned greeved home againe,
 Renewing her complaint with passion strong,
 For ruth of that same womans piteous paine ; 480
 Whose wordes recording in my troubled braine,
 I felt such anguish wound my feeble heart,
 That frosen horror ran through everie part.

So inlie greeving in my groning brest,
 And deepelie muzing at her doubtfull speach, 485
 Whose meaning much I labored foorth to wreste,
 Being above my slender reasons reach,
 At length, by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eies strange sights presented were,
 Like tragicke pageants seeming to appeare. 490

I. *

I SAW an Image, all of massie gold,
 Placed on high upon an altare faire,
 That all which did the same from farre beholde
 Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
 Not that great idoll might with this compaire, 495

* These allegorical representations of the vanity of exalted position, stately buildings, earthly pleasures, bodily strength, and works of beauty and magnificence, admit of an easy application to the splendid career of the Earl of Leicester, — his favor and influence with the Queen, his enlargement of Kenilworth, his princely style of living, and particularly (IV.) his military command in the Low Countries. The sixth of these "tragick pageants" strongly confirms this interpretation. The two bears are Robert and Ambrose Dudley. While Leicester was lieutenant in the Netherlands, he was in the habit of using the Warwick crest (a bear and ragged staff) instead of his owl. Naunton, in his *Fragmenta Regalia*, calls him *Ursa Major*. C.

To which th' Assyrian tyrant would have made
The holie brethren falslie to have praid.

But th' altare on the which this image staid
Was (O great pitie !) built of brickle¹ clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid, 500
With showres of heaven and tempests worne away ;
Then downe it fell, and low in ashes lay,
Scorned of everie one which by it went ;
That I, it seing, dearelie did lament.

II.

Next unto this a statelie Towre appeared, 505
Built all of richest stone that might bee found,
And nigh unto the heavens in height upreared,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground :
Not that great towre which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in Holie Writ, 510
King Ninus worke, might be compar'd to it.

But, O vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travailes toyle 515
To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle,
I saw this towre fall sodainlie to dust,
That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was brust.

¹ *Brickle*, brittle.

III.

Then did I see a pleasant Paradize,
 Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520
 Such as on earth man could not more devize,
 With pleasures choyce to feed his cheereful sprights :
 Not that which Merlin by his magicke slights
 Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
 His fayre Belpheobe, could this gardine staine. 525

But O short pleasure bought with lasting paine !
 Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
 In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine ?
 Since that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
 That where it was scarce seemed anie sight ; 530
 That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

IV.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
 Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,
 That none durst vewe the horror of his face ; 535
 Yet was he milde of speach, and meeke of nature.
 Not he which in despite of his Creatour
 With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
 Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast ;

For from the one he could to th' other coast 540
 Stretch his strong thighes, and th' ocean overstride,
 And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
 But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride !
 One of his feete unwares from him did slide,
 That downe hee fell into the deepe abisse, 545
 Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse.

V.

'Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
 Over the sea from one to other side,
 Withouten prop or pillour it t' upholde,
 But like the coloured rainbowe arched wide : 550
 Not that great arche which Traian edifide,
 To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
 Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But ah ! what bootes it to see earthlie thing
 In glorie or in greatnes to excell, 555
 Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring ?
 This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
 Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
 Ne of so brave a building ought remained,
 That grieve thereof my spirite greatly pained. 560

VI.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
 Lying together in a mightie cave,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
 That salvage nature seemed not to have,
 Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to crave : 565
 Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
 Although the compast¹ world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
 In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse ?
 The cave in which these beares lay sleeping sound
 Was but earth, and with her owne weightnesse 571

¹ *Compast*, rounded.

Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse ;
 That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavie spright, 575
 At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight,
 And I in minde remained sore agast,
 Distraught twixt feare and pitie ; when at last
 I heard a voyce which loudly to me called, 580
 That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

“ Behold,” said it, “ and by ensample see,
 That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,
 Ne other comfort in this world can be,
 But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclinde ; 585
 For all the rest must needs be left behinde.”
 With that it bad me to the other side
 To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

I.

UPON that famous rivers further shore,*
 There stood a snowie Swan, of heavenly hiew 590

Ver. 582 - 586. — A paraphrase of Sir Philip's last words to his brother. “ Above all, govern your will and affection by the will and word of your Creator, in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities.” This is pointed out by Zouch, *Life of Sidney*, p. 263. C.

* This second series of pageants is applicable exclusively to Sir Philip Sidney. The meaning of the third and fourth is hard to make out; but the third seems to have reference to the collection

And gentle kinde as ever fowle afore ;
 A fairer one in all the goodlie crieu
 Of white Strimonian brood might no man view :
 There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
 Of his owne death in dolefull elegie. 595

At last, when all his mourning melodie
 He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
 Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
 With loftie flight above the earth he bounded,
 And out of sight to highest heaven mounted, 600
 Where now he is become an heavenly signe ;
 There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

II.

Whilest thus I looked, loe ! adowne the lee¹
 I sawe an Harpe, stroong all with silver twyne,
 And made of golde and costlie yvorie, 605
 Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
 The harpe on which Dan Orpheus was seene
 Wylde beasts and forrests after him to lead,
 But was th' harpe of Philisides² now dead.

¹ *Lee*, surface of the stream. ² *Phili-sid-es*, Sir Philip Sidney.

of the scattered sheets of the *Arcadia*, and the publication of this work by the Countess of Pembroke, after it had been condemned to destruction by the author. The fourth may indeed signify nothing more than Lady Sidney's bereavement by her husband's death ; but this interpretation seems too literal for a professed allegory. The sixth obviously alludes to the splendid obsequies to Sidney, performed at the Queen's expense, and to the competition of the States of Holland for the honor of burying his body C.

At length out of the river it was reard,
 And borne above the cloudes to be divin'd,
 Whilst all the way most heavenly noyse was heard
 Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
 That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind:
 So now in heaven a signe it doth appeare, 615
 The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

III.

Soone after this I saw on th' other side
 A curious Coffe made of heben¹ wood,
 That in it did most precious treasure hide,
 Exceeding all this baser world's good: 620
 Yet through the overflowing of the flood
 It almost drowned was and done to nought,
 That sight thereof much griev'd my pensive thought.

At length, when most in perill it was brought,
 Two angels, downe descending with swift flight, 625
 Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
 And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
 Above the reach of anie living sight:
 So now it is transform'd into that starre,
 In which all heavenly treasures locked are. 630

IV.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
 Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
 That might for anie princes couche be red,²
 And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold

¹ *Heben*, ebony.² *Red*, taken.

Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold : 636
 Therein a goodly virgine sleeping lay ;
 A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
 And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
 For lo ! her bridegrome was in readie ray 640
 To come to her, and seeke her loves delight :
 With that she started up with cherefull sight,
 When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
 And I in languor left there all alone.

V.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood 645
 A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged steed,
 The same that was bred of Medusaes blood,
 On which Dan Perseus, borne of heavenly seed,
 The faire Andromeda from perill freed :
 Full mortally this knight ywounded was, 650
 That streames of blood foorth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him, alas !)
 With manie garlands for his victories,
 And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
 Through brave atcheivements from his enemies : 655
 Fainting at last through long infirmities,
 He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
 And left me here his losse for to deplore.

VI.

Lastly, I saw an Arke of purest golde
 Upon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660

Which th' ashes seem'd of some great prince to hold,
 Enclosde therein for endles memorie
 Of him whom all the world did glorifie :
 Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
 Whether should of those ashes keeper bee. 665

At last me seem'd wing-footed Mercurie,
 From heaven descending to appease their strife,
 The arke did beare with him above the skie,
 And to those ashes gave a second life,
 To live in heaven, where happines is rife : 670
 At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
 And I for dole was almost like to die.

*L'Envoy.**

Immortall spirite of Philisides,
 Which now art made the heavens ornament,
 That whilome wast the worldës chiefst riches, 675
 Give leave to him that lov'de thee to lament
 His losse by lacke of thee to heaven hent,¹
 And with last duties of this broken verse,
 Broken with sighes, to decke thy sable herse !

And ye, faire Ladie ! th' honor of your daies 680
 And glorie of the world, your high thoughts scorne.

¹ *Hent*, taken away.

* *L'Envoy* was a sort of postscript sent with poetical compositions, and serving either to recommend them to the attention of some particular person, or to enforce what we call the moral of them. — TYRWHITT.

Vouchsafe this moniment of his last praise
With some few silver dropping teares t' adorne;
And as ye be of heavenlie off-spring borne,
So unto heaven let your high minde aspire,
And loath this drosse of sinfull worlds desire

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THE
TEARES OF THE MUSES.

By ED. SP.

L O N D O N :

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE STRANGE.

MOST brave and noble Ladie, the things that make ye so much honored of the world as ye bee are such as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie knowen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behavior, and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the verie paterne of right nobilitie. But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be honoured, (if honour it be at all,) are, both your particular bounties, and also some private bands of affinitie,* which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I devised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiship, and also to make the same universallie knowen to the world; that by honouring you they might know me, and by knowing me they might honor you. Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of your self, yet such as perhaps by good acceptance thereof ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your La: humbly ever.

ED. SP.

* Lady Strange was Alice Spencer, sixth daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe. C.

THE TEARES OF THE MUSES.

REHEARSE to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great Apolloes wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorowfull sad time
Which late ye powred forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicone, 5
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone !

For since the time that Phœbus foolish sonne,
Ythundered, through Ioves avengefull wrath,
For traversing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10
Of you, his mournfull sisters, was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were never since invented.

Nor since that faire Calliope did lose
Her loved twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her Palici, whom her unkindly foes, 15

Ver. 15. — *Palici.*] The Palici were children of Jupiter and Thalia, not Calliope. H.

The Fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space,
Was ever heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noyses
Of their sweete instruments were wont to sound, 20
And th' hollow hills, from which their silver voyces
Were wont redoubled echoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne up into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanel
 cleare 25
To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now forst to overflowe with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares. 30

The ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faëries
Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to move their nimble-shifting feete,
Now hearing them so heavily lament, 35
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
Through the divine infusion of their skill,
And all that els seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serve their will, 40
Was turned now to dismall heavinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull uglinesse.

Ay me ! what thing on earth, that all thing breeds,
 Might be the cause of so impatient plight ?
 What furie, or what feend, with felon deeds 45
 Hath stirred up so mischievous despight ?
 Can grieve then enter into heavenly harts,
 And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts ?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
 To me those secret causes to display ; 50
 For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
 Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
 Begin, thou eldest sister of the crew,
 And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

HEARE, thou great Father of the Gods on hie, 55
 That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts ;
 And thou, our Syre, that raignst in Castalie
 And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts :
 Heare, and behold the miserable state
 Of us thy daughters, dolefull desolate. 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame
 The which is day by day unto us wrought
 By such as hate the honour of our name,
 The foes of learning and each gentle thought ;
 They, not contented us themselves to scorne, 65
 Doo seeke to make us of the world forlorne.¹

¹ *Forlorne*, abandoned.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce ;
But they whom thou, great Iove, by doome uniust
Didst to the type of honour earst aduance ; 70
They now, puft up with sdeignfull insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

The sectaries ¹ of my celestiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned impes that wont to shoote up still, 75
And grow to hight of kingdomes government,
They underkeep, and with their spredding armes
Doo beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoves the honorable race
Of mightie peeres true wisdomes to sustaine, 80
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine :
Or rather learnd themselves behoves to bee ;
That is the girland of nobilitie.

But ah ! all otherwise they doo esteeme 85
Of th' heavenly gift of wisdomes influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deeme :
Base minded they that want intelligence ;
For God himselfe for wisdomes most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised. 90

But they doo onely strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie ;

¹ *Sectaries*, followers.

In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
 And onely boast of armes and auncestrie :
 But vertuous deeds, which did those armes first give
 To their grandsyres, they care not to atchive. 90

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
 To register and sound in trump of gold,
 Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
 Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told : 100
 For better farre it were to hide their names,
 Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
 Of things forepast, nor moniments of time ;
 And all that in this world is worthie hight 105
 Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in slime !
 Therefore I mourne with deep harts sorrowing,
 Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
 That could have made a stonie heart to weep ; 110
 And all her sisters rent ¹ their golden heares,
 And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
 So ended shee : and then the next anew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

MELPOMENE.

O, WHO shall powre into my swollen eyes 115
 A sea of teares that never may be dryde,
 A brasen voice that may with shrilling cryes

¹ *Rent*, rend.

Pierce the dull heavens and fill the ayër wide,
 And yron sides that sighing may endure,
 To waile the wretchednes of world impure ! 120

Ah, wretched world ! the den of wickednesse,
 Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie ;
 Ah, wretched world ! the house of heavinesse,
 Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie ;
 Ah, wretched world, and all that is therein ! 125
 The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaves of sin.

Most miserable creature under sky
 Man without understanding doth appeare ;
 For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
 And fortunes freakes, is wisely taught to beare : 130
 Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
 And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
 Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts :
 She solaceth with rules of sapience 135
 The gentle minds, in midst of worldlie smarts :
 When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
 And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
 And wants the staffe of wisdom he to stay, 140
 Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
 Withouten helme or pilot her to sway :
 Full sad and dreadfull is that ships event ;
 So is the man that wants intendiment.¹

¹ *Intendiment*, understanding.

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize 145
The precious store of this celestially riches?
Why doo they banish us, that patronize
The name of learning? Most unhappie wretches!
The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
Yet doo not see their owne unhappines. 150

My part it is and my professed skill
The stage with tragick buskin to adorne,
And fill the scene with plaint and outcries shrill
Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can finde 155
Than this, of men depriv'd of sense and minde.

For all mans life me seemes a tragedy,
Full of sad sights and sore catastrophes;
First comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous trophees, 160
Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare.
And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
Fit for Megera or Persephone;
But I that in true tragedies am skild, 165
The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Because that mourning matter I have none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wise; 170
And all her sisters, thereto answering,
Threw forth lowd shrieks and drerie dolefull cries.

So rested she : and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

THALIA.

WHERE be the sweete delights of learnings treas-
 ure, 176

That wont with comick sock to beautefie
 The painted theaters, and fill with pleasure
 The listners eyes, and eares with melodie,
 In which I late was wont to raine as queene,
 And maske in mirth with graces well beseene? 180

O, all is gone ! and all that goodly glee,
 Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,
 Is layd abed, and no where now to see ;
 And in her roome unseemly Sorrow sits,
 With hollow browes and greisly countenaunce 185
 Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarisme,
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dredd darknes of the deep abysme,
 Where being bredd, he light and heaven does hate :
 They in the mindes of men now tyrannize, 191
 And the faire scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie have possest,
 And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine ;
 But me have banished, with all the rest 195
 That whilome wont to wait upon my traine,

Fine Counterfesaunce,¹ and unhurtfull Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deckt in seemly sort.

All these, and all that els the comick stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced, 200
By which mans life in his likest imáge
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced ;
And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame
Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made 205
To mock her selfe, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter² under mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.³ 210

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
Without regard, or due decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,⁴ 215
And doth the learneds taske upon him take.

¹ *Counterfesaunce*, mimicry.

³ *Drent*, drowned.

² *Counter*, counterfeit.

⁴ *Make*, write poetry.

Ver. 205 - 210. — There are perhaps sufficient reasons for believing that these lines refer to Shakespeare. He had probably written *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Love's Labor's Lost*, before the *Complaints* were published (1591), and no other author had up to this time produced a comedy that would compare with these. For a discussion of this subject, see Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, Chap. VII.; Knight's *Biography*, pp. 344 - 348; Dyce's *Life* (1857) p. xxxvi. C.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
 Large streames of honnie and sweete nectar flowe,
 Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
 Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe, 220
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
 Than so himselfe to mockerie to sell.

So am I made the servant of the manie,
 And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
 Not honored nor cared for of anie, 225
 But loath'd of losels ¹ as a thing forlorne :
 Therefore I mourne and sorrow with the rest,
 Untill my cause of sorrow be redrest.

Therewith she lowdly did lament and shriek,
 Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly ; 230
 And all her sisters, with compassion like,
 The breaches of her singulfs ² did supply.
 So rested shee : and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew.

EUTERPE.

LIKE as the dearling of the summers pryde, 235
 Faire Philomele, when winters stormie wrath
 The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
 In colours divers, quite despoyled hath,
 All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
 During the time of that her widowhead, 240

¹ *Losels*, worthless fellows.

² I. e. the pauses of her sighs.

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
 All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
 Whilest favourable times did us afford
 Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will,
 All comfortlesse upon the bared bow,¹ 245
 Like wofull culvers,² doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre³
 The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
 And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
 Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted; 250
 And those yong plants, which wont with fruit t' abound,
 Now without fruite or leaves are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
 And livelie spirits of each living wight,
 And dimd with darknesse their intelligence, 255
 Darknesse more than Cymerians daylie night:
 And monstrous Error, flying in the ayre,
 Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horroure, Ignorance,
 Borne in the bosome of the black abyse, 260
 And fed with Furies milke for sustenance
 Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
 By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night, —
 So hee his sonnes both syre and brother hight, —

He, armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout, 265
 (For blind is bold,) hath our fayre light defaced;

¹ *Bow*, bough.² *Culvers*, doves.³ *Stowre*, violence.

And, gathering unto him a ragged rout
 Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced.¹
 And our chast bowers, in which all vertue rained,
 With brutishnesse and beastlie filth hath stained. 270

The sacred springs of horsefoot Helicon,
 So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
 And speaking streames of pure Castalion,
 The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
 They trampled have with their fowle footings trade,²
 And like to troubled puddles have them made. 276

Our pleasant groves, which planted were with paines,
 That with our musick wont so oft to ring,
 And arbors sweet, in which the shepheards swaines
 Were wont so oft their pastoralls to sing, 280
 They have cut downe, and all their pleasaunce mard,
 That now no pastorall is to bee hard.

In stead of them, fowle goblins and shriek-owles
 With fearfull howling do all places fill,
 And feeble eccho now laments and howles, 285
 The dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
 So all is turned into wilderness,
 Whilest Ignorance the Muses doth oppresse.

And I, whose ioy was earst with spirit full
 To teach the warbling pipe to sound aloft, 290
 My spirits now dismayd with sorrow dull,
 Doo mone my miserie in silence soft.

¹ *Raced*, razed.² *Trade*, tread.

Therefore I mourne and waile incessantly,
Till please the heavens affoord me remedy.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe, 295
And pitious lamentation did make ;
And all her sisters, seeing her doo soe,
With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
So rested shee : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 300

TERPSICHORE.

WHOSO hath in the lap of soft delight
Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight
To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie, 305
Findes greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee, that earst in ioyance did abound,
And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
Like virgin queenes, with laurell garlands cround,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit, 310
Sith Ignorance our kingdome did confound,
Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground.

And in our royall thrones, which lately stood
In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accursed brood, 315
By him begotten of fowle Infamy ;
Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
Who hold by wrong that wee should have by right.

They to the vulgar sort now pipe and sing,
 And make them merrie with their fooleries ; 320
 They chereleie chaunt, and rymes at randon fling,
 The fruitfull spawnne of their ranke fantasies ;
 They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
 And good men blame, and losels¹ magnify.

All places they doo with their toyes possesse, 325
 And raigne in liking of the multitude ;
 The schooles they fill with fond newfanglenesse,
 And sway in court with pride and rashnes rude ;
 Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
 And say their musicke matcheth Phœbus quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
 And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine ;
 Faire ladies loves they spot with thoughts impure,
 And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine ;
 Clerks² they to loathly idlenes entice, 335
 And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
 For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
 The whiles we silly maides, whom they dispize
 And with reprochfull scorne discountenaunce, 340
 From our owne native heritage exilde,
 Walk through the world of every one revilde.

Nor anie one doth care to call us in,
 Or once vouchsafeth us to entertaine,
 Unlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin, 245

¹ *Losels*, worthless fellows.

² *Clerks*, scholars.

For pitties sake, compassion our paine,
And yeeld us some reliefe in this distresse ;
Yet to be so reliev'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all ; 350
So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
Yet none vouchsafes to answer to our call ;
Therefore we mourne and pittillesse complaine,
Because none living pitttieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented, 355
That naught on earth her grieve might pacifie ;
And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
With shrikes, and groanes, and grievous agonie.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her piteous plaint, as doth ensew. 360

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from above,
Where ye in Venus silver bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe devine, full of the fire of love,
With beawtie kindled, and with pleasure fed,
Which ye now in securitie possesse, 365
Forgetfull of your former heavinesse, —

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye use your loves to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthlie beauties praise
Above the compasse of the arched skie : 37

Now change your praises into piteous cries,
And eulogies turne into elegies.

Such as ye wont, whenas those bitter stounds¹
Of raging love first gan you to torment,
And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds 375
Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace ;
Those now renew, as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
The tempest of that stormie passion, 380
And use to paint in rimes the troublous state
Of lovers life in likest fashion,
Am put from practise of my kindlie² skill,
Banisht by those that love with leawdnes fill.

Love wont to be schoolmaster of my skill, 385
And the devicefull matter of my song ;
Sweete love devoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests ;
From thence infused into mortall brests. 390

Such high conceipt of that celestiall fire,
The base-borne brood of Blindnes cannot gesse,
Ne ever dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
Unto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
But rime at riot, and doo rage in love, 395
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

¹ *Stounds*, hours.

² *Kindlie*, natural.

Faire Cytheree, the mother of delight
And queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack ;
For lo ! thy kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy scepter rent, and power put to wrack ; 400
And thy gay sonne, that winged God of Love,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed¹ dove.

And ye three twins, to light by Venus brought,
The sweete companions of the Muses late,
From whom whatever thing is goodly thought 405
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate,²
Go beg with us, and be companions still,
As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
Finde entertainment or in court or schoole : 410
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed is now lent to the foole ;
He sings of love and maketh loving layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred foorth a brackish flood 415
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone ;
And all her sisters, seeing her sad mood,
With lowd laments her answered all at one.
So ended she : and then the next in rew
Began her grievous plaint, as doth ensew. 420

¹ *Ruffed*, ruffled.

² *Aggrate*, please.

CALLIOPE.

To whom shall I my evill case complaine,
Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart ;
But rather seekes my sorrow to augment 426
With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment ?

For they to whom I used to applie
The faithfull service of my learned skill,
The goodly off-spring of Ioves progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill, 430
Whose living praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle, —

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble sloth, or sinfull crime, 435
That doth degenerate the noble race,
Have both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning utterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to have the auncestrie
Of th' old heroës memorizde anew ; 440
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew,
But die, forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious 445
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bredd ?

What oddes twixt Irus and old Inachus,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd,
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake? 450

Or who would ever care to doo brave deed,
Or strive in vertue others to excell,
If none should yeeld him his deserved meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill, 455
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

Therefore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortall men have powre to deifie: 460
Bacchus and Hercules I raisd to heaven,
And Charlemaine amongst the starris seaven.

But now I will my golden clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more,
Sith I no more finde worthie to commend 465
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble peeres, whom I was wont to raise,
Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which poets wont divide 471
Now parasites and sycophants doo share:
Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
Both for my selfe and for my sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shrike, 475
 And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre ;
 And all her sisters, with compassion like,
 Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
 So ended she : and then the next in rew
 Began her plaint, as doth herein ensew. 480

URANIA.

WHAT wrath of gods, or wicked influence
 Of starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
 Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
 That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
 With love of blindnesse and of ignorance, 485
 To dwell in darkenesse without sovenance?¹

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
 When th' heavenlie light of knowledge is put out,
 And th' ornaments of wisdom are bereft ?
 Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
 Unweeting² of the danger hee is in,
 Through fleshs frailtie and deceit of sin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
 It is the onelie comfort which they have,
 It is their light, their loadstarre, and their day ; 495
 But hell, and darkenesse, and the grislie grave,
 Is Ignorance, the enemy of Grace,
 That mindes of men borne heavenlie doth debace.

¹ *Sovenance*, remembrance.² *Unweeting*, unknowing.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle first he fostred was ; 500
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formelesse mas :
By knowledge wee do learne our selves to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God, wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft unto the skie, 505
And looke into the christall firmament ;
There we behold the heavens great hierarchie,
The starres pure light, the spheres swift movëment,
The spirites and intelligences fayre,
And angels waighting on th' Almightyes chayre. 510

And there, with humble minde and high insight,
Th' eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
His love, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more than mortall men can vew.
O soveraigne Lord, O soveraigne happinesse, 515
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse !

Such happines have they that doo embrace
The precepts of my heavenlie discipline ;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Have they that scorne the schoole of arts divine, 520
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heavenly wise through humbled will.

However yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne self-delight, 525
In contemplation of things heavenlie wrought :

So, loathing earth, I looke up to the sky,
And being driven hence, I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisdom would them breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den 531
Of ghostly darkenes and of gastlie dread :
For whom I mourne, and for my selfe complaine,
And for my sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie, 535
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells ;
And all the rest, her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee : and then the next in rew
Began her mournfull plaint, as doth ensew. 540

POLYHYMNIA.

A DOLEFULL case desires a dolefull song,
Without vaine art or curious complements ;
And squallid Fortune, into basenes flong,
Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee, 545
To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee.

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures
With which I wont the winged words to tie,
And make a tunefull diapase of pleasures,
Now being let to runne at libertie 550
By those which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite lost their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words uphoorded hideously,
 With horrid sound, though having little sence,
 They thinke to be chiefe praise of poetry ; 555
 And, thereby wanting due intelligence,
 Have mard the face of goodly poesie,
 And made a monster of their fantasie.

Whilom in ages past none might professe
 But princes and high priests that secret skill ; 560
 The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
 And with deepe oracles their verses fill :
 Then was shee held in soveraigne dignitie,
 And made the noursling of nobilitie.

But now nor prince nor priest doth her maintayne,
 But suffer her prophaned for to bee 565
 Of the base vulgar, that with hands uncleane
 Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie ;
 And treadeth under foote hir holie things,
 Which was the care of kesars¹ and of kings. 570

One onelie lives, her ages ornament,
 And myrrour of her Makers maiestie,
 That with rich bountie and deare cherishment
 Supports the praise of noble poesie ;
 Ne onelie favours them which it professe, 575
 But is her selfe a peereles poetresse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poetresse,
 The true Pandora of all heavenly graces,

¹ *Kesars*, emperors.

Divine Elisa, sacred Emperesse!
 Live she for ever, and her royall p'laces 580
 Be fild with praises of divinest wits,
 That her eternize with their heavenlie writs!

Some few beside this sacred skill esteme,
 Admirers of her glorious excellence;
 Which, being lightned with her beawties beme, 585
 Are thereby fild with happie influence,
 And lifted up above the worldës gaze,
 To sing with angels her immortall praize.

But all the rest, as borne of salvage brood,
 And having beene with acorns alwaies fed, 590
 Can no whit savour this celestially food,
 But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
 And kept from looking on the lightsome day:
 For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftsoones¹ such store of teares shee forth did powre,
 As if shee all to water would have gone; 596
 And all her sisters, seeing her sad stowre,²
 Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
 And all their learned instruments did breake:
 The rest untold no living tongue can speake. 600

¹ *Eftsoones*, forthwith.

² *Stowre*, disturbance, trouble.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND EXCELLENT LORD

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

LATE DECEASED.

WRONG'D, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you, great Lord, the causer of my care,
In clowdie teares my case I thus complaine
Unto your selfe, that onely privie are.

But if that any Œdipus unware
Shall chaunce, through power of some divining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my evill plight,
Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose upon the text :
For grieve enough it is to grieved wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.

But what so by my selfe may not be showen,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.*

* This riddle has never been guessed. Upton conjectures that Leicester's displeasure was incurred for "some kind of officious sedulity in Spenser, who much desired to see his patron married to the Queen." C

VIRGILS GNAT.*

WE now have playde, Augustus, wantonly,
Tuning our song unto a tender Muse,
And, like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
Have onely playde: let thus much then excuse
This Gnats small poeme, that th' whole history 5
Is but a iest, though envie it abuse:
But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee 10
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit poesie:

* This is a very free translation of the *Culex*, a poem attributed, without reason, to Virgil. The original, which is crabbed and pedantic, where it is not unintelligible from corruption, is here rendered with sufficient fidelity to the sense, and with much elegance and sweetness. C.

'The golden offspring of Latona pure,
 And ornament of great Ioves progenie,
 Phœbus, shall be the author of my song, 15
 Playing on yvorie harp with silver strong.¹

He shall inspire my verse with gentle mood,
 Of poets prince, whether he woon² beside
 Faire Xanthus sprinckled with Chimæras blood,
 Or in the woods of Astery abide, 20
 Or whereas Mount Parnasse, the Muses brood,
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes divide,
 And the sweete waves of sounding Castaly
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters, which the glorie bee 25
 Of the Pierian streames, fayre Naiades,
 Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
 Adorne that god : and thou holie Pales,
 To whome the honest care of husbandrie
 Returneth by continuall successe, 30
 Have care for to pursue his footing light
 Through the wide woods and groves with green
 leaves dight.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
 Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky :
 And thou, most dread Octavius, which oft 35
 To learned wits givest courage worthily,
 O come, thou sacred childe, come sliding soft,
 And favour my beginnings graciously :

¹ *Strong*, strung.

² *Woon*, dwell.

For not these leaves do sing that dreadfull stound,¹
 When giants bloud did staine Phlegræan ground ; 40

Nor how th' halfe-horsy people, Centaures hight,
 Fought with the bloudie Lapithæes at bord ;
 Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
 Burnt th' Attick towres, and people slew with
 sword ;

Nor how Mount Athos through exceeding might 45
 Was digged downe ; nor yron bands aboard
 The Pontick sea by their huge navy cast,
 My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor Hellespont trampled with horses feete,
 When flocking Persians did the Greeks affray : 50
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 Delights (with Phœbus friendly leave) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feete.
 And thou, dread sacred child, to thee alway
 Let everlasting lightsome glory strive, 55
 Through the worlds endles ages to survive.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
 Mongst heavenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest ;
 And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
 As thy due meede that thou deservest best, 60
 Hereafter many yeares remembred be
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest.
 Live thou for ever in all happinesse !
 But let us turne to our first businesse.

¹ *Stound*, time.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on high 65
 Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden charet glistening light ;
 And fayre Aurora, with her rosie heare,
 The hatefull darknes now had put to flight ;
 When as the Shepheard, seeing day appeare, 70
 His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
 To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills :
 They, now amongst the woods and thickets ment,¹ 75
 Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each de-
 scent ;

Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills,
 Some, clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby. 80

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud ;
 This with full bit² doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft willow, or new growen stud ;³
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop, 85
 And chaw the tender prickles in her cud ;
 The whiles another high doth overlooke
 Her owne like image in a christall brooke.

O the great happines which shepherds have,
 Who so loathes not too much the poore estate 90

¹ *Ment*, mingled.² *Bit*, bite.³ *Stud*, stock.

With minde that ill use doth before deprave,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of riotise, and semblants outward brave !
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie mindes of covetous men, 95
 Do ever creepe into the shepherds den.

Ne cares he if the fleece which him arayes
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye ;
 Ne glistening of golde, which underlayes ¹
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye ; 100
 Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by ;
 Ne yet his cup embost with imagery
 Of Bætus or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky ² pearles esteemeth hee, 105
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away :
 But with pure brest, from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
 With sundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay³ ; 110
 There, lying all at ease from guile or spight,
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
 There his milk-dropping goats be his delight, 115
 And fruitfull Pales, and the forrest greene,

¹ *Underlayes*, surpasses.

³ *Lay*, lea.

² *Whelky*, shelly ('conchea').

And darkesome caves in pleasaunt vallies pight,¹
Wheras continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate. 120

O! who can lead then a more happie life
Than he, that with cleane minde and heart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife, 125
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches above measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished : 130
He ioyes in groves, and makes himselfe full blythe
With sundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered,
Ne frankincens he from Panchæa buyth :
Sweete Quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect Pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre, 135
Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeavour,
To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send ; 140
And how his limbs, resolv'd through idle leisour,
Unto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

¹ *Pight*, placed.

O Flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt Springs 145
 Of Tempe, where the countrey nymphs are rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
 As merrie notes upon his rusticke fife
 As that Ascræan bard,¹ whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life; 150
 Free from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
 This shepheard drives, upleaning on his batt,²
 And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime, 155
 Hyperion, throwing foorth his beames full hott,
 Into the highest top of heaven gan clime,
 And the world parting by an equall lott,
 Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
 As the great Ocean doth himselfe divide. 160

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
 His stragling goates, and drave them to a foord,
 Whose cærule streame, rombling in pible stone,
 Crept under mosse as greene as any goord.
 Now had the sun halfe heaven overgone, 165
 When he his heard back from that water foord
 Drave, from the force of Phœbus boyling ray,
 Into thick shadowes, there themselves to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy sacred wood,
 O Delian goddess, saw, to which of yore 170
 Came the bad daughter of old Cadmus brood,

¹ I. e. Hesiod.² Batt, stick.

Cruell Agavè, flying vengeance sore
 Of King Nictileus for the guiltie blood
 Which she with cursed hands had shed before ;
 There she halfe frantick, having slaine her sonne, 175
 Did shrowd her selfe like punishment to shonne.

Here also playing on the grassy greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
 Not so much did Dan Orpheus repress 180
 The streames of Hebrus with his songs, I weene,
 As that faire troupe of woodie goddesses
 Staied thee, O Peneus, powring foorth to thee,
 From cheereful lookes, great mirth and gladsome glee.

The verie nature of the place, resounding 185
 With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
 A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
 In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
 To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
 For first the high palme-trees, with braunches faire,
 Out of the lowly vallies did arise, 191
 And high shoote up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked lotos grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
 Ulysses men, whom rapt with sweetenes new, 196
 Taking to hoste,¹ it quite from him did stay ;
 And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
 The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay

¹ *Hoste*, entertain.

Of Phaëton, whose limbs with lightening rent
They gathering up, with sweete teares did lament. 200

And that same tree,¹ in which Demophoon,
By his disloyalty lamented sore,
Eternall hurte left unto many one :
Whom als accompanied the oke, of yore 204
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one :
The oke, whose acornes were our foode before
That Ceres seede of mortall men were knowne,
Which first Triptoleme taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded pine,
The great Argoan ships brave ornament, 210
Whom golden fleece did make an heavenly signe ;
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres divine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment ;
And the blacke holme that loves the watrie vale ; 215
And the sweete cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth en-
fold 220

With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet unmindfull of her olde reproach.

¹ I. e. the almond-tree.

But the small birds in their wide boughs embowring
Chaunted their sundrie tunes with sweete consent;
And under them a silver spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent; 230
And shrill grashoppers chirped them around:
All which the ayrie echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place this shepherds flocke
Lay everie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On everie bush, and everie hollow rocke, 235
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best;
The whiles the shepherd self, tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him
Displaid on ground, and seized everie lim. 240

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
But, looslie on the grassie greene dispredd,
His dearest life did trust to careles sleep;
Which, weighing down his drouping drowsie hedd,
In quiet rest his molten heart did steep, 245
Devoid of care, and feare of all falshedd:
Had not inconstant Fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischance his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time in that same place
An huge great Serpent, all with speckles pide, 250
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heate himselfe to hide:
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,

With brandisht tongue the emptie aire did gride,¹
And wrapt his scalie boughts² with fell despight, 255
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more having himselfe enrolde,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde ;
His creste above, spotted with purple die, 260
On everie side did shine like scalie golde ;
And his bright eyes, glauncing full dreadfullie,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fyre,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace 265
There round about, when as at last he spide,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand captaine and most trustie guide :
Eftsoones more fierce in visage and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on everie side, 270
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full stearnly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines that anie one should dare
To come unto his haunt ; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare 275
The weapons which Natúre to him hath lent ;
Fellie he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angrie spirits rent,
That all his tract with bloudie drops is stained,
And all his foldes are now in length outstrained. 280

¹ *Gríde*, pierce.

² *Boughts*, knots.

Whom, thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A litle noursling of the humid ayre,
A Gnat, unto the sleepe shepheard went,
And marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare
Shewd the two pearles which sight unto him lent, 285
Through their thin coverings appearing fayre
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upstart,
And with his hand him rashly bruizing slewe 290
As in avengement of his heedles smart,
That streight the spirite out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When, suddenly casting aside his vew,
He spide his foe with felonous intent, 295
And fervent eyes to his destruction bent.

All suddenly dismaid, and hartles quight,
He fled abacke, and, catching hastie holde
Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
It rent, and streight about him gan beholde 300
What god or fortune would assist his might.
But whether god or fortune made him bold
Its hard to read: yet hardie will he had
To overcome, that made him lesse adrad.¹

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake 305
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire
And oft him to assaile, he fiercely strake

¹ *Adrad*, terrified.

Whereas his temples did his creast front tyre¹;
 And, for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake,
 And, gazing ghastly on, (for feare and yre 310
 Had blent² so much his sense, that lesse he feard,) —
 Yet, when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the Night forth from the darksome bowre
 Of Herebus her teemed³ steedes gan call,
 And laesie Vesper in his timely howre 315
 From golden Oeta gan proceede withall;
 Whenas the shepheard after this sharpe stowre,⁴
 Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
 And unto rest his wearie ioynts prepare. 320

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
 Was entered, and now loosing everie lim,
 Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesnesse did steepe,
 The image of that Gnat appeard to him,
 And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe, 325
 With grieslie countenaunce and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
 In steed of good, hastning his cruell fate.

Said he, "What have I wretch deserv'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am outcast, 330
 Whilest that thy life more deare and precious
 Was than mine owne, so long as it did last?
 I now, in lieu of paines so gracious,
 Am tost in th' ayre with everie windie blast:

¹ *Tyre*, encircle.³ *Teemed*, harnessed in a team.² *Blent*, blinded.⁴ *Stowre*, perturbation.

Thou, safe delivered from sad decay, 335
Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

“ So livest thou ; but my poore wretched ghost
Is forst to ferrie over Lethes river,
And spoyld of Charon too and fro am tost.
Seest thou not how all places quake and quiver, 340
Lightned with deadly lamps on everie post ?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiver
Her flaming fire-brond, encountring me,
Whose lockes uncombed cruell adders be.

“ And Cerberus, whose many mouthes doo bay, 345
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed,
Adowne whose necke, in terrible array,
Ten thousand snakes, cralling about his hed,
Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red, 350
He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten
With painfull torments to be sorely beaten.

“ Ay me ! that thankes so much should faile of meed,
For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
Even from the doore of death and deadlie dreed. 355
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine ?
Where the reward of my so piteous deed ?
The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
And th' antique faith of iustice long agone
Out of the land is fled away and gone. 360

“ I saw anothers fate approaching fast,
And left mine owne his safetie to tender ;

Into the same mishap I now am cast,
 And shun'd destruction doth destruction render :
 Not unto him that never hath trespást, 365
 But punishment is due to the offender :
 Yet let destruction be the punishment,
 So long as thankfull will may it relent.

“ I carried am into waste wildernesse,
 Waste wildernes, amongst Cymerian shades, 370
 Where endles paines and hideous heavinesse
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
 For there huge Othos sits in sad distresse,
 Fast bound with serpents that him oft invades,
 Far of beholding Ephialtes tide, 375
 Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

“ And there is mournfull Tityus, mindefull yet
 Of thy displeasure, O Latona faire ;
 Displeasure too implacable was it,
 That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre : 380
 Much do I feare among such fiends to sit ;
 Much do I feare back to them to repayre,
 To the black shadowes of the Stygian shore,
 Where wretched ghosts sit wailing evermore.

“ There next the utmost brinck doth he abide 385
 That did the bankets of the gods bewray,
 Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being
 dride,
 His sense to seeke for ease turnes every way :
 And he that in avengement of his pride,
 For scorning to the sacred gods to pray, 390

Against a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can have none.

“ Go ye with them, go, cursed damosells,
Whose bridale torches foule Erynnis tynde,¹
And Hymen, at your spousalls sad, foretells 395
Tydings of death and massacre unkinde ² :
With them that cruell Colchid mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengefull minde
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And murdred troupes upon great heapes to lay. 400

“ There also those two Pandionian maides,
Calling on Itis, Itis evermore,
Whom, wretched boy, they slew with guiltie blades ;
For whome the Thracian king lamenting sore,
Turn'd to a lapwing, fowlie them upbraydes, 405
And flattering round about them still does sore ;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

“ But the two brethren ³ borne of Cadmus blood,
Whilst each does for the sovereignty contend, 410
Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood,⁴
Each doth against the others bodie bend
His cursed steele, of neither well withstood,
And with wide wounds their carcasses doth rend ;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine, 415
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was slaine.

¹ *Tynde*, kindled.

² *Unkinde*, unnatural.

³ I. e. Eteocles and Polynices.

⁴ *Wood*, mad.

“ Ah (waladay !) there is no end of paine,
 Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee :
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
 Where other powers farre different I see, 120
 And must passe over to th’ Elisian plaine :
 There grim Persephone, encountring mee,
 Doth urge her fellow Furies earnestlie
 With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

“ There chast Alceste lives inviolate, 425
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate :
 Lo ! there lives also the immortall praise
 Of womankinde, most faithfull to her mate,
 Penelope ; and from her farre awayes 430
 A rulesse¹ rout of yongmen which her woo’d,
 All slaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

“ And sad Eurydice thence now no more
 Must turne to life, but there detained bee
 For looking back, being forbid before : 435
 Yet was the guilt thereof, Orpheus, in thee !
 Bold sure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
 That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
 And could beleeve that anie thing could please
 Fell Cerberus, or Stygian powres appease. 440

“ Ne feard the burning waves of Phlegeton,
 Nor those same mournfull kingdomes, compassed
 With rustie horror and fowle fashion ;

¹ *Rulesse*, rule-less.

And deep digd vawtes¹; and Tartar covered
 With bloodie night and darke confusion; 445
 And iudgement seates, whose iudge is deadlie dred,
 A iudge that after death doth punish sore
 The faults which life hath trespassed before.

“ But valiant fortune made Dan Orpheus bolde :
 For the swift running rivers still did stand, 450
 And the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
 To follow Orpheus musicke through the land :
 And th’ okes, deep grounded in the earthly molde,
 Did move, as if they could him understand; 454
 And the shrill woods, which were of sense bereav’d,
 Through their hard barke his silver sound receav’d.

“ And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
 Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie ;
 And didst, O monthly Virgin, thou delay
 Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie? 460
 The same was able, with like lovely lay,
 The Queene of Hell to move as easily
 To yeeld Eurydice unto her fere,
 Backe to be borne, though it unlawfull were.

“ She, ladie, having well before approoved 465
 The feends to be too cruell and severe,
 Observ’d th’ appointed way, as her behooved,
 Ne ever did her eysight turne arere,
 Ne ever spake, ne cause of speaking mooved ;
 But, cruell Orpheus, thou much crueller, 470

¹ Vawtes, vaults.

Seeking to kisse her, brok'st the gods decree,
And thereby mad'st her ever damn'd to be.

“ Ah ! but sweete love of pardon worthie is,
And doth deserve to have small faults remitted ;
If Hell at least things lightly done amis 475
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted :
Yet are ye both received into blis,
And to the seates of happie soules admitted,
And you beside the honourable band
Of great heroës doo in order stand. 480

“ There be the two stout sonnes of Æacus,
Fierce Peleus, and the hardie Telamon,
Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their syres dreadfull iurisdiction,
Being the iudge of all that horrid hous : 485
And both of them, by strange occasion,
Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
Through Venus grace, and vertues cariage.

“ For th' one was ravisht of his owne bondmaide,
The faire Ixione captiv'd from Troy : 490
But th' other was with Thetis love assaid,
Great Nereus his daughter and his ioy.
On this side them there is a yongman layd,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy,
That from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre, 495
Bett back the furie of the Troian fyre.

“ O ! who would not recount the strong divorces
Of that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,

And oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
 When Teucrian soyle with bloodie rivers swelde, 500
 And wide Sigæan shores were spred with corse,
 And Simois and Xanthus blood outwelde;
 Whilst Hector raged, with outrageous minde,
 Flames, weapons, wounds, in Greeks fleete to have
 tynde.

“ For Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight, 505
 Out of her mountaines ministred supplies;
 And like a kindly nourse did yeeld, for spight,
 Store of firebronds out of her nurseries
 Unto her foster children, that they might
 Inflamm the navie of their enemies, 510
 And all the Rhetæan shore to ashes turne,
 Where lay the ships which they did seeke to burne.

“ Gainst which the noble sonne of Telamon
 Oppos’d himselfe, and thwarting¹ his huge shield,
 Them battell bad: gainst whom appeared anon 515
 Hector, the glorie of the Troian field:
 Both fierce and furious in contention
 Encountred, that their mightie strokes so shrild
 As the great clap of thunder, which doth ryve
 The ratling heavens and cloudes asunder dryve. 520

“ So th’ one with fire and weapons did contend
 To cut the ships from turning home againe
 To Argos; th’ other strove for to defend²
 The force of Vulcane with his might and maine.

¹ *Thwarting*, interposing.

² *Defend*, keep off.

Thus th' one Æacide did his fame extend : 525
 But th' other ioy'd that, on the Phrygian playne
 Having the blood of vanquisht Hector shedd,
 He compast Troy thrice with his bodie dedd.

“ Againe great dolc on either partie grewe,
 That him to death unfaithfull Paris sent ; 530
 And also him that false Ulysses slewe,
 Drawne into danger through close ambushment ;
 Therefore from him Laërtes sonne his vewe
 Doth turn aside, and boasts his good event
 In working of Strymonian Rhæsus fall, 535
 And efte¹ in Dolons slye surprÿsall.

“ Againe the dreadfull Cycones him dismay,
 And blacke Læstrigones, a people stout ;
 Then greedie Scilla, under whom there bay
 Manie great bandogs, which her gird about ; 540
 Then doo the Ætnean Cyclops him affray,
 And deep Charybdis gulphing in and out ;
 Lastly the squalid lakes of Tartarie,
 And griesly feends of hell him terrifie.

“ There also goodly Agamemnon bosts, 545
 The glorie of the stock of Tantalus,
 And famous light of all the Greekish hosts ;
 Under whose conduct most victorious,
 The Dorick flames consum'd the Iliack posts.
 Ah ! but the Greekes themselves, more dolorous, 550
 To thee, O Troy, paid penaunce for thy fall,
 In th' Hellespont being nigh drowned all.

¹ *Efte*, again.

" Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischaunce
 The chaungfull turning of mens slipperie state,
 That none whom fortune freely doth advaunce 555
 Himselfe therefore to heaven should elevate :
 For loftie type of honour through the glaunce
 Of envies dart is downe in dust prostrate,
 And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie
 Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie. 560

" Th' Argolicke power returning home againe,
 Enricht with spoyle of th' Ericthonian towre,
 Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
 And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre :
 No signe of storme, no feare of future paine, 565
 Which soone ensued them with heavie stowre¹ :
 Nereïs to the seas a token gave,
 The whiles their crooked keeles the surges clave.

" Suddenly, whether through the gods decree,
 Or haplesse rising of some froward starre, 570
 The heavens on everie side enclowded bee :
 Black stormes and fogs are blowen up from farre,
 That now the pylote can no loadstarre see,
 But skies and seas doo make most dreadfull warre ;
 The billowes striving to the heavens to reach, 575
 And th' heavens striving them for to impeach.²

" And, in avengement of their bold attempt,
 Both sun and starres and all the heavenly powres
 Conspire in one to wreake their rash contempt,
 And downe on them to fall from highest towres : 580

¹ *Stowre*, turmoil, uproar.

² *Impeach*, hinder.

The skie, in pieces seeming to be rent,
 Throwes lightning forth, and haile, and harmful
 showres,
 That death on everie side to them appeares,
 In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

“ Some in the greedie flouds are sunke and drent ¹; 585
 Some on the rocks of Caphareus are throwne;
 Some on th’ Euboick cliffs in pieces rent;
 Some scattred on the Hercæan ² shores unknowne;
 And manie lost, of whom no moniment
 Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne: 590
 Whilst all the purchase ³ of the Phrigian pray,
 Tost on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

“ Here manie other like heroës bee,
 Equall in honour to the former crue,
 Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see, 595
 Descended all from Rome by lineage due;
 From Rome, that holds the world in sovereigntie,
 And doth all nations unto her subdue:
 Here Fabii and Decii doo dwell,
 Horatii that in vertue did excell. 600

“ And here the antique fame of stout Camill
 Doth ever live; and constant Curtius,
 Who, stifly bent his vowed life to spill
 For countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
 Amidst the towne with his owne corps did fill, 605
 T’ appease the Powers; and prudent Mutius,

¹ *Drent*, drowned.

³ *Purchase*, booty.

² *Hercæan* should probably be *Ægean*.

Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
To daunt his foe by ensample of the same.

“ And here wise Curius, companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endles rest ; 610
And stout Flaminius, whose devotion
Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest ;
And here the praise of either Scipion
Abides in highest place above the best,
To whom the ruin'd walls of Carthage vow'd, 615
Trembling their forces, sound their praises lowd.

“ Live they for ever through their lasting praise !
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the sad lakes that Phœbus sunnie rayes
Doo never see, where soules doo alwaies mourne ; 620
And by the wayling shores to waste my dayes,
Where Phlegeton with quenchles flames doth burne ;
By which iust Minos righteous soules doth sever
From wicked ones, to live in blisse for ever.

“ Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell, 625
Girt with long snakes and thousand yron chaynes,
Through doome of that their cruell iudge compell,
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cause of my death and iust complaint to tell.
For thou art he whom my poore ghost complaines 630
To be the author of her ill unwares,
That careles hear'st my intollerable cares.

“ Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
I now depart, returning to thee never,

And leave this lamentable plaint behinde. 635
 But doo thou haunt the soft downe-rolling river,
 And wilde greene woods and fruitful pastures minde,
 And let the flitting aire my vaine words sever."
 Thus having said, he heavily departed
 With piteous crie that anie would have smarted. 640

Now, when the sloathfull fit of lifes sweete rest
 Had left the heavie Shepheard, wondrous cares
 His inly grieved minde full sore opprest;
 That balefull sorrow he no longer beares
 For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest, 645
 But bends what ever power his aged yeares
 Him lent, yet being such as through their might
 He lately slue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that same river lurking under greene,
 Eftsoones¹ he gins to fashion forth a place, 650
 And, squaring it in compasse well beseene,²
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space:
 His yron-headed spade tho making cleene,
 To dig up sods out of the flowrie grasse,
 His worke he shortly to good purpose brought, 655
 Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded up on hie,
 Enclosing it with banks on everie side,
 And thereupon did raise full busily
 A little mount, of greene turffs edifide³; 660
 And on the top of all, that passers by

¹ *Eftsoones*, immediately.³ *Edifide*, built.² *Well beseene*, seemly.

Might it behold, the toomb he did provide
Of smoothest marble stone in order set,
That never might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe ; 665
The Rose, engrained in pure scarlet die ;
The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe ;
The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie ;
The Spartan Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe ;
The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie, 670
And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soyle,
And Lawrell, th' ornament of Phœbus toyle :

Fresh Rhododaphne, and the Sabine flowre,¹
Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence ;
And pallid Yvie, building his owne bowre ; 675
And Box, yet mindfull of his olde offence ;
Red Amaranthus, lucklesse paramour ;
Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience ;
Ne wants there pale Narcisse, that, in a well
Seeing his beautie, in love with it fell. 680

And whatsoever other flowre of worth,
And whatso other hearb of lovely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new,
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth, 685
In whose high front was writ as doth ensue :

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraved.*

¹ *Sabine flowre*, a kind of juniper, the savine.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

By ED. SP.

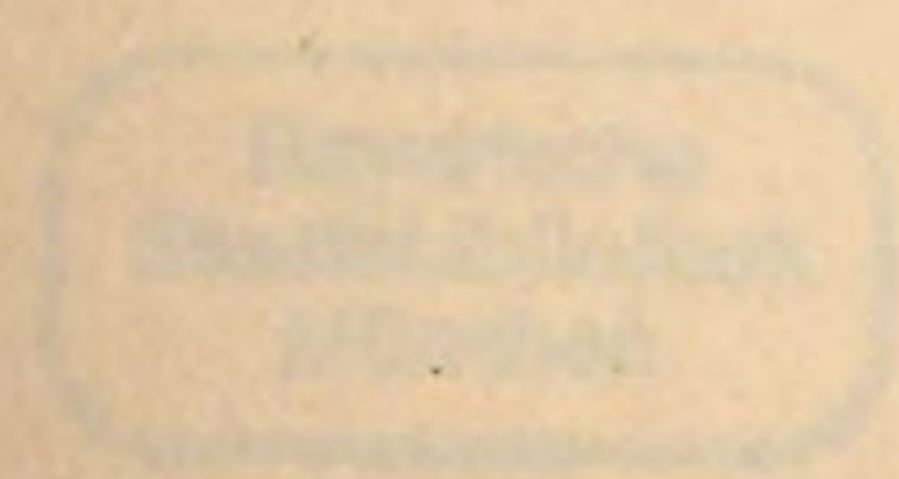
DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

L O N D O N :

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1591.



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MOTHER HUBBARD'S TALE

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THE FAIRY GRANT BOX AND MISTLETOE

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE. *

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie: having often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowen to your Ladiship the humble affection and faithfull duetie which I have alwaies professed, and am bound to beare, to that house from whence yee spring, I have at length found occasion to remember the same by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which having long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, mooved to set them foorth. Simple is the device, and the composition meane, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicitie and meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I have made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthie labour

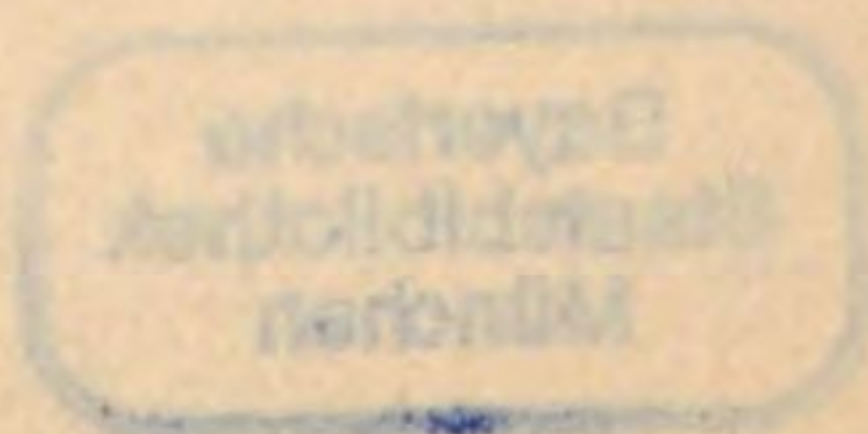
* "This lady was Anne, the fifth daughter of Sir John Spencer, distinguished also, in the pastoral of *Colin Clouts come Home again*, by the name of *Charillis*. She was married, first to Sir William Stanley, Lord Mountegle; next to Henry Compton, Lord Compton; and lastly to Robert Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset." — TODD.

I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my
utmost dutie. Till then, wishing your Ladiship all
increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take
leave.

Your La: ever

humbly,

ED. SP.



PROSOPOPOIA:

OP

MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.*

It was the month in which the righteous Maide
That for disdaine of sinfull worlds upbraide
Fled back to heaven, whence she was first conceived,
Into her silver bowre the Sunne received ;
And the hot Syrian Dog on him awayting, 5
After the chafed Lyons cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with his noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raigh'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10
Depriv'd of sense and ordinarie reason ;

Ver. 1. — *It was the month, &c.] August.*

* This charming little poem, Spenser's only successful effort at satire, is stated by the author to have been composed in the raw conceit of his youth. There is internal evidence, however, that some of the happiest passages were added at the date of its publication, at which time the whole was probably retouched. Although Mother Hubberds Tale is in its plan an imitation of the satires of Reynard the Fox, the treatment of the subject is quite original. For the combination of elegance with simplicity, this poem will stand a comparison with Goethe's *rifacimento* of the Reineke. C.

That it to leaches seemed strange and geason.¹
 My fortune was, mongst manie others moe,
 To be partaker of their common woe ;
 And my weake bodie, set on fire with grieve, 15
 Was rob'd of rest and naturall reliefe.
 In this ill plight, there came to visite mee
 Some friends, who, sorie my sad case to see,
 Began to comfort me in chearfull wise,
 And meanes of gladsome solace to devise. 20
 But seeing kindly sleep refuse to doe
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceave
 With talke that might unquiet fancies reave² ;
 And sitting all in seates about me round, 25
 With pleasant tales fit for that idle stound³
 They cast in course to waste the wearie howres.
 Some tolde of ladies, and their paramoures ;
 Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires ;
 Some of the faeries and their strange attires ; 30
 And some of giaunts hard to be beleaved ;
 That the delight thereof me much releaved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubberd, who did farre surpas
 The rest in honest mirth, that seem'd her well. 35
 She, when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a strange adventure that betided
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him misguided ;
 The which, for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirite heavie and diseased, 40
 Ile write in termes, as she the same did say,

¹ *Geason*, rare.³ *Stound*, time.² *Reave*, take away.

So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muses aide me needes heretoo to call ;
 Base ¹ is the style, and matter meane withall.

¶ Whilome, said she, before the world was civill,
 The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their evill 45
 And hard estate, determined to seeke
 Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke :
 For both were craftie and unhappie ² witted ;
 Two fellowes might no where be better fitted. 50
 The Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde,
 Gan first thus plaine his case with words unkinde :
 " Neighbour Ape, and my gossip eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)
 To whom may I more trustely complaine 55
 The evill plight that doth me sore constraine,
 And hope thereof to finde due remedie ?
 Heare then my paine and inward agonie.
 Thus manie yeares I now have spent and worne,
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60
 Dooing my countrey service as I might,
 No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight ;
 And still I hoped to be up advaunced
 For my good parts ; but still it hath mischaunced.
 Now therefore that no lenger hope I see, 65
 But froward fortune still to follow mee,
 And losels ³ lifted up on high, where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.
 Yet ere that anie way I doe betake,
 I meane my gossip privie first to make." 70

¹ *Base*, humble.

³ *Losels*, worthless fellows.

² *Unhappie*, mischievous.

" Ah ! my deare gossip," answer'd then the Ape,
 " Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,¹
 Both for because your griefe doth great appeare,
 And eke because my selfe am touched neare :
 For I likewise have wasted much good time, 75
 Still wayting to preferment up to clime,
 Whilst others alwayes have before me stept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
 That now unto despaire I gin to growe,
 And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread ²
 Thy counsell : two is better than one head."
 " Certes," said he, " I meane me to disguise
 In some straunge habit, after uncouth wize,
 Or like a pilgrime, or a lymiter,³ 85
 Or like a gipsen,⁴ or a iuggeler,
 And so to wander to the world[ë]s ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend :
 For worse than that I have I cannot meete.
 Wide is the world I wote, and everie streete 90
 Is full of fortunes and adventures straunge,
 Continuallie subiect unto chaunge.
 Say, my faire brother now, if this device
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice."
 " Surely," said th' Ape, " it likes me wondrous well ; 95
 And would ye not poore fellowship expell,
 My selfe would offer you t' accompanie
 In this adventures chauncefull ieopardie.

¹ *Awhape*, astound.

² *Aread*, declare.

³ I. e. a friar licensed to beg within a certain district.

⁴ *Gipsen*, gypsy.

For to wexe olde at home in idlenesse
Is disadventrous, and quite fortunelesse : 100
Abroad, where change is, good may gotten bee.”
The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :
So both resolv'd, the morrow next ensuing,
So soone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
On their intended iourney to proceede ; 105
And over night, whatso theretoo did neede
Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
The morrow next, so soone as one might see
Light out of heavens windowes forth to looke,
Both their habiliments unto them tooke, 110
And put themselves, a Gods name, on their way.
Whenas the Ape, beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t' advise :
“Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye weene is best for us to take, 115
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we professe some trade or skill ?
Or shall we varie our device at will,
Even as new occasion appeares ?
Or shall we tie our selves for certaine yeares 120
To anie service, or to anie place ?
For it behoves, ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.”
“Now surely, brother,” said the Foxe anon,
“Ye have this matter motioned in season : 125
For everie thing that is begun with reason
Will come by readie meanes unto his end ;
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.¹

¹ *Miswend*, go wrong.

Thus therefore I advize upon the case :
 That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130
 Nor anie man, we should our selves applie.
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond? Sith then we are free borne,
 Let us all servile base subiection scorne ;
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide, 135
 Let us our fathers heritage divide,
 And challenge to our selves our portions dew
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger¹ in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land : 140
 For now a few have all, and all have nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought.
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature, 145
 But that she gave like blessing to each creture
 As well of worldly livelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrice happie then
 Was the condition of mortall men. 150
 That was the golden age of Saturne old,
 But this might better be the world of gold ;
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got.
 Therefore, if please you, this shalbe our plot :
 We will not be of anie occupation ; 155
 Let such vile vassalls, borne to base vocation,
 Drudge in the world and for their living droyle,²
 Which have no wit to live withouten toyle.

¹ *In hugger mugger*, i.e. secret.

² *Droyle*, moil.

But we will walke about the world at pleasure,
Like two free men, and make our ease our treasure.
Free men some beggers call; but they be free; 161
And they which call them so more beggers bee:
For they doo swinke¹ and sweate to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they doo gather,
And yet doo never thanke them for the same, 165
But as their due by nature doo it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to bee,
Lords of the world; and so will wander free
Where so us listeth, uncontrol'd of anie.
Hard is our hap, if we, emongst so manie, 170
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildome but some good commeth ere the end."
Well seemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce:
Yet, well considering of the circumstaunce,
As pausing in great doubt awhile he staid, 175
And afterwards with grave advizement said:
"I cannot, my lief² brother, like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell;
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that beggers life is best, 180
And they that thinke themselves the best of all
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wot withall, that we shall ronne
Into great daunger, like to bee undonne,
Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye, 185
Withouten pasport or good warrantye,
For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for eare-marked beasts abroad be bruted.

¹ *Swinke*, toil.² *Lief*, dear.

Therefore I read that we our counsells call
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall, 190
And how we may, with most securitie,
Beg amongst those that beggars doo defie."
"Right well, deere gossip, ye advized have,"
Said then the Foxe, "but I this doubt will save :
For ere we farther passe, I will devise 195
A pasport for us both in fittest wize,
And by the names of souldiers us protect,
That now is thought a civile begging sect.
Be you the souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in warre : 200
I will but wayte on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion."
The pasport ended, both they forward went ;
The Ape clad souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd 205
And manie slits, as if that he had shedd
Much blood through many wounds therein receaved,
Which had the use of his right arme bereaved.
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to peeces tore ; 210
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an emptie gut,
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did beare ; 215
Seemes that no foes revengement he did feare ;
In stead of them a handsome bat¹ he held,
On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.²

¹ *Bat*, stick.² *Elde*, age.

Shame light on him, that through so false illusion
Doth turne the name of souldiers to abusion, 220
And that which is the noblest mysterie¹
Brings to reproach and common infamie!
Long they thus travailed, yet never met
Adventure which might them a working set :
Yet manie waies they sought, and manie tryed ; 225
Yet for their purposes none fit espyed.
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
Yet, though his vesture were but meane and bace,²
A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
Gay without good is good hearts greatest loathing.
The Foxe, him spying, bad the Ape him dight³
To play his part, for loe ! he was in sight
That, if he er'd not, should them entertaine, 235
And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
Eftsoones⁴ the Ape himselfe gan up to reare,
And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
As if good service he were fit to doo,
But little thrift for him he did it too : 240
And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
That like a handsome swaine it him became.
When as they nigh approached, that good man,
Seeing them wander loosly, first began
T' enquire, of custome, what and whence they were.
To whom the Ape : " I am a souldiere, 246
That late in warres have spent my deerest blood,

¹ *Mysterie*, profession.² *Bace*, humble.³ *Dight*, prepare.⁴ *Eftsoones*, straightway.

And in long service lost both limbs and good ;
 And now, constrain'd that trade to overgive,
 I driven am to seeke some meanes to live : 250
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 I would be readie, both in deed and word,
 To doo you faithfull service all my dayes.
 This yron world " (that same he weeping sayes)
 " Brings downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state : 255
 For miserie doth bravest mindes abate,
 And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne." ¹
 The honest man that heard him thus complaine
 Was griev'd as he had felt part of his paine ; 260
 And, well dispos'd him some reliefe to showe,
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe, —
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe ,
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd : 265
 For husbands ² life is labourous and hard.
 Whenas the Ape him hard so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
 He would have slipt the coller handsomly,
 And to him said : " Good Sir, full glad am I 270
 To take what paines may anie living wight :
 But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
 To doo their kindly ³ services, as needeth :
 Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth ;
 So that it may no painfull worke endure, 275
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.

¹ *Forlorne*, deserted.

² *Husbands*, husbandman's.

³ *Kindly*, natural.

But if that anie other place you have,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to save,
Or care to overlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father." 280
With that the husbandman gan him avize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to oversee ;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne, 285
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne.
" Gladly," said he, " what ever such like paine
Ye put on me, I will the same sustaine :
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(Might it you please) would take on me the keep. 290
For ere that unto armes I me betooke,
Unto my fathers sheepe I usde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loste :
Thereto right well this curdog, by my coste,
(Meaning the Foxe,) will serve my sheepe to gather,
And drive to follow after their belwether." 296
The husbandman was meanly¹ well content
Triall to make of his endeavourment ;
And, home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300
Giving accompt of th' annuall increce
Both of their lambes, and of their woolly fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
And the false Foxe his dog : God give them paine !
For ere the yeare have halfe his course out-run, 305
And doo retorne from whence he first begun,

¹ *Meanly*, humbly? or "middling," as Americans say? (French, *moyennement*).

'They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.
 Now whenas time, flying with winges swift,
 Expired had the terme that these two iavels¹
 Should render up a reckning of their travels 810
 Unto their master, which it of them sought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answer unto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theeverie : 815
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew ; but ever as they bred,
 They slue them, and upon their fleshies fed :
 For that disguised dog lov'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked shepheard to his will. 820
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left ;
 And when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes lives they
 reft ;
 'That how t' acquite themselves unto their lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.²
 The Foxe then counsel'd th' Ape for to require 825
 Respite till morrow t' answer his desire :
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
 The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
 And bad next day that all should readie be.
 But they more subtill meaning had than he : 830
 For the next morrowes meed they closely³ ment,
 For feare of afterclaps, for to prevent⁴ :
 And that same evening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare
 Cruelly fell upon their flock in folde, 835

¹ *Iavels*, rascals.² *Set aboard*, set adrift, at a loss³ *Closely*, secretly.⁴ *Prevent*, anticipate.

And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde :
Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night. 340
So was the husbandman left to his losse,
And they unto their fortunes change to tosse.
After which sort they wandered long while,
Abusing manie through their cloaked guile ;
That at the last they gan to be descryed 345
Of everie one, and all their sleights espyed ;
So as their begging now them failed quyte,
For none would give, but all men would them wyte.¹
Yet would they take no paines to get their living,
But seeke some other way to gaine by giving, 350
Much like to begging, but much better named ;
For manie beg which are thereof ashamed.
And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe ,
For they their occupation meant to change, 355
And now in other state abroad to range :
For since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
They forg'd another, as for clerkes booke-redd.
Who passing foorth, as their adventures fell,
Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell, 360
At length chaunst with a formall ² Priest to meete,
Whom they in civill manner first did greete,
And after askt an almes for Gods deare love.
The man straightway his choler up did move,
And with reproachfull tearmes gan them revile, 365

¹ *Wyte*, blame.² *Formall*, regular

For following that trade so base and vile ;
 And askt what license or what pas they had.
 " Ah ! " said the Ape, as sighing wondrous sad,
 " Its an hard case, when men of good deserving
 Must either driven be perforce to sterving, 370
 Or asked for their pas by everie squib,¹
 That list at will them to revile or snib.²
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
 Natheles because you shall not us misdeeme, 375
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,
 Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well mooved bee."
 Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were, 380
 But little els (God wote) could thereof skill :³
 For read he could not evidence nor will,
 Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one title worse, ne make one better.
 Of such deep learning little had he neede, 385
 Ne yet of Latine ne of Greeke, that breede
 Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diversitie of sects,
 And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd.
 But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390
 Ne medled with their controversies vaine ;
 All his care was his service well to saine,⁴
 And to read homelies upon holidayes ;
 When that was done, he might attend his playes :

¹ *Squib*, flashy, pretentious fellow.² *Snib*, snub.³ *Skill*, understand.⁴ *Saine*, say.

An easie life, and fit high God to please. 395
 He, having overlookt their pas at ease,
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
 That no good trade of life did entertaine,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad ;
 Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad,¹ 400
 Had wayes enough for all therein to live ;
 Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
 Said then the Foxe : “ Who hath the world not tride
 From the right way full eath² may wander wide.
 We are but novices, new come abroad, 405
 We have not yet the tract of anie troad,³
 Nor on us taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make preife.⁴
 Therefore might please you, which the world have
 proved,
 Us to advise, which forth but lately moved, 410
 Of some good course that we might undertake,
 Ye shall for ever us your bondmen make.”
 The priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide,
 “ It seemes,” said he, “ right well that ye be clerks, 415
 Both by your wittie words and by your werks.
 Is not that name enough to make a living
 To him that hath a whit of Natures giving ?
 How manie honest men see ye arize
 Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize ; 420
 To deanes, to archdeacons, to commissaries,
 To lords, to principalls, to prebendaries ?

¹ *Bootless boad*, dwelt unprofitably.² *Eath*, easy.³ *Troad*, trodden; possibly, path.⁴ *Preife*, proof.

All iolly prelates, worthie rule to beare,
 Who ever them envie : yet spite bites neare.
 Why should ye doubt, then, but that ye likewise 425
 Might unto some of those in time arise ?
 In the meane time to live in good estate,
 Loving that love, and hating those that hate ;
 Being some honest curate, or some vicker,
 Content with little in condition sicker.¹ 430
 " Ah ! but," said th' Ape, " the charge is wondrous
 great,
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heavie threat."
 " To feede mens soules," quoth he, " is not in man :
 For they must feed themselves, doo what we can.
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before : 435
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heavenly place.
 Therefore said he that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.* 440
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,²
 By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught :
 He is the shepheard, and the priest is hee ;
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
 Therefore herewith doo not your selfe dismay ; 445
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may ;
 For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
 It's now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and sore.
 They whilome used duly everie day
 Their service and their holie things to say, 450
 At morne and even, beside their anthemes sweete,

¹ *Sicker*, sure.² *Raught*, reached, taken.

Their penie masses, and their complynes¹ meete,
 Their diriges, their trentals,² and their shrifts,
 Their memories,³ their singings, and their gifts.
 Now all those needlesse works are laid away ; 455
 Now once a weeke, upon the Sabbath day,
 It is enough to doo our small devotion,
 And then to follow any merrie motion.
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list ;
 Ne to weare garments base of wollen twist, 460
 But with the finest silkes us to aray,
 That before God we may appeare more gay,
 Resembling Aarons glorie in his place :
 For farre unfit it is, that person bace
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie, 465
 Whom no uncleannes may approachen nie ;
 Or that all men, which anie master serve,
 Good garments for their service should deserve,
 But he that serves the Lord of Hoasts Most High,
 And that in highest place, t' approach him nigh, 470
 And all the peoples prayers to present
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both too and fro, should not deserve to weare
 A garment better than of wooll or heare.
 Beside, we may have lying by our sides 475

¹ *Complynes*, even-song; the last service of the day.

² *Trentals*, thirty masses for the dead.

³ *Memories*, services for the dead.

Ver. 453. — *Diriges*, dirges. The office for the dead received this name from the antiphon with which the first nocturne in the mattens commenced, taken from Psalm v. 8, "*Dirige, Domine Deus meus, in conspectu tuo viam meam.*" WAY'S *Promptorium Parvulorum*. C.

Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides ;
We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
But have the gossell of free libertie.”
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
The Foxe was well induc'd to be a parson ; 480
And of the priest eftsoones gan to enquire
How to a benefice he might aspire.
“ Marie, there,” said the priest, “ is arte indeed :
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed ;
For that the ground-worke is, and end of all, 485
How to obtaine a beneficiall.
First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Your selfe attyred, as you can devise,
Then to some nobleman your selfe applye,
Or other great one in the worldës eye, 490
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion.
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeale,
Such as no carpers may contrayre reveale :
For each thing fained ought more warie bee. 495
There thou must walke in sober gravitee,
And seeme as saintlike as Saint Radegund :
Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
And unto everie one doo curtesie meeke :
These lookes (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke,
And be thou sure one not to lacke or ¹ long. 501
But if thee list unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then must thou thee dispose another way :
For there thou needs must learne to laugh, to lie, 505
To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,

¹ Or, ere.

To crouche, to please, to be a beetle-stock
 Of thy great masters will, to scorne, or mock :
 So maist thou chaunce mock out a benefice,
 Unlesse thou canst one coniure by device, 510
 Or cast a figure for a bishoprick :
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes by which without reward
 Livings in court be gotten, though full hard ;
 For nothing there is done without a fee : 515
 The courtier needes must recompenced bee
 With a benevolence, or have in gage ¹
 The primitias ² of your parsonage :
 Scarse can a bishoprick forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in privitie. 520
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a living there,
 But of more private persons seeke elsewhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good gentleman, that hath the right 525
 Unto his church for to present a wight,
 Will cope ³ with thee in reasonable wise,
 That if the living yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie have, and twentie thou hast wonne : 530
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift ;
 Both that the bishop may admit of thee,

¹ *Gage*, pledge. ² *Primitias*, first-fruits. ³ *Cope*, bargain.

Ver. 519. — *Scarse can a bishoprick, &c.*] This is probably an allusion to the frequent alienations of the lands and manors of bishoprics in Elizabeth's time. TODD.

And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is unlern'd 535
 Living to get, and not to be discern'd.
 But they that are great clerkes have nearer wayes
 For learning sake to living them to raise :
 Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driven
 T' accept a benefice in peeces riven. — 540
 How saist thou, friend, have I not well discourst
 Upon this common-place, though plaine, not wourst ?
 Better a short tale than a bad long shriving :
 Needes anie more to learne to get a living ? ”
 “ Now sure, and by my hallidome,” quoth he, 545
 “ Yea great master are in your degree :
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt but duly to encline
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.”
 The priest him wisht good speed and well to fare : 550
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.
 But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the priests holesome counsell lately tought,
 And through their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
 That they a benefice twixt them obtained, 555
 And craftie Reynold was a priest ordained,
 And th' Ape his parish clarke procur'd to bee :
 Then made they revell route and goodly glee.
 But, ere long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affaires, that th' evill will 560
 Of all their parishners they had constraind ;
 Who to the ordinarie of them complain'd,

Ver. 562. — *The ordinarie.*] An ordinary is a judge having jurisdiction in ecclesiastical matters. In England, it is usually the bishop of the diocese. H.

How fowlie they their offices abusd,
And them of crimes and heresies accusd ;
That pursivants he often for them sent. 565
But they neglected his commaundement ;
So long persisted obstinate and bolde,
Till at the length he published to holde
A visitation, and them cyted thether.
Then was high time their wits about to geather ; 570
What did they then, but made a composition
With their next neighbor priest for light condition,
To whom their living they resigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So passing through the countrey in disguise, 575
They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
And after that long straied here and there,
Through everie field and forrest farre and nere ;
Yet never found occasion for their tourne,
But, almost sterv'd, did much lament and mourne. 580
At last they chaunst to meete upon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and bosses that full lowdly rung,
And costly trappings that to ground downe hung.
Lowly they him saluted in meeke wise ; 585
But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
Their meanesse ; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.
Whereat the Foxe deep groning in his sprite,
Said : " Ah ! Sir Mule, now blessed be the day
That I see you so goodly and so gay 590
In your attyres, and eke your silken hyde
Fil'd with round flesh, that everie bone doth hide.
Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo live,
Or fortune doth you secret favour give."

“ Foolish Foxe ! ” said the Mule, “ thy wretched need
Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed. 595

For well I weene thou canst not but envie
My wealth, compar’d to thine owne miserie,
That art so leane and meagre waxen late
That scarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.” 600

“ Ay me ! ” said then the Foxe, “ whom evill hap
Unworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee.
But read, faire Sir, of grace, from whence come yee ;
Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare ; 605
Newes may perhaps some good unweeting beare.”

“ From royall court I lately came,” said he,
“ Where all the braverie that eye may see,
And all the happinesse that heart desire,
Is to be found ; he nothing can admire, 610
That hath not seene that heavens portrature.

But tidings there is none, I you assure,
Save that which common is, and knowne to all,
That courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall.”

“ But tell us,” said the Ape, “ we doo you pray, 615
Who now in court doth beare the greatest sway :
That, if such fortune doo to us befall,
We may seeke favour of the best of all.”

“ Marie,” said he, “ the highest now in grace,
Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chase ; 620
For in their speedie course and nimble flight
The Lyon now doth take the most delight :
But chieflie ioyes on foote them to beholde,

Ver. 623, 624. — The Queen was so much pleased with the results of the Portugal expedition of 1589, that she honored the commanders, and Sir Walter Raleigh among the rest, with a gold chain. C.

Enchaste¹ with chaine and circulet of golde :
 So wilde a beaste so tame ytaught to bee, 625
 And buxome² to his bands, is ioy to see ;
 So well his golden circlet him beseemeth.
 But his late chayne his Liege unmeete esteemeth ;
 For so brave beasts she³ loveth best to see
 In the wilde forrest raunging fresh and free. 630
 Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
 In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
 To some of these thou must thy selfe apply ;
 Els as a thistle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
 So vainly shalt thou too and fro be tost, 635
 And loose thy labour and thy fruitles cost.
 And yet full few which follow them I see
 For vertues bare regard advaunced bee,
 But either for some gainfull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. 640
 Nath'les, perhaps ye things may handle soe,
 That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."
 "But," said the Ape, "how shall we first come in,
 That after we may favour seeke to win ?"
 "How els," said he, "but with a good bold face, 645
 And with big words, and with a stately pace,
 That men may thinke of you in generall
 That to be in you which is not at all :
 For not by that which is the world now deemeth,
 (As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth. 650
 Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
 Your selves theretoo, according to occasion.
 So fare ye well : good courtiers may ye bee !"

¹ *Enchaste*, adorned.³ I. e. the queen.² *Buxome*, obedient.

So, proudlie neighing, from them parted hee.
 Then gan this craftie couple to devize, 655
 How for the court themselves they might aguize¹:
 For thither they themselves meant to addresse,
 In hope to finde there happier successe.
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 Himselfe had cloathed like a gentleman, 660
 And the slie Foxe as like to be his groome;
 That to the court in seemly sort they come.
 Where the fond Ape, himselfe uprearing hy
 Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great magnifico, 665
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go;
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,²
 Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
 Then gan the courtiers gaze on everie side,
 And stare on him with big looks basen³ wide, 670
 Wondring what mister wight⁴ he was, and whence:
 For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
 Fashion'd with queint devises never seene
 In court before, yet there all fashions beene;
 Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas. 675
 But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca,⁵ much the more admyr'd;
 And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
 To dignitie, and sdeign'd the low degree;
 That all which did such strangenesse in him see 680
 By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
 And privily his servant thereto hire:

¹ *Aguize*, decorate.² *Counterfesaunce*, counterfeiting.³ *Basen*, swelled.⁴ *Mister wight*, sort of creature.⁵ *Alla Turchesca*, in the Turkish fashion.

Who, throughly arm'd against such coverture,¹
 Reported unto all that he was sure
 A noble gentleman of high regard, 685
 Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
 And seene the manners of all beasts on ground,
 Now here arriv'd to see if like he found.
 Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690
 With gallant showe, and daylie more augment
 Through his fine feates and courtly complement ;
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
 And all that els pertaines to reveling,
 Onely through kindly² aptnes of his ioynts. 695
 Besides he could doo manie other poynts,
 The which in court him served to good stead :
 For he mongst ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands, and merie leasings tell,
 And iuggle finely, that became him well 700
 But he so light was at legierdemaine,
 That what he toucht came not to light againe ;
 Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them that they greatly him mistooke.
 So would he scoffe them out with mockerie, 705
 For he therein had great felicitie ;
 And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710
 But the right gentle minde woulde bite his lip,
 To heare the iavell³ so good men to nip :

¹ *Coverture*, underhand dealing.

³ *Iavell*, rascal.

² *Kindly*, natural.

For, though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common courtiers love to gybe and fleare
 At everie thing which they heare spoken ill, 715
 And the best speaches with ill meaning spill,
 Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition,² to backbite
 Anies good name for envie or despite. 720
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after everie tattling fable flie;
 But heares and sees the follies of the rest, 725
 And thereof gathers for himselfe the best.
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes upright with comely stedfast pace,
 And unto all doth yeeld due curtesie;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730
 As that same apish crue is wont to doo:
 For he disdaines himselfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leasings and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble genterie;
 And lothefull idlenes he doth detest, 735
 The canker worme of everie gentle brest;
 The which to banish with faire exercise
 Of knightly feates he daylie doth devise:
 Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
 Now practising the proove of warlike deedes, 740

¹ *Spill*, spoil.

² *Condition*, quality.

Ver. 717. — *The brave courtier, &c.*] This description is perhaps intended for Sir Philip Sidney. C.

Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare :
At other times he casts¹ to sew the chace
Of swift wilde beasts, or runne on foote a race,
T' enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most
needfull,) 745

Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with eughen² bowe,
And manly legs, still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside ;
A vaine ensample of the Persian pride, 750
Who after he had wonne th' Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this courtly gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Unto his rest, and there with sweete delight 755
Of musicks skill revives his toyled spright ;
Or els with loves and ladies gentle sports,
The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts :
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde unto the Muses he withdrawes, 760
Sweete Ladie Muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light :
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heavens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different, 765
Of kingdomes change, of divers gouvernement,
Of dreadfull battailes of renowned knights ;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,

¹ *Casts*, plans, makes arrangements.

² *Eughen*, made of yew.

The onely upshot whereto he doth ayme. 770
 For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposis,
 And in his Princes service spends his dayes,
 Not so much for to gaine, or for to raise
 Himselfe to high degree, as for his grace, 775
 And in his liking to winne worthie place,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praise.
 For he is fit to use in all assayes, 780
 Whether for armes and warlike amenaunce,¹
 Or else for wise and civill governaunce ;
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his courting² most applie :
 To learne the enterdeale³ of princes strange, 785
 To marke th' intent of counsells, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men sometime,
 Supplanted by fine falshood and faire guile ;
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 T' enrich the storehouse of his powerfull wit, 790
 Which through wise speaches and grave conference
 He daylie eekes,⁴ and brings to excellence.
 Such is the rightfull courtier in his kinde :
 But unto such the Ape lent not his minde ;
 Such were for him no fit companions, 795
 Such would descrie his lewd conditions :
 But the yong lustie gallants he did chose
 To follow, meete to whom he might disclose
 His witlesse pleasance and ill pleasing vaine.

¹ *Amenaunce*, conduct.² *Courting*, life at court.³ *Enterdeale*, dealing together.⁴ *Eekes*, increases.

A thousand wayes he them could entertaine, 800
With all the thriftles games that may be found ;
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards¹ farre unfit,
With shuttelcocks, misseeming² manlie wit,
With courtizans, and costly riotize, 805
Whereof still somewhat to his share did rize :
Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
A pandares coate (so basely was he borne) ;
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah ! for shame, 810
Let not sweete poets praise, whose onely pride
Is vertue to advaunce, and vice deride,
Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetrie be named !
Yet he the name on him would rashly take, 815
Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such as he depended most upon ;
And with the sugrie sweete thereof allure
Chast ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vaine humours fed
With fruitles folies and unsound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble sprights
Desire of honor or brave thought of armes 825
Did ever creepe, then with his wicked charmes
And strong conceipts he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire

¹ *Balliards*, billiards.² *Misseeming*, unbecoming.

Their gentle wits, and kindly¹ wise desire, 830
 That chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
 The sectaries² thereof, as people base
 And simple men, which never came in place
 Of worlds affaires, but, in darke corners mewd, 835
 Muttred of matters as their bookes them shewd,
 Ne other knowledge ever did attaine,
 But with their gownes their gravitie maintaine.
 From them he would his impudent lewde speach
 Against Gods holie ministers oft reach, 840
 And mocke divines and their profession.
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke High God himselfe, whom they professe?
 But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
 All his care was himselfe how to advaunce, 845
 And to uphold his courtly countenaunce
 By all the cunning meanes he could devise ;
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
 He made small choyce : yet sure his honestie
 Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850
 And filthie brocage,³ and unseemly shifts,
 And borowe⁴ base, and some good ladies gifts.
 But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
 Was his man Raynolds purchase⁵ which he gain'd :
 For he was school'd by kinde⁶ in all the skill 855
 Of close conveyance, and each practise ill
 Of coosinage and cleanly⁷ knaverie,

¹ Qu. *kindle*?² *Sectaries*, followers.³ *Brocage*, pimping.⁴ *Borowe*, pledging.⁵ *Purchase*, booty.⁶ *Kinde*, nature.⁷ *Cleanly*, neat, skilful.

Which oft maintain'd his masters braverie.
Besides, he usde another slipprie slight,
In taking on himselfe, in common sight, 860
False personages fit for everie sted,
With which he thousands cleanly coosined :
Now like a merchant, merchants to deceave,
With whom his credite he did often leave
In gage for his gay masters hopelesse dett : 865
Now like a lawyer, when he land would lett,
Or sell fee-simples in his masters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the same ;
Then would he be a broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win : 870
Then would he seeme a farmer, that would sell
Bargaines of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corne, or cattle, or such other ware,
Thereby to coosin men not well aware :
Of all the which there came a secret fee 875
To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.
Besides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poore suters that in court did haunt some while :
For he would learne their busines secretly,
And then informe his master hastely, 880
That he by meanes might cast them to prevent,¹
And beg the sute the which the other ment.
Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple suter, and wish him to chuse
His master, being one of great regard 885
In court, to compas anie sute not hard,
In case his paines were recompenst with reason :

¹ *Prevent*, anticipate.

So would he worke the silly man by treason
 To buy his masters frivolous good will,
 That had not power to doo him good or ill. 890
 So pitifull a thing is suters state !
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to court, to sue for had-ywist,
 That few have found, and manie one hath mist !
 Full little knowest thou that hast not tride, 895
 What hell it is in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To wast long nights in pensive discontent ;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ; 900
 To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;
 To have thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
 To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne, 905
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undonne.
 Unhappie wight, borne to desastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
 Who ever leaves sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
 Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke,
 And will to court for shadowes vaine to seeke,

Ver. 893. *Had-ywist.*] That is, *had I wist ! had I known* that it would end so ! a proverbial expression for late repentance consequent on disappointment. C.

Ver. 901. *To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres.*] Elizabeth was said to have granted Spenser a pension which Burghley intercepted, and to have ordered him a gratuity which her minister neglected to pay. C.

Or hope to gaine, himselfe will a daw trie :
 That curse God send unto mine enemie !
 For none but such as this bold Ape unblest 915
 Can ever thrive in that unluckie quest ;
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his master furnish can.
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
 His craftie feates, but that they were descride 920
 At length by such as sate in iustice seate,
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate ;
 And, having worthily him punished,
 Out of the court for ever banished.
 And now the Ape, wanting his huckster man, 925
 That wont provide his necessaries, gan
 To growe into great lacke, ne could upholde
 His countenance in those his garments olde ;
 Ne new ones could he easily provide,
 Though all men him uncased gan deride, 930
 Like as a puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away :
 So that he driven was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
 Then closely as he might he cast to leave 935
 The court, not asking any passe or leave ;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne ever stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe, his copesmate,¹ he had found ;

¹ *Copesmate*, partner in trade.

Ver. 913. *Himselfe will a daw trie.*] So the old copy: the reading should probably be *himselfe a daw will trie*, prove or find himself by experience to be a daw or fool. C.

To whome complayning his unhappie stound,¹ 940
 At last againe with him in travell ioynd,
 And with him far'd some better chaunce to fynde
 So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered ;
 That them repented much so foolishly 945
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leave the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps² and drinking watry fome.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse³ they did goe, 950
 Lo ! where they spide how in a gloomy glade
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secret shade,
 His crowne and scepter lying him beside,
 And having doft for heate his dreadfull hide :
 Which when they saw, the Ape was sore afrayde, 955
 And would have fled with terror all dismayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away ;
 For now was time, if ever they would hope,
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960
 And them for ever highly to advaunce,
 In case the good which their owne happie chaunce
 Them freely offred they would wisely take.
 Scarse could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake ;
 Yet, as he could, he askt how good might growe 96
 Where nought but dread and death do seeme in show
 "Now," sayd he, "whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
 May we his crowne and mace take from the ground,

¹ *Stound*, plight, exigency.

³ *Rechlesse*, reckless.

² *Hipps*, dog-rose berries.

And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selves, if we thinke good, 970
 Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all
 Subiect unto that powre imperiall."

"Ah! but," sayd the Ape, "who is so bold a wretch,
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch,
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be spide, 975
 To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside?"

"Fond Ape!" sayd then the Foxe, "into whose
 brest

Never crept thought of honor nor brave gest,¹
 Who will not venture life a king to be,
 And rather rule and raigne in soveraign see, 980
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
 Where none shall name the number of his place?

One ioyous howre in blisfull happines,
 I chose before a life of wretchednes.
 Be therefore counselled herein by me, 985
 And shake off this vile-harted cowardree.

If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may colour it with some pretext
 Of this or that, that may excuse the cryme:
 Else we may flye; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990
 And I creepe under ground; both from his reach:
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach."

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
 Now gan some courage unto him to take,
 And was content to attempt that enterprize, 995
 Tickled with glorie and rash covetise.

But first gan question, whether² should assay

¹ *Gest*, deed.

² *Whether*, which of the two.

Those royall ornaments to steale away?
 "Marie, that shall your selfe," quoth he theretoo,
 "For ye be fine and nimble it to doo ; 1000
 Of all the beasts which in the forrests bee
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee :
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
 And ever thinke a kingdome is your part."
 Loath was the Ape, though praised, to adven- 1005
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
 Afraid of everie leafe that stir'd him by,
 And everie stick that underneath did ly :
 Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
 For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010
 To everie sound that under heaven blew ;
 Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to have eyde.
 Yet at the last, so well he him applyde,
 Through his fine handling and cleanly play 1015
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside
 Into a secret corner unespide.
 Whither whenas they came they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the lords of lords : 1020
 For th' Ape was stryfull and ambitious,
 And the Foxe guilefull and most covetous ;
 That neither pleased was to have the rayne
 Twixt them divided into even twaine,
 But either algates¹ would be lords alone : 1025
 For love and lordship bide no paragone.²
 "I am most worthie," said the Ape, "sith I

¹ *Algates*, by all means.² *Paragone*, equal, partner.

For it did put my life in ieopardie:
Thereto I am in person and in stature
Most like a man, the lord of everie creature, 1030
So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
And borne to be a kingly soveraigne.”
“Nay,” said the Foxe, “Sir Ape, you are astray;
For though to steale the diademe away
Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I 1035
Did first devise the plot by pollicie ;
So that it wholly springeth from my wit :
For which also I claime my selfe more fit
Than you to rule : for government of state
Will without wisdomes soone be ruinate. 1040
And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
Most like a man, man is not like an ape
In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;
But I therein most like to him doo merite,
For my slie wyles and subtill craftinesse, 1045
The title of the kingdome to possesse.
Nath’les, my brother, since we passed are
Unto this point, we will appease our iarre ;
And I with reason meete will rest content,
That ye shall have both crowne and government, 1050
Upon condition that ye ruled bee
In all affaires, and counselled by mee ;
And that ye let none other ever drawe
Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe :
And hereupon an oath unto me plight.” 1055
The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
And thereto swore : for who would not oft sweare,
And oft unsweare, a diademe to beare ?
Then freely up those royall spoyles he tooke,

Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke ; 1060
But it dissembled, and upon his head
The crowne, and on his backe the skin, he did,
And the false Foxe him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
Into the forest, that he might be seene 1065
Of the wilde beasts in his new glory sheene.
There the two first whome he encountred were
The Sheepe and th' Asse, who, stricken both with
feare
At sight of him, gan fast away to flye ;
But unto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070
And in the kings name bad them both to stay,
Upon the payne that thereof follow may.
Hardly naythles were they restrayned so,
Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
And there disswaded them from needlesse feare, 1075
For that the King did favour to them beare ;
And therefore dreadles bad them come to corte ;
For no wild beasts should do them any torte ¹
There or abroad, ne would his Maiestye
Use them but well, with gracious clemencye, 1080
As whome he knew to him both fast and true.
So he perswaded them with homage due
Themselves to humble to the Ape prostrate,
Who, gently to them bowing in his gate,²
Receyved them with chearefull entertayne. 1085
Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
He shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the simple Camell raged sore

¹ *Torte*, wrong.² *Gate*, way.

In bitter words, seeking to take occasion
Upon his fleshly corpse to make invasion : 1090
But soone as they this mock-king did espy,
Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,¹
Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was.
He then, to prove whether his powre would pas
As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way, 1095
Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray ;
And, if that wrong on eyther side there were,
That he should warne the wronger to appeare
The morrow next at court, it to defend ;
In the meane time upon the King t' attend. 1100
The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
That the proud beasts him readily obayd :
Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe ;
That king indeed himselfe he shortly thought, 1105
And all the beasts him feared as they ought,
And followed unto his palaice hye ;
Where taking congé, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
Full of the feared sight which late they sawe 1110
The Ape, thus seized of the regall throne,
Eftsones by counsell of the Foxe alone
Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger have endurance.
First, to his gate he pointed a strong gard, 1115
That none might enter but with issue hard :
Then, for the safegard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage

¹ *Stinted by and by*, stopped at once

Of forreine beasts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land and part by water fed ; 1120
 For tyrannie is with strange ayde supported.
 Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
 Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures :
 With those himselfe he strengthned mightelie, 1125
 That feare he neede no force of enemye.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill ;
 And all wylde beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
 And with their spoyles enlarg'd his private treasures.
 No care of iustice, nor no rule of reason, 1131
 No temperance, nor no regard of season,
 Did thenceforth ever enter in his minde ;
 But crueltie, the signe of currish kinde,
 And sdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogaunce ; 1135
 Such followes those whom fortune doth advaunce.
 But the false Foxe most kindly¹ plaid his part :
 For whatsoever mother-wit or arte
 Could worke, he put in prooffe : no practise slie,
 No counterpoint² of cunning policie, 1140
 Ne reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the same did to his purpose wring.
 Nought suffered he the Ape to give or graunt,
 But through his hand must passe the fiaunt.³
 All offices, all leases by him lept, 1145
 And of them all whatso he likte he kept.
 Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,

¹ *Kindly*, according to his nature.

³ *Fiaunt*, fiat.

² *Counterpoint*, counterplot.

And for to purchase¹ for his progeny.
 Ill might it prosper that ill gotten was,
 But, so he got it, little did he pas.² 1150
 He fed his cubs with fat of all the soyle,
 And with the sweete of others sweating toyle ;
 He crammed them with crumbs of benefices,
 And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices³;
 He cloathed them with all colours save white, 1155
 And loded them with lordships and with might,
 So much as they were able well to beare,
 That with the weight their backs nigh broken were.
 He chaffred⁴ chayres in which churchmen were set,
 And breach of lawes to privie ferme⁵ did let. 1160
 No statute so established might bee,
 Nor ordinaunce so needfull, but that hee
 Would violate, though not with violence,
 Yet under colour of the confidence
 The which the Ape reposd' in him alone, 1165
 And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
 And ever, when he ought would bring to pas,
 His long experience the platforme was :
 And when he ought not pleasing would put by
 The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
 For to encrease the common treasures store.
 But his owne treasure he encreased more,
 And lifted up his loftie towres thereby,
 That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;
 The whiles the princes pallaces fell fast 1175
 To ruine ; for what thing can ever last ?

¹ *Purchase*, collect spoil.² *Pas*, care.³ *Malefices*, evil deeds.⁴ *Chaffred*, bartered.⁵ *Ferme*, farm.

And whilest the other peeres for povertie
 Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
 And their olde castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers famous over-all¹ 1180
 Had founded for the kingdomes ornament,
 And for their memories long moniment.
 But he no count made of nobilitie,
 Nor the wilde beasts whom armes did glorifie, 1184
 The realmes chiefe strength and girland of the crowne.
 All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace :
 For none but whom he list might come in place.
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisdom he above their learning deemed.
 As for the rascall commons, least he cared,
 For not so common was his bountie shared: 1194
 "Let God," said he, "if please, care for the manie,
 I for my selfe must care before els anie."
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,²
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine ;
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine.
 Ne would he anie let to have accesse 1201
 Unto the Prince, but by his owne addresse :
 For all that els did come were sure to faile ;
 Yet would he further none but for availe.

¹ *Over-all*, everywhere.² *Pill*, plunder.

Ver. 1189. *Of men of armes, &c.*] This passage certainly provokes an application to Lord Burghley, and was probably intended for him. C.

For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore 1205
The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
Came to the court, her case there to complaine ;
How that the Wolfe, her mortall enemye,
Had sithence¹ slaine her lambe most cruellie ; 1210
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him knowe the order of the thing.
“Soft, Gooddie Sheepe !” then said the Foxe, “not
soe :

Unto the King so rash ye may not goe ;
He is with greater matter busied 1215
Than a lambe, or the lambes owne mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my cousin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
And seeke with slaunder his good name to blot :
For there was cause, els doo it he would not : 1220
Therefore surcease, good dame, and hence depart.”
So went the Sheepe away with heavie hart ;
So manie moe, so everie one was used,
That to give largely to the boxe refused.

Now when high Iove, in whose almightie hand 1225
The care of kings and power of empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret hye,
From whence he vewes with his black-lidded eye
Whatso the heaven in his wide vawte containes,
And all that in the deepest earth remaines, 1230
And troubled kingdome of wilde beasts behelde,
Whom not their kindly sovereigne did welde,²

¹ *Sithence*, since.

² *Welde*, govern.

But an usurping Ape, with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subverst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd
 In his great heart, and hardly did refraine 1235
 But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
 And driven downe to hell, his dewest meed.
 But him avizing, he that dreadfull deed
 Forbore, and rather chose with scornfull shame
 Him to avenge, and blot his brutish name 1240
 Unto the world, that never after anie
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie;
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
 From whence he never should be quit nor stal'd.¹
 Forthwith he Mercurie unto him cal'd, 1246
 And bad him flie with never-resting speed
 Unto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And, there enquiring privily, to learne
 What did of late chaunce to the Lyon stearne, 1250
 That he rul'd not the empire, as he ought;
 And whence were all those plaints unto him brought
 Of wrongs and spoyles by salvage beasts committed:
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
 Into his seate, and those same treachours ² vile 1255
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.
 The sonne of Maia, soone as he receiv'd
 That word, streight with his azure wings he cleav'd
 The liquid clowdes and lucid firmament,
 Ne staid till that he came with steep descent 1260
 Unto the place where his prescript did showe.
 There stouping, like an arrowe from a bowe,

¹ *Stal'd*, forestalled (?).² *Treachours*, traitors.

He soft arrived on the grassie plaine,
And fairly paced forth with easie paine,
Till that unto the pallace nigh he came. 1265
Then gan he to himselfe new shape to frame,
And that faire face, and that ambrosiall hew,
Which wonts to decke the gods immortall crew,
And beautefie the shinie firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement. 1270
So, standing by the gates in strange disguise,
He gan enquire of some in secret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Foxe, and his false blandishment:
And evermore he heard each one complaine 1275
Of foule abuses both in realme and raine:
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to see,
And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
Tho on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight, 1280
And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them thinke it but a vision.
Through power of that he runnes through enemies
swords;
Through power of that he passeth through the herds
Of ravenous wilde beasts, and doth beguile 1285
Their greedie mouthes of the expected spoyle;
Through power of that his cunning theeveries
He wonts to worke, that none the same espies;
And through the power of that he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition. 1290
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He tooke caduceus, his snakie wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,

And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes, 1295
And feare the harts, of all his enemyes ;
And when him list, an universall night
Throughout the world he makes on everie wight ;
As when his syre with Alcumena lay.
Thus dight, into the court he tooke his way, 1300
Both through the gard, which never him descride,
And through the watchmen, who him never spide :
Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
Whereas he saw, that sorely griev'd his hart,
Each place abounding with fowle iniuries, 1305
And fild with treasure rackt with robberies ;
Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts
Which had been slaine to serve the Apes beheasts ;
Gluttonie, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawlesnes raigning with riotize ; 1310
Besides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
He would no more endure, but came his way, 1315
And cast¹ to seeke the Lion, where he may,
That he might worke the avengement for this shame
On those two caytives which had bred him blame :
And seeking all the forrest busily,
At last he found where sleeping he did ly. 1320
The wicked weed which there the Foxe did lay
From underneath his head he tooke away,
And then him, waking, forced up to rize.

¹ Cast, projected.

The Lion, looking up, gan him avize,¹
 As one late in a traunce, what had of long 1325
 Become of him : for fantasie is strong.
 " Arise," said Mercurie, " thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent ² : 1330
 Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
 And be aveng'd on those that breed thy blame."
 Thereat enraged, soone he gan upstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart ;
 And, rouzing up himselfe, for his rough hide 1335
 He gan to reach ; but no where it espide.
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right sore.
 But when his crowne and scepter both he wanted,
 Lord ! how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted,
 And threatned death and thousand deadly dolours
 To them that had purloyn'd his princely honours.
 With that in hast, disroabed as he was,
 He toward his owne pallace forth did pas ;
 And all the way he roared as he went, 1345
 That all the forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came unto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon 1350
 And manie warders round about them stood :
 With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,³

¹ *Avize*, bethink.³ *Wood*, frantic.² *Blent*, stained.

That all the pallace quaked at the stound,¹
 As if it quite were riven from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left; 1355
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,
 Fled here and there, and everie corner sought,
 To hide himselfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the false Foxe, when he the Lion heard,
 Fled closely² forth, streightway of death afeard, 1360
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
 T' excuse his former treason and abusion,
 And turning all unto the Apes confusion:
 Nath'les the royall beast forbore beleaving, 1365
 But bad him stay at ease till further preeving.³
 Then when he saw no entrance to him graunted,
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely flewe,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slewe 1370
 Those warders strange, and all that els he met.
 But th' Ape still flying he no where might get:
 From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled,
 All breathles, and for feare now almost ded:
 Yet him at last the Lyon spide, and caught, 1375
 And forth with shame unto his iudgement brought.
 Then all the beasts he causd' assembled bee,
 To heare their doome, and sad ensample see:
 The Foxe, first author of that treacherie,
 He did uncase,⁴ and then away let flie. 1380
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight

¹ *Stound*, (time, scene) tumult.² *Closely*, secretly.³ *Preeving*, proving.⁴ *Uncase*, strip of his disguise.

Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight ;
Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares have left,
And of their tailes are utterlie bereft.

So Mother Hubberd her discourse did end : 1386
Which pardon me if I amisse have pend,
For weake was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.

RUINS OF ROME

BY BELLA

RUINES OF ROME:

BY BELLAY.*

I.

YE heavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall never die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes rest ;
If so be shrilling voyce of wight alive
May reach from hence to depth of darkest hell,
Then let those deep abysses open rive,
That ye may understand my shreiking yell !
Thrice having seene under the heavens veale
Your toombs devoted compasse over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie here doo call,
The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing !

* Joachim du Bellay, a French poet of considerable reputation in his day, died in 1560. These sonnets are translated from *Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome*. Further on we have the Visions of Bellay, translated from the *Songes* of the same author. The best that can be said of these sonnets seems to be, that they are not inferior to the original. C.

II.

Great Babylon her haughtie walls will praise,
 And sharped steeples high shot up in ayre ;
 Greece will the olde Ephesian buildings blaze,
 And Nylus nurslings their Pyramides faire ;
 The same yet vaunting Greece will tell the storie
 Of Ioves great image in Olympus placed ;
 Mausolus worke will be the Carians glorie,
 And Crete will boast the Labyrinth, now raced ;
 The antique Rhodian will likewise set forth
 The great Colosse, erect to Memorie ;
 And what els in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnifie.

But I will sing above all moniments

Seven Romane Hils, the worlds seven wonderments

III.

Thou stranger, which for Rome in Rome here seekest,
 And nought of Rome in Rome perceiv'st at all,
 These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seest,
 Olde palaces, is that which Rome men call.
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
 And how that she which with her mightie powre
 Tam'd all the world hath tam'd herselfe at last ;
 The pray of Time, which all things doth devowre !
 Rome now of Rome is th' onely funerall,
 And onely Rome of Rome hath victorie ;
 Ne ought save Tyber hastning to his fall
 Remaines of all : O worlds inconstancie !

That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
 And that is flitting doth abide and stay.

IV.

She whose high top above the starres did sore,
 One foote on Thetis, th' other on the Morning,
 One hand on Scythia, th' other on the More,
 Both heaven and earth in roundnesse compassing ;
 Love fearing, least if she should greater growe,
 The old giánts should once againe uprise,
 Her whelm'd with hills, these seven hils, which be nowe
 Tombes of her greatnes which did threate the skies :
 Upon her head he heapt Mount Saturnal,
 Upon her bellie th' antique Palatine,
 Upon her stomacke laid Mount Quirinal,
 On her left hand the noysome Esquiline,
 And Cælian on the right ; but both her feete
 Mount Viminal and Aventine doo meete.

V.

Who lists to see what ever nature, arte,
 And heaven could doo, O Rome, thee let him see,
 In case thy greatnes he can gesse in harte
 By that which but the picture is of thee !
 Rome is no more : but if the shade of Rome
 May of the bodie yeeld a seeming sight,
 It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
 By magicke skill out of eternall night :
 The corpes of Rome in ashes is entombed,
 And her great spirite, reioyned to the spirite
 Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed ;
 But her brave writings, which her famous merite
 In spight of Time out of the dust doth reare,
 Doo make her idole¹ through the world appeare.

¹ *Idole*, image, idea.

VI.

Such as the Berecynthian goddesse bright,
In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
Proud that so manie gods she brought to light,
Such was this citie in her good daies fownd :
This citie, more than that great Phrygian mother
Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
But by her selfe, her equall match could see :
Rome onely might to Rome compared bee,
And onely Rome could make great Rome to tremble :
So did the gods by heavenly doome decree,
That other earthlie power should not resemble
Her that did match the whole earths puissaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

VII.

Ye sacred ruines, and ye tragick sights,
Which onely doo the name of Rome retaine,
Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine,
Triumphant arcks, spyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heaven it selfe appall,
Alas ! by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all !
And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst Time, yet Time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad desires, rest therefore moderate !
For if that Time make ende of things so sure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

VIII.

Through armes and vassals Rome the world subdu'd,
 That one would weene that one sole cities strength
 Both land and sea in roundnes had surview'd,
 To be the measure of her bredth and length:
 This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
 Of vertuous nephewes,¹ that posteritie,
 Striving in power their grandfathers to passe,
 The lowest earth ioin'd to the heaven hie;
 To th' end that, having all parts in their power,
 Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight²;
 And that though Time doth commonwealths devowre,
 Yet no time should so low embase their hight,
 That her head, earth'd in her foundations deep,
 Should not her name and endles honour keep.

IX.

Ye cruell starres, and eke ye gods unkinde,
 Heaven envious, and bitter stepdame Nature!
 Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,³
 That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature;
 Why have your hands long sithence traveiled
 To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
 Or why were not these Romane palaces⁴
 Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong?
 I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
 That all things which beneath the moone have being
 Are temporall and subiect to decay:
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some that weene the contrarie in thought,
 That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

¹ *Nephewes*, descendants. ³ *Kinde*, nature.

² *Quight*, quit, free.

⁴ The want of rhyme will be observed

X.

As that brave sonne of Aeson, which by charmes
Atcheiv'd the golden fleece in Colchid land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand,
So this brave towne, that in her youthlie daies
An hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renownmed nourslings praise
The fire sunnes both one and other hous:
But they at last, there being then not living
An Hercules so ranke seed to represse,
Emongst themselves with cruell furie striving,
Mow'd downe themselves with slaughter mercillesse;
Renewing in themselves that rage unkinde,
Which whilom did those earthborn brethren blinde.

XI.

Mars, shaming to have given so great head
To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,
Puft up with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd above heavens powre it selfe to advaunce,
Cooling againe his former kindled heate
With which he had those Romane spirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage instil'd.
Then gan that nation, th' earths new giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,
And, beating downe these walls with furious mood
Into her mothers bosome, all did marre;
To th' end that none, all were it¹ Iove his sire,
Should boast himselfe of the Romane empire.

¹ *All were it, although it were.*

XII.

Like as whilome the children of the earth
 Heapt hils on hils to scale the starrie skie,
 And fight against the gods of heavenly berth,
 Whiles Iove at them his thunderbolts let flie ;
 All suddenly with lightning overthrowne,
 The furious squadrons downe to ground did fall,
 That th' earth under her childrens weight did grone,
 And th' heavens in glorie triumpht over all ;
 So did that haughtie front, which heaped was
 On these seven Romane hils, it selfe upreare
 Over the world, and lift her loftie face
 Against the heaven, that gan her force to feare.

But now these scorned fields bemone her fall,
 And gods secure feare not her force at all.

XIII.

Nor the swift furie of the flames aspiring,
 Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade,
 Nor ruthlesse spoyle of souldiers blood-desiring,
 The which so oft thee, Rome, their conquest made.
 Ne stroke on stroke of fortune variable,
 Ne rust of age hating continuance,
 Nor wrath of gods, nor spight of men unstable,
 Nor thou oppos'd against thine owne puissance,
 Nor th' horrible uprore of windes high blowing,
 Nor swelling streames of that god snakie-paced¹
 Which hath so often with his overflowing
 Thee drenched, have thy pride so much abaced,
 But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
 Makes the world wonder what they from thee rest.

¹ *Snakie-paced*, winding; or perhaps (like Ovid's *anguipes*) sw'ft.

XIV.

As men in summer fearles passe the foord
Which is in winter lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling streames doth beare aboard¹
The ploughmans hope and shepherds labour vaine,
And as the coward beasts use to despise
The noble lion after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardise
Daring the foe that cannot him defend,
And as at Troy most dastards of the Greekes
Did brave about the corpes of Hector colde,
So those which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
Now on these ashie tombes shew boldnesse vaine,
And, conquer'd, dare the conquerour disdaine.

XV.

Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashie ghoasts,
Which, ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray,
Tell me, ye spirits! (sith the darksome river
Of Styx, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning,)
Tell me then, (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here above him secretly doth hide,)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old Romane works, built with your hands,
To become nought els but heaped sands?

¹ *Aboard*, into the current.

XVI.

Like as ye see the wrathfull sea from farre
 In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
 Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,¹
 Against a rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse ;
 Like as ye see fell Boreas with sharpe blast
 Tossing huge tempests through the troubled skie,
 Eftsoones having his wide wings spent in wast,
 To stop his wearie carriere ² suddenly ;
 And as ye see huge flames spred diverslie,
 Gathered in one up to the heavens to spyre,
 Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily,
 So whilom did this monarchie aspyre
 As waves, as winde, as fire, spred over all,
 Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

XVII.

So long as Ioves great bird did make his flight,
 Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
 Heaven had not feare of that presumptuous might,
 With which the giaunts did the gods assay :
 But all so soone as scortching sunne had brent ³
 His wings which wont the earth to overspredd,
 The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent
 That antique horror which made heaven adredd.
 Then was the Germane raven in disguise
 That Romane eagle seene to cleave asunder,
 And towards heaven freshly to arise
 Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to powder,
 In which the foule that serves to beare the lightning
 Is now no more seen flying nor alighting.

¹ *Narre*, nearer.

² *Carriere*, career.

³ *Brent*, burned.

XVIII.

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of salvage soyle ;
 And these brave pallaces, which maystred bee
 Of time, were shepheards cottages somewhile.
 Then tooke the shepheards kingly ornaments
 And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with steele :
 Eftsoones their rule of yearely presidents
 Grew great, and sixe months greater a great deelee ;
 Which, made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
 That thence th' imperiall eagle rooting tooke,
 Till th' heaven it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
 Her power to Peters successor betooke,
 Who, shepherdlike, (as Fates the same foreseeing,)
 Doth shew that all things turne to their first being.

XIX.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautefies ;
 All that's imperfect, borne belowe the moone ;
 All that doth feede our spirits and our eies ;
 And all that doth consume our pleasures soone ;
 All the mishap the which our daies outweares ;
 All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
 Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
 Like a Pandora, locked long in store.
 But destinie this huge chaos turmoyling,
 In which all good and evill was enclosed,
 Their heavenly vertues from these woes assoyling,
 Caried to heaven, from sinfull bondage losed :
 But their great sinnes, the causers of their paine,
 Under these antique ruines yet remaine.

XVIII. 8. — *Sixe months, &c.*] The term of the dictatorship at Rome.

XX.

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
 With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
 Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
 Doth plunge himselfe in Tethys bosome faire,
 And, mounting up againe from whence he came,
 With his great bellie spreads the dimmed world,
 Till at the last, dissolving his moist frame,
 In raine, or snowe, or haile, he forth is horld,
 This citie, which was first but shepheards shade,
 Uprising by degrees, grewe to such height
 That queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
 At last, not able to beare so great weight,
 Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade¹;
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade.

XXI.

The same which Pyrrhus and the puissaunce
 Of Afrike could not tame, that same brave citie
 Which, with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
 Sustain'd the shocke of common enmitie,
 Long as her ship, tost with so manie freakes,
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,
 Was never seene that anie fortunes wreakes
 Could breake her course begun with brave intent.
 But, when the obiect of her vertue failed,
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme;
 As he that having long in tempest sailed
 Faine would arive, but cannot for the storme,
 If too great winde against the port him drive,
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell rive.

¹ *Vade*, vanish.

XXII.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
 Which mear'd¹ her rule with Africa and Byze,²
 With Thames inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arize,
 Her nourslings did with mutinous uprore
 Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile,
 Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
 Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while :
 So, when the compast course of the universe
 In sixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
 The bands of th' elements shall backe reverse
 To their first discord, and be quite undonne ;
 The seedes of which all things at first were bred
 Shall in great Chaos wombe againe be hid.

XXIII.

O warie wisdom of the man³ that would
 That Carthage towres from spoile should be forborne,
 To th' end that his victorious people should
 With cancring laisure not be overworne !
 He well foresaw how that the Romane courage,
 Impatient of pleasures faint desires,
 Through idlenes would turne to civill rage,
 And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
 For in a people given all to ease,
 Ambition is engendred easily ;
 As, in a vicious bodie, grose disease
 Soone growes through humours superfluitie.

That came to passe, when, swolne with plenties pride,
 Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

¹ *Mear'd*, bounded.

² *Byze*, Byzantium.

³ I e. Scipio Nasica.

XXIV.

If the blinde Furie which warres breedeth oft
 Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
 Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
 Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts,
 What fell Erynnis, with hot burning tongs,
 Did grype your hearts with noysome rage imbew'd,
 That, each to other working cruell wrongs,
 Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd?
 Was this, ye Romanes, your hard destinie?
 Or some old sinne, whose unappeased guilt
 Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie?
 Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
 Upon your walls, that God might not endure
 Upon the same to set foundation sure?

XXV.

O that I had the Thracian poets harpe,
 For to awake out of th' infernall shade
 Those antique Cæsars, sleeping long in darke,
 The which this auncient citie whilome made!
 Or that I had Amphions instrument,
 To quicken with his vitall notes accord
 The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
 By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd!
 Or that at least I could with pencill fine
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these palacis,
 By paterne of great Virgils spirit divine!
 I would assay with that which in me is
 To builde, with leuell of my loftie style,
 That which no hands can evermore compyle.

XXVI.

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
 Him needeth not to seeke for usage right
 Of line, or lead, or rule, or squaire, to measure
 Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight;
 But him behooves to vew in compasse round
 All that the ocean graspes in his long armes;
 Be it where the yerely starre doth scotch the ground,
 Or where colde Boreas blowes his bitter stormes.
 Rome was th' whole world, and al the world was Rome;
 And if things nam'd their names doo equalize,
 When land and sea ye name, then name ye Rome,
 And, naming Rome, ye land and sea comprize:
 For th' auncient plot of Rome, displayed plaine,
 The map of all the wide world doth containe.

XXVII.

Thou that at Rome astonisht dost behold
 The antique pride which menaced the skie,
 These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
 These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie,
 Iudge, by these ample ruines vew, the rest
 The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
 Since, of all workmen helde in reckning best,
 Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne:
 Then also marke how Rome, from day to day,
 Repayring her decayed fashion,
 Renewes herselfe with buildings rich and gay;
 'That one would iudge that the Romaine Dæmon¹
 Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce
 Againe on foot to reare her pouldred² corse.

¹ *Romaine Dæmon*, Genius of Rome. ² *Pouldred*, reduced to dust.

XXVIII.

He that hath seene a great oke drie and dead,
 Yet clad with reliques of some trophees olde,
 Lifting to heaven her aged hoarie head,
 Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde,
 But halfe disbowel'd lies above the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
 And on her trunke all rotten and unsound
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes,
 And, though she owe her fall to the first winde,
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
 And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde;
 Who such an oke hath seene, let him record
 That such this cities honour was of yore,
 And mongst all cities florished much more.

XXIX.

All that which Aegypt whilome did devise,
 All that which Greece their temples to embrace,
 After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise,
 Or Corinth skil'd in curious workes to grave,
 All that Lysippus practike¹ arte could forme,
 Apelles wit, or Phidias his skill,
 Was wont this auncient citie to adorne,
 And the heaven it selfe with her wide wonders fill.
 All that which Athens ever brought forth wise,
 All that which Afrike ever brought forth strange,
 All that which Asie ever had of prise,
 Was here to see. O mervelous great change!
 Rome, living, was the worlds sole ornament;
 And, dead, is now the worlds sole moniment.

¹ *Practike*, cunning.

XXX.

Like as the seeded field greene grasse first showes,
 Then from greene grasse into a stalke doth spring,
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
 Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring,
 And as in season due the husband¹ mowes
 The waving lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
 Which, bound in sheaves, and layd in comely rowes,
 Upon the naked fields in stackes he reares,
 So grew the Romane empire by degree,
 Till that barbarian hands it quite did spill,
 And left of it but these olde markes to see,
 Of which all passers by doo somewhat pill,²
 As they which gleane, the reliques use to gather
 Which th' husbandman behind him chanst to scater.

XXXI.

That same is now nought but a champion wide,
 Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
 No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
 By Nyle, or Gange, or Tygre, or Euphrate;
 Ne Afrike thereof guiltie is, nor Spaine,
 Nor the bolde people by the Thamis brincks,
 Nor the brave warlicke brood of Alemaine,
 Nor the borne souldier which Rhine running drinks.
 Thou onely cause, O Civill Furie, art!
 Which, sowing in th' Aemathian fields thy spight,
 Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart;

¹ *Husband*, husbandman.² *Pill*, plunder.

XXXI. 10. — *Aemathian fields*.] Thessalian fields; alluding to the battle fought at Pharsalia, in Thessaly, between Cæsar and Pompey. H.

To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'st fall more horriblie.

XXXII.

Hope ye, my Verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortalitie
So meane harpes worke may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in porphyre and marble doo appeare,
Might well have hop'd to have obtained it.
Nath'les, my Lute, whom Phœbus deigned to give,
Cease not to sound these olde antiquities:
For if that Time doo let thy glorie live,
Well maist thou boast, how ever base thou bee,
That thou art first which of thy nation song
Th' olde honour of the people gowned long.

L'ENVOY.

Bellay, first garland of free poesie
That France brought forth, though fruitfull of brave
wits,
Well worthie thou of immortalitie,
That long hast traveld,¹ by thy learned writs,
Olde Rome out of her ashes to revive,
And give a second life to dead decayes!
Needes must he all eternitie survive,

¹ *Traveld*, travailed, toiled.

That can to other give eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayse
Excelling all that ever went before:
And, after thee, gins Bartas hie to rayse
His heavenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
Live happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never dying fame!

L'Envoy, 11. — *Bartas*.] Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, a French poet of the time of Henry IV., of extraordinary popularity in his day. His poem on the Creation is said to have been reprinted more than thirty times in six years, and was translated into several languages; among others, into English by Joshua Sylvester. H.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

By ED. SP.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST FAIRE AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LADIE CAREY.

L O N D O N :

IMPRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE, DWELLING IN PAULES
CHURCHYARD AT THE SIGNE OF THE BISHOPS HEAD.

1590.*

* This date seems to be an error for 1591; or, as Mr. Craik suggests, it may have been used designedly with reference to real events, not yet ascertained, which furnished the subject of this very pleasing allegory. The Visions of the Worlds Vanitie, which follow this piece, may be suspected of a similar application. C.

ALLOTMENT

98

THE STATE OF THE REPUBLIC

1881

THE STATE OF THE REPUBLIC

THE STATE OF THE REPUBLIC

1881

THE STATE OF THE REPUBLIC

1881

THE STATE OF THE REPUBLIC

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE LA: CAREY.

MOST brave and bountifull La: for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet handes, to offer these few leaves as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefites. Therefore I have determined to give my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your services: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde and humble zeale which I bear unto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and use the poore service thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you; not so much for your great bounty to my self, which yet may not be unminded; nor for name or kindreds* sake by you vouchsafed, beeing also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee have by your brave deserts purchast to your self, and spread in the mouths of al men:

* "This lady was Elizabeth, one of the six daughters of Sir John Spencer, of Althorpe, in Northamptonshire, and was married to Sir George Carey, who became Lord Hunsdon on the death of his father, in 1596." — TODD.

with which I have also presumed to grace my verses, and, under your name, to commend to the world this smal poeme; the which beseeching your La: to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La: ever

humbly,

E. S.

"This book was written, one of the six chapters of the first volume of the history of the city of London, and was written by George Henry, who became Lord Haverham on the death of the Duke of Devonshire in 1721." — Lamb.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.

I SING of deadly dolorous debate,
Stir'd up through wrathfull Nemesis despight,
Betwixt two mightie ones of great estate,
Drawne into armes and prooffe of mortall fight
Through prowde ambition and hart-swelling hate, 5
Whilest neither could the others greater might
And sdeignfull scorne endure ; that from small iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfulst Muse of nyne, 10
That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne¹
Reveale to me, and all the meanes detect
Through which sad Clarion did at last declyne
To lowest wretchednes : And is there then 15
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

¹ *Tyne*, grief.

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
 Which doo possesse the empire of the aire,
 Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies
 Was none more favourable nor more faire, 20
 Whilst heaven did favour his felicities,
 Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
 Of Muscaroll, and in his fathers sight
 Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed 25
 Of future good, which his yong toward yeares,
 Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
 Above th' ensample of his equall peares,
 Did largely promise, and to him fore-red,
 (Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares,) 30
 That he in time would sure prove such an one,
 As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh yong flie, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustfull yongth ¹ began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdaine to subiect his desire 35
 To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to wast;
 But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire
 Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
 And with unwearied wings each part t' inquire
 Of the wide rule of his renownmed sire. 40

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 That from this lower tract he dar'd to stie ²
 Up to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light

¹ *Yongth*, youth.

² *Stie*, mount.

To mount aloft unto the christall skie,
 To vew the workmanship of heavens hight : 45
 Whence down descending he along would flie
 Upon the streaming rivers, sport to finde,
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a summers day, when season milde
 With gentle calme the world had quieted, 50
 And high in heaven Hyperions fierie childe
 Ascending did his beames abroad dispred,
 Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smilde,
 Yong Clarion, with vauntfull lustiehead,
 After his guize did cast abroad to fare, 55
 And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That mought his life from yron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound : 60
 For it by arte was framed to endure
 The bit¹ of balefull steele and bitter stownd,²
 No lesse than that which Vulcane made to sheild
 Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw 65
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In salvage forrest by adventure slew,
 And reft the spoyle his ornament to bee ;
 Which, spredding all his backe with dreadfull
 vew,

¹ *Bit*, bite.² *Stownd*, hour.

Made all that him so horrible did see 70
 Thinke him Alcides with the lyons skin,
 When the Næméan conquest he did win.

Upon his head, his glistering burganet,¹
 The which was wrought by wonderous device
 And curiously engraven, he did set: 75
 The mettall was of rare and passing price;
 Not Bilbo² steele, nor brasse from Corinth fet,
 Nor costly oricalche from strange Phœnice;
 But such as could both Phœbus arrowes ward,
 And th' hayling darts of heaven beating hard. 80

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
 Strongly outlaunched towards either side,
 Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
 Like as a warlike brigandine, applyde
 To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore, 85
 The engines which in them sad death doo hyde,
 So did this flie outstretch his fearefull hornes,
 Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly his shinie wings, as silver bright,
 Painted with thousand colours passing farre 90
 All painters skill, he did about him dight:
 Not halfe so manie sundrie colours arre
 In Iris bowe; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
 Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre;
 Nor Iunoes bird, in her ey-spotted traine, 95
 So manie goodly colours doth containe.

¹ *Burganet*, helmet.

² *Bilbo*, Bilboa.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
 The Archer-god, the sonne of Cytheree,
 That ioyes on wretched lovers to be wroken,¹
 And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see, 100
 Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
 Ah! my liege Lord, forgive it unto mee,
 If ought against thine honour I have tolde;
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full many a ladie faire, in court full oft 105
 Beholding them, him secretly envide,
 And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft
 And golden faire, her Love would her provide;
 Or that, when them the gorgeous flie had doft,
 Some one that would with grace be gratifide 110
 From him would steale them privily away,
 And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that Dame Venus on a day,
 In spring when flowres doo clothe the fruitful ground,
 Walking abroad with all her nymphes to play, 115
 Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd
 To gather flowres, her forehead to array.
 Emongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
 Hight Astery, excelling all the crewe
 In curteous usage and unstained hewe. 120

Who, being nimbler ioynted than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the fields honour than the others best;

¹ *Wroken*, avenged.

Which they in secret harts envying sore,
 Tolde Venus, when her as the worthiest 125
 She praisd', that Cupide (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aide in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the goddesse gathering iealous feare, —
 Not yet unmindfull how not long agoe 130
 Her sonne to Psyche secrete love did beare,
 And long it close conceal'd, till mickle woe
 Thereof arose, and manie a rufull teare, —
 Reason with sudden rage did overgoe;
 And, giving hastie credit to th' accuser, 135
 Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that damzel by her heavenly might
 She turn'd into a winged butterflie,
 In the wide aire to make her wandring flight;
 And all those flowres, with which so plenteouslie 140
 Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
 She placed in her wings, for memorie
 Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
 Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh Clarion, being readie dight, 145
 Unto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
 And with good speed began to take his flight:
 Over the fields, in his franke¹ lustinesse,
 And all the champion² he soared light;
 And all the countrey wide he did possesse, 150

¹ *Franke*, free.

² *Champion*, champaign.

Feeding upon their pleasures bounteouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him envie.

The woods, the rivers, and the medowes green,
With his aire-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountaines bare unseene, 155
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights untride.
But none of these, how ever sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie nor him cause t' abide :
His choicefull sense with everie change doth flit ;
No common things may please a wavering wit. 160

To the gay gardins his unstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights :
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors and alluring sights ;
And Arte, with her contending, doth aspire 165
T' excell the naturall with made delights :
And all that faire or pleasant may be found
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriving round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border ; 170
And takes survey, with curious busie eye,
Of every flowre and herbe there set in order ;
Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaves deface, 175
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

Ver. 165. — *And Arte, with her contending.*] Compare the description of Acrasia's garden, *Faerie Queene*, II. xii. 59 ; and also v. 29. TODD.

And evermore with most varietie,
 And change of sweetnesse, (for all change is sweete,)
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfie ;
 Now sucking of the 'sap of herbe most meete, 180
 Or of the deaw which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feete :
 And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play, 185
 To spoyle the pleasures of that paradise ;
 The wholesome saulge,¹ and lavender still gray,
 Ranke-smelling rue, and cummin good for eyes,
 The roses raigning in the pride of May,
 Sharpe isope, good for greene wounds remedies, 190
 Faire marigoldes, and bees-alluring thime,
 Sweete marioram, and daysies decking prime :

Coole violets, and orpine growing still,
 Embathed balme, and chearfull galingale,
 Fresh costmarie, and breathfull camomill, 195
 Dull poppie, and drink-quickning setuale,²
 Veyne-healing verven, and hed-purging dill,
 Sound savorie, and basil hartie-hale,
 Fat colworts, and comfórting perseline,³
 Colde lettuce, and refreshing rosmarine. 200

And whatso else of vertue good or ill
 Grewe in this gardin, fetcht from farre away,
 Of everie one he takes and tastes at will,

¹ *Saulge*, sage.

² *Setuale*, valerian.

³ *Perseline*, purslain.

And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill, 205
 In the warme sunne he doth himselfe embay,¹
 And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
 Of all his gladfulnes and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature
 Than to enioy delight with libertie, 210
 And to be lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from earth to highest skie,
 To feed on flowres and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take whatever thing doth please the eie?
 Who rests not pleased with such happines, 215
 Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state?
 Or who can him assure of happie day?
 Sith morning faire may bring fowle evening late,
 And least mishap the most blisse alter may! 220
 For thousand perills lie in close awaite
 About us daylie, to worke our decay;
 That none, except a God, or God him guide,
 May them avoyde, or remedie provide.

And whatso heavens in their secret doome 225
 Ordained have, how can fraile fleshly wight
 Forecast, but it must needs to issue come?
 The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
 And th' armies of their creatures, all and some,²
 Do serve to them, and with importune might 230

¹ *Embay*, bathe.² *All and some*, one and all.

Warre against us, the vassals of their will.
Who then can save what they dispose to spill?

Not thou, O Clarion, though fairest thou
Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie flie,
Whose cruell fate is woven even now 235
Of Ioves owne hand, to worke thy miserie!
Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
Which thy olde sire with sacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent¹.
Nought may thee save from heavens avengement! 240

It fortun'd (as heavens had behight²)
That in this gardin where yong Clarion
Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
The shame of Nature, the bondslave of spight, 245
Had lately built his hatefull mansion;
And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay,
How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous butterflie
In this faire plot dispacing³ too and fro, 250
Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord! how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part applie!
His heart did earne⁴ against his hated foe,
And bowels so with rankling poyson swelde, 255
That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

¹ *Sprent*, sprinkled.

² *Behight*, ordained.

³ *Dispacing*, ranging about.

⁴ *Earne*, yearn.

The cause why he this flie so maliced ¹
 Was (as in stories it is written found)
 For that his mother which him bore and bred,
 The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260
 Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
 Of Pallas, and in her owne skill confound,²
 When she with her for excellence contended,
 That wrought her shame, and sorrow never ended.

For the Tritonian goddess, having hard 265
 Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
 Came downe to prove the truth, and due reward
 For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild :
 But the presumptuous damzel rashly dar'd
 The goddess selfe to challenge to the field, 270
 And to compare with her in curious skill
 Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuse,
 But deign'd with her the paragon ³ to make :
 So to their worke they sit, and each doth chuse 275
 What storie she will for her tapet ⁴ take.
 Arachne figur'd how Iove did abuse
 Europa like a bull, and on his backe
 Her through the sea did beare ; so lively ⁵ seene,
 That it true sea and true bull ye would weene. 280

¹ *Maliced*, bore ill-will to.

² *Confound*, confounded.

³ *Paragon*, comparison.

⁴ *Tapet*, tapestry.

⁵ *Lively*, life-like.

Shee seem'd still backe unto the land to looke,
 And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
 The dashing of the waves, that up she tooke
 Her daintie feete, and garments gathered neare :
 But Lord ! how she in everie member shooke, 285
 When as the land she saw no more appeare,
 But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe :
 Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the bull she pictur'd winged Love,
 With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering 290
 Upon the waves, as each had been a dove ;
 The one his bowe and shafts, the other spring¹
 A burning teade² about his head did move,
 As in their syres new love both triumphing ;
 And manie Nymphes about them flocking round, 295
 And manie Tritons which their hornes did sound.

And round about her worke she did empale³
 With a faire border wrought of sundrie flowres,
 Enwoven with an yviewinding trayle :
 A goodly worke, full fit for kingly bowres, 300
 Such as Dame Pallas, such as Envie pale,
 That al good things with venemous tooth devowres,
 Could not accuse. Then gan the goddesse bright
 Her selfe likewise unto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate 305
 Which she with Neptune did for Athens trie :
 Twelve gods doo sit around in royall state,

¹ *Spring*, springal, youth.

² *Teade*, torch.

³ *Empale*, inclose

And Iove in midst with awfull maiestie,
 To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late :
 Each of the gods by his like visnomie ¹ 310
 Eathe ² to be knowen ; but Iove above them all,
 By his great lookes and power imperiall.

Before them stands the god of seas in place,
 Clayming that sea-coast citie as his right,
 And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace ;
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight, 316
 The signe by which he chalengeth the place ;
 That all the gods which saw his wondrous might
 Did surely deeme the victorie his due :
 But seldom seene, foreiudgement proveth true. 320

Then to herselfe she gives her Aegide shield,
 And steel-hed speare, and morion ³ on her hedd,
 Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field :
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
 She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did 325
 yield

A fruitfull olyve tree, with berries spredd,
 That all the gods admir'd ; then all the storie
 She compast with a wreathe of olyves hoarie.

Emongst those leaves she made a butterflie,
 With excellent device and wondrous slight, 330
 Fluttring among the olives wantonly,
 That seem'd to live, so like it was in sight :
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,

¹ *Visnomie*, countenance.

³ *Morion*, steel cap

² *Eathe*, easy.

The silken downe with which his backe is dight,
 His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies, 335
 His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid¹
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne ought gainesaid;
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
 And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
 The victorie did yeeld her as her share;
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burne,
 And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne:

That shortly from the shape of womanhed, 345
 Such as she was when Pallas she attempted,
 She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,²
 Pined with griefe of follie late repented:
 Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
 To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied, 350
 And her faire face to foule and loathsome hewe,
 And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This cursed creature, mindfull of that olde
 Enfestred grudge the which his mother felt,
 So soone as Clarion he did beholde, 355
 His heart with vengefull malice inly swelt;
 And weaving straight a net with manie a folde
 About the cave in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely sponne that scarce they could be spide. 360

¹ *Overlaid*, overcome.

² *Dryrihed*, sadness, unsightliness.

Not anie damzell which her vaunteth most
 In skilfull knitting of soft silken twyne,
 Nor anie weaver, which his worke doth boast
 In dieper, in damaske, or in lyne,¹
 Nor anie skil'd in workmanship embost, 365
 Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine,
 Might in their divers cunning ever dare
 With this so curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke that that same subtil gin
 The which the Lemnian god framde craftilie, 370
 Mars sleeping with his wife to compasse in,
 That all the gods with common mockerie
 Might laugh at them, and scorne their shamefull sin,
 Was like to this. This same he did applie
 For to entrap the careles Clarion, 375
 That rang'd each where without suspition.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
 In the pride of his freedome principall²: 380
 Litle wist he his fatall future woe,
 But was secure; the liker he to fall.
 He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
 That is regardles of his governaunce.

Yet still Aragnoll (so his foe was hight) 385
 Lay lurking covertly him to surprise;
 And all his gins, that him entangle might,
 Drest in good order as he could devise.

¹ *Lyne*, linen.² *Principall*, princely.

At length the foolish flie, without foresight,
 As he that did all daunger quite despise,
 Toward those parts came flying careleslie,
 Where hidden was his hatefull enemye.

390

Who, seeing him, with secret ioy therefore
 Did tickle inwardly in everie vaine;
 And his false hart, fraught with all treasons store,
 Was fil'd with hope his purpose to obtaine:
 Himselfe he close upgathered more and more
 Into his den, that his deceiptfull traine
 By his there being might not be bewraid,
 Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made.

400

Like as a wily foxe, that, having spide
 Where on a sunnie banke the lambes doo play,
 Full closely creeping by the hinder side,
 Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,
 Ne stirreth limbe, till, seeing readie tide,¹
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
 One of the litle yonglings unawares;
 So to his worke Aragnoll him prepares.

405

Who now shall give unto my heavie eyes
 A well of teares, that all may overflow?
 Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
 And mournfull tunes enough my grieve to show?
 Helpe, O thou Tragick Muse, me to devise
 Notes sad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw:
 For loe, the drerie stownd² is now arrived,
 That of all happines hath us deprived.

410

410

¹ *Tide* time.² *Stownd*, hour.

The luckles Clarion, whether cruell Fate
 Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
 Or some ungracious blast out of the gate
 Of Aeoles raine ¹ perforce him drove on hed,² 420
 Was (O sad hap and howre unfortunate !)
 With violent swift flight forth caried
 Into the cursed cobweb, which his foe
 Had framed for his finall overthroe.

There the fond flie, entangled, struggled long, 425
 Himselfe to free thereout ; but all in vaine.
 For, striving more, the more in laces strong
 Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
 In lymie snares the subtill loupes among ;
 That in the ende he breathelesse did remaine, 430
 And, all his yougthly forces idly spent,
 Him to the mercie of th' avenger lent.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
 Like a grimme lyon rushing with fierce might
 Out of his den, he seized greedelie 435
 On the resistles pray, and, with fell spight,
 Under the left wing stroke his weapon slie
 Into his heart, that his deepe-groning spright
 In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
 His bodie left the spectacle of care. 440

¹ *Raine*, kingdom.

² *On hed*, head-foremost.

VISIONS
OF
THE WORLDS VANITIE.

I.

ONE day, whiles that my daylie cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,¹
And all that humble is and meane ² debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced!
On which when as my thought was throghly ³ placed,
Unto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that which I in minde embraced,
That yet those sights empassion ⁴ me full here.

Such as they were, faire Ladie, take in worth,
That when time serves may bring things better forth.

¹ *Geason*, rare.

² *Meane*, lowly.

³ *Throghly*, thoroughly.

⁴ *Empassion*, move.

I. 13. — *Faire Ladie*.] The names of the ladies to whom these Visions and those of Petrarch (see p. 210, VII. 9) were inscribed have not been preserved. C.

II.

In summers day, when Phœbus fairly shone,
 I saw a Bull as white as driven snowe,
 With gilden hornes embowed like the moone,
 In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :
 Up to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
 And the gay floures did offer to be eaten ;
 But he with fatnes so did overflowe,
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
 Till that a Brize,¹ a scorned little creature,
 Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
 And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature
 And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
 So by the small the great is oft diseased.²

III.

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddie Nile,
 Upon a sunnie banke outstretched lay,
 In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That, cram'd with guiltles blood and greedie pray
 Of wretched people travailing that way,
 Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
 I saw a little Bird, cal'd *Tedula*,
 The least of thousands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 The greisly gates of his devouring hell,

¹ *Brize*, a gadfly.² *Diseased*, deprived of ease.

III. 7. — *Tedula*.] Spenser appears to mean the bird *Trochilos*, which, according to Aristotle, enters the mouth of the crocodile, and picks her meat out of the monster's teeth. C.

And let him feede, as Nature doth provide,
 Upon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
 Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
 Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

IV.

The kingly bird that beares Ioves thunder-clap
 One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,¹
 Proud of his highest service and good hap,
 That made all other foules his thralls to bee.
 The silly flie, that no redresse did see,
 Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
 And, kindling fire within the hollow tree,
 Burnt up his yong ones, and himselfe distrest ;
 Ne suffred him in anie place to rest,
 But drove in Ioves owne lap his eggs to lay ;
 Where gathering also filth him to infest,
 Forst with the filth his eggs to fling away :
 For which when as the foule was wroth, said Iove,
 " Lo ! how the least the greatest may reprove."

V.

Toward the sea turning my troubled eye,
 I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe ²)
 That makes the sea before his face to flye,
 And with his flaggie finnes doth seeme to sweepe
 The fomie waves out of the dreadfull deep ;
 The huge Leviathan, dame Natures wonder,
 Making his sport, that manie makes to weep.
 A Sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder
 That, in his throat him pricking softly under,

¹ Scarabee, beetle.

² Cleepe, call.

His wide abysses him forced forth to spewe,
 That all the sea did roare like heavens thunder,
 And all the waves were stain'd with filthie hewe.
 Hereby I learned have not to despise
 Whatever thing seemes small in common eyes.

VI.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
 Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
 With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,
 And forkhed sting that death in it did beare,
 Strove with a Spider, his unequall peare,
 And bad defiance to his enemye.
 The subtill vermin, creeping closely¹ neare,
 Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;
 Which, through his entrailes spredding diversly,
 Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells burst,
 And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
 That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
 O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
 The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne²!

VII.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
 Of wondrous length and streight proportion,
 That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
 Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
 Her match in beautie was not anie one.
 Shortly within her inmost pith there bred
 A litle wicked worme, perceiv'd of none,
 That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:

¹ *Closely*, secretly.² *Forlorne*, ruined.

Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, O great ruth¹ for the same!
And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
That shortly balde and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

VIII.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare, as batteilant,²
A gilden towre, which shone exceedinglie;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed up with passing surquedrie,³
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne,
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
That, casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native⁴ beautie stained.

Let therefore nought that great is therein glorie,
Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

IX.

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
A goodly Ship with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant, I espide
Through the maine sea making her merry flight.
Faire blewe the wind into her bosome right,
And th' heavens looked lovely all the while,

¹ *Ruth*, pity.

³ *Surquedrie*, presumption.

² *Batteilant*, equipped for battle. ⁴ *Natures* in Collier's copy.

That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
 And at her owne felicitie did smile.
 All sodainely there clove unto her keele
 A little fish that men call Remora,
 Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
 That winde nor tide could move her thence away.
 Straunge thing me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring.

X.

A mighty Lyon, lord of all the wood,
 Having his hunger throughly satisfide
 With pray of beasts and spoyle of living blood,
 Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide:
 His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
 And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
 I saw a Wasp, that fiercely him defide,
 And bad him battaile even to his iawes;
 Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
 And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
 In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
 And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire;
 That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
 So weakest may anoy the most of might!

XI.

What time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
 Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
 The nations gan their soveraigntie disdaine,
 And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight.
 So, when all shrouded were in silent night,
 The Galles were, by corrupting of a mayde

Possest nigh of the Capitol through slight,
 Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayde.
 If then a goose great Rome from ruine stayde,
 And Iove himselfe, the patron of the place,
 Preservd from being to his foes betrayde,
 Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,¹
 And in their might repose their most assurance,
 Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

XII.

When these sad sights were overpast and gone,
 My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
 With inward ruth and deare affection,
 To see so great things by so small distrest.
 Thenceforth I gan in my engrieved brest
 To scorne all difference of great and small,
 Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
 And unawares doe into daunger fall.
 And ye, that read these ruines tragicall,
 Learne, by their losse, to love the low degree;
 And if that Fortune chaunce you up to call
 To honours seat, forget not what you be:
 For he that of himselfe is most secure
 Shall finde his state most fickle and unsure.

¹ *Deface*, disparage. despise.

THE
VISIONS OF BELLAY.*

I.

It was the time when rest, soft sliding downe
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes,
In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miseries.
Then did a ghost before mine eyes appeare,
On that great rivers banck that runnes by Rome;
Which, calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heaven whence all good gifts do come,
And crying lowd, "Loe ! now beholde," quoth hee,
"What under this great temple placed is :
Lo, all is nought but flying vanitee !"
So I, that know this worlds inconstancies,

* Eleven of these Visions of Bellay (all except the 6th, 8th, 13th, and 14th) differ only by a few changes necessary for rhyme from blank-verse translations found in Van der Noodt's *Theatre of Worldlings*, printed in 1569; and the six first of the Visions of Petrarch (here said to have been "formerly translated") occur almost word for word in the same publication, where the authorship appears to be claimed by one Theodore Roest. The Complaints were collected, not by Spenser, but by Ponsonby, his bookseller, and he may have erred in ascribing these Visions to our poet. C.

Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence do stay.

II.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iust assize,¹
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the same,
All wrought with diamond after Dorick wize.
Nor brick nor marble was the wall in view,
But shining christall, which from top to base
Out of her womb a thousand rayons² threw
On hundred steps of Afrike golds enchase.³
Golde was the parget,⁴ and the seeling bright
Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde;
The floore of iasp and emeraude was dight.⁵
O worlds vainesse! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest seat,
And overthrew this frame with ruine great.

III.

Then did a sharped spyre of diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee,
Justly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as archer might his level see.
The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall which we most do honour;
And in this golden vessel couched weare
The ashes of a mightie emperour:
Upon foure corners of the base were pight,⁶

¹ *Assize*, measure.² *Rayons*, beams, rays.³ I. e. enchased with gold.⁴ *Parget*, varnish, plaster.⁵ *Dight*, composed.⁶ *Pight*, placed.

To beare the frame, foure great lyons of gold ;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas ! this world doth nought but grievance hold :
I saw a tempest from the heaven descend,
Which this brave monument with flash did rend.

IV.

I saw raysde up on yvorie pillers tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters¹ alablaster, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall arke.
On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a nimph, that wings of silver weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine peares.
No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry
That thunder-dartes for Iove his syre doth fit.
Let me no more see faire thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

V.

Then was the faire Dodonian tree far seene
Upon seaven hills to spread his gladsome gleame,
And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the Ausonian streame.
There many an auncient trophée was addrest,²
And many a spoyle, and many a goodly show,
Which that brave races greatnes did attest,

¹ *Chapters*, capitals.

² *Addrest*, hung on arranged.

That whilome from the Troyan blood did flow.
 Ravisht I was so rare a thing to vew ;
 When lo ! a barbarous troupe of clownish fone¹
 The honour of these noble boughs down threw :
 Under the wedge I heard the tronck to grone ;
 And since, I saw the roote in great disdaine
 A twinne of forked trees send forth againe.

VI.

I saw a wolfe under a rockie cave
 Noursing two whelpes ; I saw her litle ones
 In wanton dalliance the teate to crave,
 While she her neck wreath'd from them for the nones.²
 I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
 And roming through the field with greedie rage
 T' embrew her teeth and clawes with lukewarm blood
 Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.
 I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
 Downe from the mountaines bordring Lombardie,
 That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended :
 I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
 Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne soyle³ :
 Soone on a tree uphang'd I saw her spoyle.

VII.

I saw the bird that can the sun endure
 With feeble wings assay to mount on hight ;

¹ *Fone*, foes.³ I. e. the mire made by her blood.² *Nones*, nonce.

VII. 1-14. "A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd." C.

By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
 Following th' ensample of her mothers sight.
 I saw her rise, and with a larger flight
 To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
 To measure the most haughtie ¹ mountaines hight,
 Untill she raught ² the gods owne mansions.
 There was she lost; when suddaine I behelde,
 Where, tumbling through the ayre in firie fold,
 All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
 And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.

I saw the foule that doth the light dispise
 Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

VIII.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
 Did wash the ground-work of an old great wall;
 I saw it cover'd all with griesly shadowes,
 That with black horror did the ayre appall:
 Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
 That townes and castles under her brest did coure,³
 And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
 Alike with equall ravine to devoure.
 Much was I mazde to see this monsters kinde
 In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew;
 When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
 Which blows cold storms, burst out of Scithian mew,
 That sperst these cloudes; and, in so short as
 thought,
 This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

¹ *Haughtie*, lofty.

³ *Coure*, cover.

² *Raught*, reached.

IX.

Then all astonied with this mighty ghoast,
 An hideous bodie, big and strong, I sawe,
 With side¹ long beard, and locks down hanging loast,²
 Sterne face, and front full of Satúrnlíkē awe ;
 Who, leaning on the belly of a pot,
 Poured foorth a water, whose out gushing flood
 Ran bathing all the creakie³ shore aflot,
 Whereon the Troyan prince spilt Turnus blood ;
 And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
 To two young babes : his left the palme tree stout,
 His right hand did the peacefull olive wield,
 And head with lawrell garnisht was about.

Sudden both palme and olive fell away,
 And faire green lawrell branch did quite decay.

X.

Hard by a rivers side a virgin faire,
 Folding her armes to heaven with thousand throbs,
 And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
 To falling rivers sound thus tun'd her sobs.
 "Where is," quoth she, "this whilom honoured face ?
 Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
 In which all worlds felicitie had place,
 When gods and men my honour up did raise ?
 Suffisd' it not that civill warres me made
 The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
 Of hundred Hercules to be assaide,
 With seven heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,

¹ *Side*, long, trailing.

² *Loast*, loosed.

³ *Creakie*, indented with creeks.

So many Neroes and Caligulaes
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse?"

XI.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did see,
Waving aloft with triple point to skie,
Which, like incense of precious cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.
A bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of gods did flie,
And all the way most pleasant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she unto heaven did stie.¹
Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On everie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a silver dew
(O grievous chance!) gan quench those precious
flames;
That it, which earst² so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.

XII.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,³
As cleare as christall gainst the sunnie beames;
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle⁴
That bright Pactolus washeth with his streames.
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasure there for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyse alluring sleepe soft trembled,
Of manie accords, more sweete than mermaids song,

¹ *Stie*, mount.² *Earst*, at first.³ *Rayle*, flow.⁴ *Grayle*, gravel.

The seates and benches shone as yvorie,
 And hundred nymphes sate side by side about ;
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcrie,
 A troupe of satyres in the place did rout,¹
 Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,²
 Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.

XIII.

Much richer then that vessell seem'd to bee
 Which did to that sad Florentine appeare,
 Casting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see
 Upon the Latine coast herselfe to reare.
 But suddenly arose a tempest great,
 Bearing close envie to these riches rare,
 Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
 This ship, to which none other might compare :
 And finally the storme impetuous
 Sunke up these riches, second unto none,
 Within the gulfe of greedie Nereus.
 I saw both ship and mariners each one,
 And all that treasure, drowned in the maine :
 But I the ship saw after raisd' againe.

XIV.

Long having deeply gron'd these visions sad,
 I saw a citie like unto that same
 Which saw the messenger of tidings glad,
 But that on sand was built the goodly frame :

¹ *Rout*, burst.² *Ray*, defile.

XIII. 1. — *That vessell.*] See the second canto of the *Purgatorio*. C.

It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
 And, no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
 (If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
 Or if ought under heaven might firme endure.
 Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
 When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
 Which, breathing furie from his inward gall
 On all which did against his course oppose,
 Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
 The weake foundations of this citie faire.

XV.

At length, even at the time when Morpheus
 Most trulie doth unto our eyes appeare,
 Wearie to see the heavens still wavering thus,
 I saw Typhæus sister¹ comming neare ;
 Whose head, full bravely with a morion² hidd,
 Did seeme to match the gods in maiestie.
 She, by a rivers bancke that swift downe slidd,
 Over all the world did raise a trophee hie ;
 An hundred vanquisht kings under her lay,
 With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize.
 Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
 I saw the heavens in warre against her rize :
 Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
 That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder.

¹ I. e. (apparently) Change or Mutability. See the two cantos of the Seventh Book of the Faerie Queene.

² *Morion*, steel cap.

THE
VISIONS OF PETRARCH:*

FORMERLY TRANSLATED.

I.

BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie strange things happened me to see,
As much it grieveth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest god delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was blacke, the other white.
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time, I spide,
Under a rocke, where she, alas ! opprest,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle so hard a destenie.

* The first six of these sonnets are translated (not directly, but through the French of Clément Marot) from Petrarch's third Canzone in Morte di Laura. The seventh is by the translator. The circumstance that the version is made from Marot renders it probable that these sonnets are really by Spenser. C.

II.

After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,
 Made all of heben¹ and white yvorie;
 The sailes of golde, of silke the tackle were.
 Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to bee,
 The skie eachwhere did show full bright and faire:
 With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
 But sudden storme did so turmoyle the aire,
 And tumbled up the sea, that she, alas!
 Strake on a rock, that under water lay,
 And perished past all recoverie.
 O! how great ruth, and sorrowfull assay,²
 Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,
 Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd
 So great riches as like cannot be found.

III.

The heavenly branches did I see arise
 Out of the fresh and lustie lawrell tree,
 Amidst the yong greene wood: of Paradise
 Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see.
 Such store of birds therein yshrowded were,
 Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,
 That with their sweetnes I was ravish't nere.
 While on this lawrell fixed was mine eie,
 The skie gan everie where to overcast,
 And darkned was the welkin all about,
 When sudden flash of heavens fire out brast,³
 And rent this royall tree quite by the roote;
 Which makes me much and ever to complaine.
 For no such shadow shalbe had againe.

¹ *Heben*, ebony.² *Assay*, trial.³ *Brast*, burst.

IV.

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in anie wise
The homely shepheard, nor the ruder clowne ;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall ;
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But, while herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I saw, alas ! the gaping earth devoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight ;
Which yet aggreeves my hart even to this houre,
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
To see such pleasures gon so suddenly.

V.

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings and crest of golden hewe ;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone
That of some heavenly wight I had the vewe ;
Untill he came unto the broken tree,
And to the spring that late devoured was.
What say I more ? Each thing at last we see
Doth passe away : the Phoenix there, alas !
Spying the tree destroid, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so foorthwith in great despight he dide ;
That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine
For ruth and pitie of so haples plight.
O, let mine eyes no more see such a sight !

VI.

At last, so faire a ladie did I spie,
 That thinking yet on her I burne and quake :
 On hearbs and flowres she walked pensively ;
 Milde, but yet love she proudly did forsake :
 White seem'd her robes, yet woven so they were
 As snow and golde together had been wrought :
 Above the wast a darke clowde shrouded her.
 A stinging serpent by the heele her caught ;
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure,
 And, well assur'd, she mounted up to ioy.
 Alas ! on earth so nothing doth endure,
 But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy :
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

VII.

When I behold this tickle¹ trustles state
 Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
 And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
 In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
 I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
 And shortly turne unto my happie rest,
 Where my free spirite might not anie moe
 Be vext with sights that doo her peace molest.
 And ye, faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
 All heavenly grace and vertue shrined is,
 When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
 Loath this base world, and thinke of heavens blis :
 And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
 Yet thinke that death shall spoyle your goodly fea-
 tures.

¹ *Tickle*, uncertain.

DAPHNAIDA:

AN ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS

DOUGLAS HOWARD,

DAUGHTER AND HEIRE OF HENRY LORD HOWARD, VISCOUNT
BYNDON, AND WIFE OF ARTHUR GORGES, ESQUIER.

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE HELENA,

MARQUESS OF NORTHAMPTON.

By ED. SP.

AT LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBY

1596.

DAPHNIAIDA

AN ALLEGY

FROM THE DEATH OF THE LORD AND FORTY-ONE

DOUGLAS HOWARD

DEPARTED AND DEER OF NIGHT AND MORNING, FORTY-ONE

AND ONE OF ANOTHER FORTY-ONE

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE LADIE HENRY

AND ONE OF ANOTHER FORTY-ONE

BY ED. SP.

AT LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY

1861

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADY,

HELENA,

MARQUESSE OF NORTH HAMPTON.*

I HAVE the rather presumed humbly to offer unto your Honour the dedication of this little poeme, for that the noble and vertuous gentlewoman of whom it is written was by match neere alied, and in affection greatly devoted, unto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote the same was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill which I beare unto her husband, Master Arthur Gorges, a lover of learning and vertue, whose house, as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured, so doe I find the name of them, by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this realme, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their prince and countrey : besides, so lineally are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne

* This lady, when widow of William Parr, the only person who was ever Marquis of Northampton, had married Sir Thomas Gorges, uncle of Lady Douglas Howard, the subject of this elegy. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Gorges was himself a poet, and the author of the English translation of Bacon's tract *De Sapientia Veterum*, published in 1619. See Craik's *Spenser and his Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 187. C.

Howard, eldest daughter to John Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir William and Sir Thomas Gorges, Knightes: and therefore I doe assure my selfe that no due honour done to the **White Lyon**, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children do so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honourable favour and protection. London, this first of Ianuarie, 1591. Your Honours humbly ever.

ED. SP.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHATEVER man he be whose heavie mynd,
With grieve of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would fynd,
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest,
Of one, I weene, the wofulst man alive,
Even sad Alcyon,¹ whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doeth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence; 10
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,²
Though they of sorrowe heavilie can sing,
For even their heavie song would breede delight;
But here no tunes save sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them and their sweet harmonie, 15
Let those three Fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doe weave the direfull threeds of destinie,
And in their wrath break off the vitall bands,
Approach hereto; and let the dreadfull Queene

¹ I. e. Sir Arthur Gorges.

² *Hight*, summoned.

Of Darknes deepe come from the Stygian strands, 20
And grisly ghosts, to heare this dolefull teene.¹

In gloomy evening, when the wearie sun
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steedes, now having overrun
The compast skie, gan water in the west, 25
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride, opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which dayly doth my weaker wit possesse, 30
Ne lets it rest untill it forth have brought
Her long borne infant, fruit of heavinessse,
Which she conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and life's wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deeply doth empassion.² 35

So as I muzed on the miserie
In which men live, and I of many most,
Most miserable man, I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,³
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray, 40
And Iacob staffe⁴ in hand devoutly crost,
Like to some pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, uncombed and unshorne,
Hong long adowne, and bearde all overgrowne,
That well he seemd to be some wight forlorne: 45

¹ *Teene*, sorrow. ² *Empassion*, move. ³ *Cost*, approach.

⁴ *Iacob staffe*, a pilgrim's staff, in the form of a cross.

Downe to the earth his heavie eyes were throwne,
 As loathing light, and ever as he went
 He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
 As if his heart in peeces would have rent.

Approaching nigh his face I vewed nere, 50
 And by the semblant of his countenaunce
 Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
 Most like Alcyon seeming at a glaunce ;
 Alcyon he, the iollie shepheard swaine,
 That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce, 55
 And fill with pleasance every wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, because of his disguise,
 I softlie sayd, Alcyon ! There-withall
 He lookt aside as in disdainefull wise,
 Yet stayed not, till I againe did call : 60
 Then, turning back, he saide, with hellow sound,
 " Who is it that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
 The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?"

" One whom like wofulnesse, impressed deepe,
 Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare, 65
 And given like cause with thee to waile and wepe ;
 Griefe finds some ease by him that like does beare.
 Then stay, Alcyon, gentle shepheard ! stay,"
 Quoth I, " till thou have to my trustie eare
 Committed what thee dooth so ill apay.¹" 70

" Cease, foolish man !" saide he halfe wrothfully,
 " To seeke to heare that which cannot be told ;

¹ *Ill apay*, discontent, distress.

For the huge anguish, which doeth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well unfold ;
Ne doo I care that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.”

75

“ Then be it so,” quoth I, “ that thou are bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained ;
Yet, ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cause which thee thereto constrained,
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.”

80

“ Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh,” quoth he,
“ Nought cares at all what they that live on ground
Deem the occasion of his death to bee ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie ;
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

85

90

“ Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my reliefe,
For my reliefe exceedeth living thought,)
I will to thee this heavie case relate :
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

95

“ Whilome I usde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westernne downes to keep,

100

Not far from whence Sabrinaes streame doth flow,
 And flowrie bancks with silver liquor steepe;
 Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
 For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
 And to my pype to caroll and to daunce. 105

"It there befell, as I the fields did range
 Fearlesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
 White as the native rose before the chaunge
 Which Venus blood did in her leaves impresse,
 I spied playing on the grassie plaine 110
 Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
 That did all other beasts in beawtie staine.

"Much was I moved at so goodly sight,
 Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
 And gan to cast how I her compasse might, 115
 And bring to hand that yet had never beene:
 So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
 That I her caught disporting on the greene,
 And brought away fast bound with silver chaine.

"And afterwardes I handled her so fayre, 120
 That though by kind shee stout and salvage were,
 For being borne an auncient lions hayre,
 And of the race that all wild beastes do feare,
 Yet I her fram'd, and wan so to my bent,
 That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare 125
 As the least lamb in all my flock that went.

Ver. 107. — *A faire young Lionesse.*] So called from the white lion in the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, the head of the family to which Lady Douglas Howard belonged. H.

“ For shee in field, where-ever I did wend,
 Would wend with me, and waite by me all day :
 And all the night that I in watch did spend,
 If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay, 130
 Shee would all night by me or watch or sleepe ;
 And evermore when I did sleepe or play,
 She of my flock would take full warie keepe.¹

“ Safe then, and safest, were my sillie sheepe,
 Ne fear'd the wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast, 135
 All ² were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe :
 My lovely Lionesse without beheast
 So careful was for them and for my good,
 That when I waked, neither most nor least
 I found miscarried, or in plaine or wood. 140

“ Oft did the shepheards which my hap did heare,
 And oft their lasses, which my luck envyde,
 Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
 To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wyde
 Were spred abroad ; and when her worthinesse 145
 Much greater than the rude report they tryde,³
 They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

“ Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
 And well did hope my ioy would have no end ;
 But oh ! fond man ! that in worlds ficklenesse 150
 Reposedst hope, or weenedst Her thy frend
 That glories most in mortall miseries,
 And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend
 To make new matter fit for tragedies.

¹ *Keepe*, care.² *All*, although.³ *Tryde*, proved, found

" For whilest I was thus without dread or dout, 165
 A cruel Satyre with his murderous dart,
 Greedie of mischiefe, ranging all about,
 Gave her the fatall wound of deadly smart,
 And reft from me my sweete companion,
 And reft from me my love, my life, my hart : 170
 My Lyonesse, ah woe is me ! is gon !

" Out of the world thus was she reft away,
 Out of the world, unworthy such a spoyle,
 And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter pray ;
 Much fitter then the lyon which with toyle 175
 Alcides slew, and fixt in firmament ;
 Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
 And seeking misse, and missing doe lament."

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
 That I for pittie of his heavie plight 180
 Could not abstain mine eyes with teares to steepe ;
 But when I saw the anguish of his spright
 Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe :
 " Certes, Alcyon, painfull is thy plight,
 That it in me breeds almost equall paine. 185

" Yet doth not my dull wit well understand
 The riddle of thy loved Lionesse ;
 For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
 That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possesse.
 Should to a beast his noble hart embase, 190
 And be the vassall of his vassalesse ;
 Therefore more plain areade ¹ this doubtfull case."

¹ *Areade*, explain.

Then sighing sore, "Daphne thou knew'st," quoth he;
 "She now is dead": ne more endur'd to say,
 But fell to ground for great extremitie; 185
 That I, beholding it, with deepe dismay
 Was much apald, and, lightly him uprearing,
 Revoked life, that would have fled away,
 All were my selfe through grief in deadly drearing.¹

Then gan I him to comfort all my best, 190
 And with milde counsaile strove to mitigate
 The stormie passion of his troubled brest;
 But he thereby was more empassionate,
 As stubborne steed that is with curb restrained
 Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate, 195
 And, breaking foorth at last, thus dearnely² plained:

I.

"What man henceforth that breatheth vitall aire
 Will honour Heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
 Which so uniustly doth their iudgements share
 Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore 200
 The innocent as those which do transgresse,
 And doe not spare the best or fairest more
 Than worst or foulest, but doe both oppresse?"

"If this be right, why did they then create
 The world so faire, sith fairenesse is neglected? 205
 Or why be they themselves immaculate,
 If purest things be not by them respected?
 She faire, she pure, most faire, most pure she was,

¹ *Drearing*, sorrowing.² *Dearnely*, sadly.

Yet was by them as thing impure reiected;
Yet she in purenesse heaven it self did pas. 210

“ In purenesse, and in all celestially grace
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and seem'd of angels race,
Living on earth like angell new divinde,¹
Adorn'd with wisdom and with chastitie, 215
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

“ No age hath bred (since faire Astræa left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight;
And, when she parted hence, with her she reft 220
Great hope, and robd her race of bounty² quight.
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament;
For double losse by her hath on them light,
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

“ Ne let Elisa, royall shepheardesse, 225
The praises of my parted³ love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Powr'd upon her, like showers of Castaly,
By her owne shepheard, Colin, her own shepheard,
That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie, 230
Of rusticke Muse full hardly to be betterd.

“ She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade:
Mine? ah, not mine! amisse I mine did say:

¹ *Divinde*, deified.

³ *Parted*, departed.

² *Bounty*, goodness.

Not mine, but His which mine awhile her made ; 235
 Mine to be his, with him to live for ay.
 O that so faire a flowre so soon should fade,
 And through untimely tempest fall away !

“ She fell away in her first ages spring,
 Whilst yet her leafe was greene, and fresh her rinde ;
 And whilst her braunch faire blossomes foorth did
 bring, 241
 She fell away against all course of kinde.¹
 For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong ;
 She fell away like fruit blowne down with winde.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.²

II.

“ What hart so stonie hard but that would weepe,
 And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares ?
 What Timon but would let compassion creepe
 Into his breast, and pierce his frozen eares ?
 In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well 250
 I wasted have, my heart bloud dropping weares,
 To think to ground how that faire blossome fell.

“ Yet fell she not as one enforst to dye,
 Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent,
 But as one toyld with travell downe doth lye, 255
 So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
 And closde her eyes with carelesse quietnesse ;
 The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,³
 And soule assoyld ⁴ from sinfull fleshlinesse.

¹ *Kinde*, nature.² *Undersong*, accompaniment.³ *Hent*, took.⁴ *Assoyld*, absolved.

" Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake, 260
 She, all resolv'd, and readie to remove,
 Calling to me (ay me!) this wise bespake ;
 ' Alcyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
 Ah ! why does my Alcyon weepe and mourne,
 And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove, 265
 As if to me had chaunst some evill tourne !

" I, since the messenger is come for mee
 That summons soules unto the bridale feast
 Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
 And straight obey his souveraine beheast ; 270
 Why should Alcyon then so sore lament
 That I from miserie shall be releast,
 And freed from wretched long imprisonment !

" Our daies are full of dolour and disease,
 Our life afflicted with incessant paine, 275
 That nought on earth may lessen or appease ;
 Why then should I desire here to remaine !
 Or why should he that loves me sorrie bee
 For my deliverance, or at all complaine
 My good to heare, and toward¹ ioyes to see ! 280

" I goe, and long desired have to goe ;
 I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
 Whereas² no worlds sad care nor wasting woe
 May come, their happie quiet to molest ;
 But saints and angels in celestially thrones 285
 Eternally Him praise that hath them blest ;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

¹ *Toward*, preparing, near at hand.

² *Whereas*, where.

“ ‘ Yet, ere I goe, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwixt us past ;
 My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of mee, 290
 Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, deare ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’ —
 So having said, away she softly past ;
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make mine under-
 song.

III.

“ So oft as I record those piercing words, 295
 Which yet are deepe engraven in my brest,
 And those last deadly accents, which like swords
 Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
 With those sweet sugred speeches doe compare
 The which my soul first conquerd and possest, 300
 The first beginners of my endlesse care,

“ And when those pallid cheekes and ashe hew,
 In which sad Death his pourtraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit, 305
 I match with that sweete smile and chearful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happie was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happie was I when I saw her leade
 The shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd ! 310
 How trimly would she trace¹ and softly tread
 The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd !
 And when she list advaunce her heavenly voyce,

¹ *Trace*, step.

Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce. 315

“ But now, ye shepherd lasses ! who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes ¹ ?
Or who shall dight ² your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes ?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale, 320
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let bagpipe never more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight,
Ne ever shepherd sound his oaten quill 325
Unto the many, ³ that provoke them might
To idle pleasance ; but let ghastlinesse
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heavinesse.

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray, 330
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells ;
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching drouth drie up the cristall wells ;
Let th’ earth be barren, and bring foorth no flowres,
And th’ ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells, 335
And wandring spirits walke untimely howres.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,

¹ *Virelayes*, roundelays

³ *Many*, company.

² *Dight*, deck.

But hideous monsters full of ugliness ; 840
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong ;
 No nurse, but stepdame cruell, mercillesse.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

IV.

“ My litle flock, whom earst I lov’d so well,
 And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew, 345
 Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell,¹
 And stinking smallage, and unsaverie rew ;
 And when your mawes are with those weeds corrupted,
 Be ye the pray of wolves ; ne will I rew
 That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted. 350

“ Ne worse to you, my sillie sheepe, I pray,
 Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
 Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay²
 To carelesse heavens I doo daylie call ;
 But heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry ; 355
 And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,
 Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

“ The good and righteous he away doth take,
 To plague th’ unrighteous which alive remaine ;
 But the ungodly ones he doth forsake, 360
 By living long to multiplie their paine ;
 Else surely death should be no punishment,
 As the Great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
 But rather riddance from long languishment.

¹ *Astrofell*, (probably) starwort. See *Astrophel*, v. 184 – 196.

² *Decay*, destruction.

‘ Therefore, my Daphne they have tane away ; 365
 For worthie of a better place was she :
 But me unworthie willed here to stay,
 That with her lacke I might tormented be.
 Sith then they so have ordred, I will pay
 Penance to her, according¹ their decree, 370
 And to her ghost doe service day by day.

“ For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my better age :
 My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd, 375
 My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd ;
 So will I wilfully increase my paine.

“ And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
 When she beholds from her celestiall throne 380
 (In which shee ioyeth in eternall blis)
 My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
 And pittie me that living thus doo die ;
 For heavenly spirits have compassion
 On mortall men, and rue their miserie. 385

“ So when I have with sorrow satisfyde .
 Th’ importune Fates which vengeance on me seeke,
 And th’ heavens with long languor pacifyde,
 She, for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
 Will send for me ; for which I daily long, 390
 And will till then my painfull penance eeke.
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

¹ *According*, according to.

V.

“ Hencefoorth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde,
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade 395
So soone as on them blowes the northern winde ;
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grieve of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay.

“ I hate the heaven, because it doth withould 400
Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
I hate the earth, because it is the mould
Of fleshly slime and fraile mortalitie ;
I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes ;
I hate the ayre, because sighes of it be ; 405
I hate the sea, because it teares supplyes.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my love to see ;
I hate the darknesse and the dreary night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee ; 410
I hate all times, because all times doo fly
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

“ I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying ;
I hate to heare, lowd plaints have duld mine eares ;
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying ; 416
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares ;
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left ;
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares :
So all my senses from me are bereft. 420

“I hate all men, and shun all womankinde ;
The one, because as I they wretched are ;
The other, for because I doo not finde
My love with them, that wont to be their starre :
And life I hate, because it will not last ; 425
And death I hate, because it life doth marre ;
And all I hate that is to come or past.

“So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth ever to and fro,
And never standeth in one certaine state, 430
But, still unstedfast, round about doth goe
Like a mill-wheele in midst of miserie,
Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying lives, and living still does dye.

“So doo I live, so doo I daylie die, 435
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine !
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine,
Is fetcht fro me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolour and disdaine ! 440
Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my under-
song.

VI.

“Why doo I longer live in lifes despight,
And doo not dye then in despight of death !
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath, 445
Sith all my sorrow should have end thereby,

And cares finde quiet ! Is it so uneath¹
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye ?

“ To live I finde it deadly dolorous,
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe ; 450
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay ; I may it not amend ;
My Daphne hence departing bad me so ;
She bad me stay, till she for me did send. 455

“ Yet, whilst I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall ever wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way
When as her messenger doth come for me ;
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse, 460
Ne will I rest my limmes for frailltie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heavinesse.

“ But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
For faire Euridyce, her daughter dere,
Throughout the world, with wofull heavie thought,
So will I travell whilst I tarrie heere, 465
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,²
Ne, when as drouping Titan draweth nere
To loose his teeme, will I take up my inne.³

“ Ne sleepe, the harbenger⁴ of wearie wights, 470
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more,

¹ *Uneath*, difficult.

² *Lin*, cease.

³ *Inne*, lodging

⁴ *Harbenger*, one who provides lodging or repose.

Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
 Nor failing force to former strength restore :
 But I will wake and sorrow all the night
 With Philumene,¹ my fortune to deplore 475
 With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

“ And ever as I see the starre to fall,
 And under ground to goe to give them light
 Which dwell in darknesse, I to mind will call
 How my faire starre, that shind on me so bright, 480
 Fell sodainly and faded under ground ;
 Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
 And night without a Venus starre is found.

“ But soon as day doth shew his deawie face,
 And cals foorth men unto their toylsome trade, 485
 I will withdraw me to some darkesome place,
 Or some dere² cave, or solitarie shade ;
 There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
 And the huge burden of my cares unlade. 493
 Weepe, Shepheard ! weepe, to make my undersong.

VII.

“ Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
 Faire thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
 Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
 Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight ;
 For all I see is vaine and transitorie, 495
 Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
 But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

¹ *Philumene*, Philomel.² *Qu. derne*, lonely? Or *drere*?

“ And ye, fond Men ! on Fortunes wheele that
 ride,
 Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
 Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride, 500
 Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
 But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
 For nought of them is yours, but th’ only usance
 Of a small time, which none ascértaïne may.

“ And ye, true Lovers ! whom desastrous chaunce 505
 Hath farre exiled from your ladies grace,
 To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye doe heare me in that desert place
 Lamenting loud my Daphnes elegie,
 Helpe me to waile my miserable case, 510
 And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

“ And ye, more happie Lovers ! which enioy
 The presence of your dearest loves delight,
 When ye doe heare my sorrowfull annoy,
 Yet pittie me in your empassiond spright, 515
 And thinke that such mishap as chaunst to me
 May happen unto the most happiest wight ;
 For all mens states alike unstedfast be.

“ And ye, my fellow Shepheards ! which do feed
 Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines, 520
 With better fortune than did me succeed,
 Remember yet my undeserved paines ;
 And when ye heare that I am dead or slaine,
 Lament my lot, and tell your fellow-swaines
 That sad Alcyon dyde in lifes disdaine. 525

“ And ye, faire Damsels ! shepherds deare delights,
 That with your loves do their rude hearts possesse,
 When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
 Vouchsafe to deck the same with cyparesse ;
 And ever sprinckle brackish teares among, 530
 In pitie of my undeserv'd distresse,
 The which, I, wretch, endured have thus long.

“ And ye, poore Pilgrims ! that with restlesse toyle
 Wearie your selves in wandring desart wayes,
 Till that you come where ye your vowes assoyle,¹ 535
 When passing by ye reade these wofull layes
 On my grave written, rue my Daphnes wrong,
 And mourne for me that languish out my dayes.
 Cease, Shepheard ! cease, and end thy undersong.”

Thus when he ended had his heavie plaint, 540
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
 His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
 As if againe he would have fallen to ground ;
 Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
 Amooved² him out of his stonie swound, 545
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
 But, casting up a sdeinfull eie at me,
 That in his traunce I would not let him lie, 550
 Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face,

¹ *Assoyle*, absolve, pay.

² *Amooved*, roused.

As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore griev'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat overpast,
And the outrageous passion nigh appeased, 555
I him desyrde, sith daie was overcast
And darke night fast approched, to be pleased
To turne aside unto my cabinet,¹
And staie with me, till he were better eased
Of that strong stownd² which him so sore beset. 560

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leave he foorth did goe
With staggering pace and dismall looks dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had seene, 565
Or hellish hags had met upon the way :
But what of him became I cannot weene.

¹ *Cabinet*, cabin.

² *Stownd*, mood, paroxysm of grief.

AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

WRITTEN NOT LONG SINCE BY
EDMUNDE SPENSER.

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBY.

1595.

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150A

G. W. SENIOR,*

TO THE AUTHOR.

DARKE is the day when Phœbus face is shrowded,
And weaker sights may wander soone astray ;
But when they see his glorious raies unclowded,
With steddý steps they keepe the perfect way :
So, while this Muse in forraine landes doth stay,
Invention weepes, and pens are cast aside ;
The time, like night, depriv'd of chearefull day ;
And few do write, but ah ! too soone may slide.
Then hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate Englands fame,
Dawnting thereby our neighboures auncient pride,
That do for Poesie challendge cheefest name :
So we that live, and ages that succede,
With great applause thy learned works shall reede.

AH ! Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to shepherds thy sweete roundelaies,

* These commendatory Sonnets first appeared in the first folio edition of Spenser's entire works (1611). G. W., as Todd conjectures, may be George Whetstone. C.

Or whether singing, in some lofty vaine,
Heroick deedes of past or present daies,
Or whether in thy lovely mistris praise
Thou list to exercise thy learned quill,
Thy Muse hath got such grace and power to please,
With rare invention, bewtified by skill,
As who therein can ever ioy their fill!
O, therefore let that happy Muse proceed
To clime the height of Vertues sacred hill,
Where endles honor shall be made thy meede:
Because no malice of succeeding daies
Can rase those records of thy lasting praise.

G. W. J[UNIOR].

A MORETTI.*

I.

HAPPY, ye leaves ! when as those lilly hands
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Lyke captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines ! on which, with starry light,
Those laming eyes will deigne sometimes to look,
And reade the sorrowes of my dying spright,
Written with teares in harts close-bleeding book.

* These Sonnets furnish us with a circumstantial and very interesting history of Spenser's second courtship, which, after many repulses, was successfully terminated by the marriage celebrated in the *Epithalamion*. As these poems were entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November, 1594, we may infer that they cover a period of time extending from the end of 1592 to the summer of 1594. It is possible, however, that these last dates may be a year too late, and that Spenser was married in 1593. We cannot be sure of the year, but we know, from the 266th verse of the *Epithalamion*, that the day was the feast of St. Barnabas, June 11 of the Old Style. In the 74th sonnet we are directly told that the lady's name was Elizabeth. In the 61st, she is said to be of the "brood of *Angels*, heavenly born." From this and many similar expressions, interpreted by the laws of Anagram, and taken in conjunction with various circumstances which do not require to be stated here, it may be inferred that her surname was Nagle. C.

And happy rymes! bath'd in the sacred brooke
 Of Helicon, whence she derived is.
 When ye behold that Angels blessed looke,
 My soules long-lacked food, my heavens blis,
 Leaves, lines, and rymes, seeke her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none!

II.

UNQUIET thought! whom at the first I bred
 Of th' inward bale of my love-pined hart,
 And sithens have with sighes and sorrowes fed,
 Till greater then my wombe thou woxen art,
 Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
 In which thou lurkest lyke to vipers brood,
 And seeke some succour both to ease my smart,
 And also to sustayne thy selfe with food.
 But if in presence of that fayrest Proud
 Thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet;
 And with meek humblesse and afflicted mood
 Pardon for thee, and grace for me, intreat:
 Which if she graunt, then live, and my love cherish:
 If not, die soone, and I with thee will perish.

III.

THE soverayne beauty which I doo admyre,
 Witnesse the world how worthy to be prayzed!
 The light wherof hath kindled heavenly fyre
 In my fraile spirit, by her from basenesse rayzed;
 That being now with her huge brightnesse dazed,
 Base thing I can no more endure to view:
 But, looking still on her, I stand amazed
 At wondrous sight of so celestiall hew.

So when my tounge would speak her praises dew,
 It stopped is with thoughts astonishment ;
 And when my pen would write her titles true,
 It ravisht is with fancies wonderment :

Yet in my hart I then both speake and write
 The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

IV.

NEW yeare, forth looking out of Ianus gate,
 Doth seeme to promise hope of new delight,
 And, bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish¹ spright ;
 And calling forth out of sad Winters night
 Fresh Love, that long hath slept in cheerlesse bower,
 Wils him awake, and soone about him dight
 His wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
 For lusty Spring now in his timely howre
 Is ready to come forth, him to receive ;
 And warnes the Earth with divers colord flowre
 To decke hir selfe, and her faire mantle weave.

Then you, faire flowre ! in whom fresh youth doth
 raine,

Prepare your selfe new love to entertaine.

V.

RUDELY thou wrongest my deare harts desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I doo most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envide.
 For in those lofty lookes is close implide

¹ *Dumpish*, mournful.

Scorn of base things, and sdeigne of foul dishonor ;
 Thretning rash eies which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to looke upon her.
 Such pride is praise, such portlinesse is honor,
 That boldned innocence beares in hir eies,
 And her faire countenaunce, like a goodly banner,
 Spreds in defiaunce of all enemies.

Was never in this world ought worthy tride,¹
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

VI.

BE nought dismayd that her unmoved mind
 Doth still persist in her rebellious pride :
 Such love, not lyke to lusts of baser kynd,
 The harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
 The durefull oake whose sap is not yet dride
 Is long ere it conceive the kindling fyre ;
 But when it once doth burne, it doth divide
 Great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aspire.
 So hard it is to kindle new desire
 In gentle brest, that shall endure for ever :
 Deepe is the wound that dints the parts entire ²
 With chaste affects, that naught but death can sever.
 Then thinke not long in taking litle paine
 To knit the knot that ever shall remaine.

VII.

FAYRE eyes ! the myrrour of my mazed hart,
 What wondrous vertue is contayn'd in you,
 The which both lyfe and death forth from you dart

¹ *Tride*, found.² *Entire*, inward.

Into the object of your mighty view ?
 For when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
 Then is my soule with life and love inspired :
 But when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
 Then doe I die, as one with lightning fyred.
 But since that lyfe is more then death desyred,
 Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best ;
 That your bright beams, of my weak eies admyred,
 May kindle living fire within my brest.

Such life should be the honor of your light,
 Such death the sad ensample of your might.

VIII.

MORE then most faire, full of the living fire
 Kindled above unto the Maker neere,
 No eies, but ioyes, in which al powers conspire,
 That to the world naught else be counted deare !
 Thruh your bright beams doth not the blinded guest
 Shoot out his darts to base affections wound ;
 But angels come, to lead fraile mindes to rest
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within ;
 You stop my tounge, and teach my hart to speake ;
 You calme the storme that passion did begin,
 Strong thruh your cause, but by your vertue weak.

Dark is the world where your light shined never ;
 Well is he borne that may behold you ever.

IX.

LONG-WHILE I sought to what I might compare
 Those powrefull eies which lighten my dark spright ;
 Yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare

Resemble th' ymage of their goodly light.
 Not to the sun, for they doo shine by night ;
 Nor to the moone, for they are changed never ;
 Nor to the starres, for they have purer sight ;
 Nor to the fire, for they consume not ever ;
 Nor to the lightning, for they still persever ;
 Nor to the diamond, for they are more tender ;
 Nor unto cristall, for nought may them sever ;
 Nor unto glasse, such basenesse mought offend her.
 Then to the Maker selfe they likest be,
 Whose light doth lighten all that here we see.

X.

UNRIGHTEOUS Lord of Love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious blisse
 Of her freewill, scorning both thee and me ?
 See ! how the Tyrannesse doth ioy to see
 The hugh massácles which her eyes do make,
 And humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them mayst mightie vengeance take.
 But her proud hart doe thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth comptroll
 All this worlds pride, bow to a baser make,¹
 And al her faults in thy black booke enroll :
 That I may laugh at her in equall sort
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her
 sport.

¹ *Make, mate.*

XI.

DAYLY when I do seeke and sew for peace,
And hostages doe offer for my truth,
She, cruell warriour, doth her selfe addresse
To battell, and the weary war renew'th ;
Ne wilbe moov'd, with reason or with rewth,¹
To graunt small respit to my restlesse toile ;
But greedily her fell intent pursuewth,
Of my poore life to make unpittied spoile.
Yet my poore life, all sorrowes to assoyle,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacify ;
But then she seekes, with torment and turmoyle,
To force me live, and will not let me dy.

All paine hath end, and every war hath peace ;
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

XII.

ONE day I sought with her hart-thrilling eies
To make a truce, and termes to entertaine ;
All fearlesse then of so false enimies,
Which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
A wicked ambush, which lay hidden long
In the close covert of her guilfull eyen,
Thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t' abide the brunt so strong,
Was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands ;
Who, me captiving streight with rigorous wrong,
Have ever since kept me in cruell bands.

So, Ladie, now to you I doo complaine
Against your eies, that iustice I may gaine.

¹ *Rewth*, ruth, pity.

XIII.

IN that proud port which her so goodly graceth,
 Whiles her faire face she reares up to the skie,
 And to the ground her eie-lids low embaseth,
 Most goodly temperature ye may descry;
 Myld humblesse mixt with awfull maiestie.
 For, looking on the earth, whence she was borne,
 Her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
 Whatso is fayrest shall to earth returne:
 But that same lofty countenance seemes to scorne
 Base thing, and thinke how she to heaven may clime;
 Treading downe earth as lothsome and forlorne,
 That hinders heavenly thoughts with drossy slime.
 Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me;
 Such lowlinesse shall make you lofty be.

XIV.

RETOURNE agayne, my forces late dismayd,
 Unto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
 Great shame it is to leave, like one afrayd,
 So fayre a peece¹ for one repulse so light.
 'Gaynst such strong castles needeth greater might
 Then those small forts which ye were wont belay:²
 Such haughty mynds, enur'd to hardy fight,
 Disdayne to yield unto the first assay.
 Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
 And lay incessant battery to her heart;
 Playnts, prayërs, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay;
 Those engins can the proudest love convert:
 And, if those fayle, fall down and dy before her;
 So dying live, and living do adore her.

¹ *Peece*, fortress.² *Belay*, beleaguer.

XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that, with weary toyle,
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my Love doth in her selfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found:
If saphyres, loe, her eies be saphyres plaine;
If rubies, loe, hir lips be rubies sound;
If pearles, hir teeth be pearles, both pure and round;
If yvorie, her forehead yvory weene;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene:
But that which fairest is but few behold:—
Her mind, adornd with vertues manifold.

XVI.

ONE day as I unwarily did gaze
On those fayre eyes, my loves immortall light,
The whiles my stonisht hart stood in amaze,
Through sweet illusion of her lookes delight,
I mote perceive how, in her glauncing sight,
Legions of Loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrowes, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
Ayming his arrow at my very hart:
When suddenly, with twinkle of her eye,
The damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so doon, sure I had bene slayne;
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

XVII.

THE glorious pourtraict of that angels face,
 Made to amaze weake mens confused skil,
 And this worlds worthlesse glory to embase,
 What pen, what pencill, can expresse her fill?
 For though he colours could devize at will,
 And eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
 Least, trembling, it his workmanship should spill,¹
 Yet many wondrous things there are beside:
 The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
 The charming smiles, that rob sence from the hart,
 The lovely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
 Cannot expressed be by any art.

A greater craftsmans hand thereto doth neede,
 That can expresse the life of things indeed.

XVIII.

THE rolling wheele, that runneth often round,
 The hardest steele, in tract of time doth teare;
 And drizling drops, that often doe redound,²
 The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
 Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare
 And long intreaty, soften her hard hart,
 That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
 Or looke with pittie on my payneful smart.
 But when I pleade, she bids me play my part;
 And when I weep, she sayes, teares are but water;
 And when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art;
 And when I waile, she turnes hir selfe to laughter.
 So do I weepe, and wayle, and pleade in vaine,
 Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remayne.

¹ *Spill*, spoil.² *Redound*, overflow.

XIX.

THE merry cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trompet shrill hath thrise already sounded,
That warnes al lovers wayte upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland crouned.
With noyse whereof the quyre of byrds resounded
Their anthemes sweet, devized of loves prayse,
That all the woods theyr ecchoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongst them all which did Loves honor rayse,
No word was heard of her that most it ought;
But she his precept proudly disobayes,
And doth his ydle message set at nought.
Therefore, O Love, unlesse she turne to thee
Ere cuckow end, let her a rebell be!

XX.

IN vaine I seeke and sew to her for grace,
And doe myne humbled hart before her poure,
The whiles her foot she in my necke doth place,
And tread my life downe in the lowly floure.¹
And yet the lyon, that is lord of power,
And reigneth over every beast in field,
In his most pride disdeigneth to devoure
The silly lambe that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruell and more salvage wylde
Than either lyon or the lyonesse,
Shames not to be with guiltlesse bloud defylde,
But taketh glory in her cruelnesse.
Fayrer then fayrest! let none ever say
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

¹ *Floure*, floor, ground.

XXI.

WAS it the worke of Nature or of Art,
 Which tempred so the feature of her face,
 That pride and meeknesse, mixt by equall part,
 Doe both appeare t' adorne her beauties grace?
 For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
 She to her love doth lookers eyes allure;
 And with stern countenance back again doth chace
 Their looser lookes that stir up lustes impure.
 With such strange termes¹ her eyes she doth inure,
 That with one looke she doth my life dismay,
 And with another doth it streight recure:
 Her smile me drawes; her frowne me drives away.
 Thus doth she traine and teach me with her lookes;
 Such art of eyes I never read in bookes!

XXII.

THIS holy season,² fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclynd:
 Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
 For my sweet saynt some service fit will find.
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious ymage placed is;
 On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
 Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse.
 There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
 Will builde an altar to appease her yre;
 And on the same my hart will sacrificise,
 Burning in flames of pure and chaste desyre:
 The which vouchsafe, O Goddesse, to accept,
 Amongst thy deerest relicks to be kept.

¹ *Termes*, extremes (?).² I. e. Easter.

XXIII.

PENELOPE, for her Ulisses sake,
Deviz'd a web her wooers to deceave ;
In which the worke that she all day did make,
The same at night she did againe unreave.
Such subtile craft my damzell doth conceive,
Th' importune suit of my desire to shonne :
For all that I in many dayes doo weave,
In one short houre I find by her undonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I must begin and never bring to end :
For with one looke she spils that long I sponne,
And with one word my whole years work doth rend,
Such labour like the spyders web I fynd,
Whose fruitlesse worke is broken with least wynd.

XXIV.

WHEN I behold that beauties wonderment,
And rare perfection of each goodly part,
Of Natures skill the onely complement,
I honor and admire the Makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull smart
Which her fayre eyes unwares doe worke in mee,
That death out of theyr shiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new Pandora see,
Whom all the gods in councell did agree
Into this sinfull world from heaven to send,
That she to wicked men a scourge should bee,
For all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

XXV.

How long shall this lyke-dying lyfe endure,
 And know no end of her owne misery,
 But wast and weare away in termes unsure,
 'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully!
 Yet better were attonce to let me die,
 And shew the last ensample of your pride,
 Then to torment me thus with cruelty,
 To prove your powre, which I too wel have tride.
 But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide
 A close intent at last to shew me grace,
 Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
 As meanes of blisse I gladly wil embrace;
 And wish that more and greater they might be,
 That greater meede at last may turne to mee.

XXVI.

SWEET is the rose, but growes upon a brere;
 Sweet is the iunipre, but sharpe his bough;
 Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh nere;
 Sweet is the firbloome, but his braunches rough;
 Sweet is the cypresse, but his rynd is tough;
 Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill¹;
 Sweet is the broome-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
 And sweet is moly, but his root is ill.
 So every sweet with soure is tempred still,
 That maketh it be coveted the more:
 For easie things, that may be got at will,
 Most sorts of men doe set but little store.
 Why then should I accoumpt of little paine,
 That endlesse pleasure shall unto me gaine!

¹ *Pill*, peel.

XXVII.

FAIRE Proud! now tell me, why should faire be
proud,

Sith all worlds glorie is but drosse uncleane,
And in the shade of death it selfe shall shroud,
However now thereof ye little weene!
That goodly idoll, now so gay beseene,¹
Shall doffe her fleshs borowd fayre attyre,
And be forgot as it had never beene,
That many now much worship and admire:
Ne any then shall after it inquire,
Ne any mention shall thereof remaine,
But what this verse, that never shall expyre,
Shall to you purchas with her thankles pain.

Faire! be no lenger proud of that shall perish,
But that which shall you make immortall cherish.

XXVIII.

THE laurel-leafe which you this day doe weare
Gives me great hope of your relenting mynd:
For since it is the badge which I doe beare,²
Ye, bearing it, doe seeme to me inclind.
The powre thereof, which ofte in me I find,
Let it lykewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud mayd whom now those leaves attyre:
Proud Daphne, scorning Phœbus lovely³ fyre,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flie;
For which the gods, in theyr revengefull yre,
Did her transforme into a laurell-tree.

¹ *Beseene*, appearing.

³ *Lovely*, loving.

² I. e. as poet-laureate.

Then fly no more, fayre Love, from Phebus chace,
But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.

XXIX.

SEE ! how the stubborne damzell doth deprave
My simple meaning with disdaynfull scorne,
And by the bay which I unto her gave
Accoumpts my self her captive quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth she, is of the victours born,
Yielded them by the vanquisht as theyr meeds,
And they therewith doe poetes heads adorne,
To sing the glory of their famous deeds.
But sith she will the conquest challeng needs,
Let her accept me as her faithfull thrall;
That her great triumph, which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.

Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayse.

XXX.

MY Love is lyke to yse, and I to fyre :
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolv'd through my so hot desyre,
But harder growes the more I her intreat ?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not delayd ¹ by her hart-frozen cold,
But that I burne much more in boyling sweat,
And feele my flames augmented manifold ?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, should harden yse,

¹ *Delayd*, tempered.

And yse, which is congeald with sencelesse cold,
Should kindle fyre by wonderful devyse?

Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kynd.

XXXI.

AH! why hath Nature to so hard a hart
Given so goodly giftes of beauties grace,
Whose pryde depraves each other better part,
And all those pretious ornaments deface?
Sith to all other beastes of bloody race
A dreadfull countenance she given hath,
That with theyr terrour al the rest may chace,
And warne to shun the daunger of theyr wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater scath,¹
Through sweet allurement of her lovely hew,
That she the better may in bloody bath
Of such poore thralls her cruell hands embrew.

But did she know how ill these two accord,
Such cruelty she would have soone abhord.

XXXII.

THE paynefull smith with force of fervent heat
The hardest yron soone doth mollify,
That with his heavy sledge he can it beat,
And fashion to what he it list apply.
Yet cannot all these flames in which I fry
Her hart, more harde than yron, soft a whit,
Ne all the playnts and prayërs with which I
Doe beat on th' andvyle of the stubberne wit :

¹ *Scath*, injury.

But still, the more she fervent sees my fit,
 The more she frieseth in her wilfull pryde,
 And harder growes, the harder she is smit
 With all the playnts which to her be applyde.

What then remaines but I to ashes burne,
 And she to stones at length all frozen turne !

XXXIII.

GREAT wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
 To that most sacred empresse, my dear dred,
 Not finishing her Queene of Faëry,
 That mote enlarge her living prayses, dead.
 But Lodwick,¹ this of grace to me aread :
 Do ye not thinck th' accomplishment of it
 Sufficient worke for one mans simple head,
 All were it, as the rest, but rudely writ ?
 How then should I, without another wit,
 Thinck ever to endure so tædious toyle,
 Sins that this one is tost with troublous fit
 Of a proud Love, that doth my spirite spoyle ?
 Cease, then, till she vouchsafe to grawnt me rest,
 Or lend you me another living brest.

XXXIV.

LYKE as a ship, that through the ocean wyde
 By conduct of some star doth make her way,
 Whenas a storm hath dimd her trusty guyde,
 Out of her course doth wander far astray,
 So I, whose star, that wont with her bright ray
 Me to direct, with cloudes is over-cast,

¹ I. e. Lodowick Bryskett

Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
 Through hidden perils round about me plast.
 Yet hope I well that, when this storme is past,
 My Helice,¹ the lodestar of my lyfe,
 Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
 With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
 Till then I wander carefull, comfortlesse,
 In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

XXXV.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize
 Still to behold the object of their paine,
 With no contentment can themselves suffice;
 But having, pine, and having not, complaine.
 For lacking it, they cannot lyfe sustayne;
 And having it, they gaze on it the more,
 In their amazement lyke Narcissus vaine,
 Whose eyes him starv'd: so plenty makes me poore.
 Yet are mine eyes so filled with the store
 Of that faire sight, that nothing else they brooke,
 But lothe the things which they did like before,
 And can no more endure on them to looke.
 All this worlds glory seemeth vayne to me,
 And all their showes but shadowes, saving she.

XXXVI.

TELL me, when shall these wearie woes have end;
 Or shall their ruthlesse torment never cease,
 But al my days in pining languor spend,
 Without hope of asswagement or release?

¹ I. e. Cynosure.

Is there no meanes for me to purchase peace,
 Or make agreement with her thrilling eyes :
 But that their cruelty doth still increace,
 And dayly more augment my miseryes ?
 But when ye have shewed all extremities,
 Then think how little glory ye have gayned
 By slaying him, whose lyfe, though ye despyse,
 Mote have your life in honor long maintayned.

But by his death, which some perhaps will mone,
 Ye shall condemned be of many a one.

XXXVII.

WHAT guyle is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attyre under a net of gold,
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold or haire may scarce be told ?
 Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare ;
 And, being caught, may craftily enfold
 Theyr weaker harts, which are not wel aware ?
 Take heed therefore, myne eyes, how ye doe stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
 In which if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no meanes shall get.

Fondnesse it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden bee !

XXXVIII.

ARION, when, through tempests cruel wracke,
 He forth was thrown into the greedy seas,
 Through the sweet musick which his harp did make
 Allur'd a dolphin him from death to ease.

But my rude musick, which was wont to please
 Some dainty eares, cannot, with any skill,
 The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
 Nor move the dolphin from her stubborne will.
 But in her pride she dooth persever still,
 All carelesse how my life for her decayse :
 Yet with one word she can it save or spill.
 To spill were pittie, but to save were prayse !
 Chuse rather to be praysd for doing good,
 Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

XXXIX.

SWEET smile ! the daughter of the Queene of Love,
 Expressing all thy mothers powrefull art,
 With which she wonts to temper angry Iove,
 When all the gods he threats with thundring dart,
 Sweet is thy vertue, as thy selfe sweet art.
 For when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
 A melting pleasance ran through every part,
 And me revived with hart-robbing gladnesse ;
 Whylest rapt with ioy resembling heavenly mad-
 nes,
 My soule was ravisht quite, as in a traunce,
 And, feeling thence no more her sorowes sadnesse,
 Fed on the fulnesse of that chearefull glaunce.
 More sweet than nectar, or ambrosiall meat,
 Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

XL.

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it ;
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare

An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day,
 That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
 At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
 So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

XLI.

Is it her nature, or is it her will,
 To be so cruell to an humbled foe?
 If nature, then she may it mend with skill;
 If will, then she at will may will forgoe.
 But if her nature and her will be so,
 That she will plague the man that loves her most,
 And take delight t' encrease a wretches woe,
 Then all her natures goodly guifts are lost;
 And that same glorious beauties ydle boast
 Is but a bayt such wretches to beguile,
 As, being long in her loves tempest tost,
 She meanes at last to make her pitious spoyle.

XL. 4. — *An hundred Graces.*] E. K., in his commentary on the Shepheards Calender, quotes a line closely resembling this from Spenser's Pageants:

“An hundred Graces on her eyelids sat.”

The same fancy occurs in the Faerie Queene, and in the Hymn to Beauty. It is copied from a poem ascribed to Musæus. C.

O fayrest fayre ! let never it be named,
That so fayre beauty was so fowly shamed.

XLII.

THE love which me so cruelly tormenteth
So pleasing is, in my extreamest paine,
That, all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit fro my continuall smart,
But ioy her thrall for ever to remayne,
And yield for pledge my poore captyved hart :
The which, that it from her may never start,
Let her, yf please her, bynd with adamant chayne,
And from all wandring loves, which mote pervart
His safe assurance, strongly it restrayne.

Onely let her abstaine from cruelty,
And doe me not before my time to dy.

XLIII

SHALL I then silent be, or shall I speake ?
And if I speake, her wrath renew I shall ;
And if I silent be, my hart will breake,
Or choked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, both my hart to thrall,
And eke my tounge with proud restraint to tie ;
That neither I may speake nor thinke at all,
But like a stupid stock in silence die !
Yet I my hart with silence secretly
Will teach to speak and my just cause to plead,
And eke mine eies, with meek humility,
Love-learned letters to her eyes to read ;

Which her deep wit, that true harts thought can spel,
Wil soon conceive, and learne to construe well.

XLIV.

WHEN those renoumed noble peres of Greece
Through stubborn pride among themselves did iar,
Forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
Then Orpheus with his harp theyr strife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, civill warre
The which my selfe against my selfe doe make,
Whilest my weak powres of passions warreid arre,
No skill can stint, nor reason can aslake.
But when in hand my tunelesse harp I take,
Then doe I more augment my foes despight,
And grieve renew, and passions doe awake
To battaile, fresh against my selfe to fight.

Mongst whome the more I seeke to settle peace,
The more I fynd their malice to increace.

XLV.

LEAVE, Lady ! in your glasse of cristall clene
Your goodly selfe for evermore to vew,
And in my selfe, (my inward selfe I meane,)
Most lively lyke behold your semblant trew.
Within my hart, though hardly it can shew
Thing so divine to vew of earthly eye,
The fayre idea of your celestially hew
And every part remaines immortally :
And were it not that through your cruelty
With sorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
The goodly ymage of your visnomy,¹

¹ *Visnomy*, countenance

Clearer than cristall, would therein appere.

But if your selfe in me ye playne will see,

Remove the cause by which your fayre beames
darkned be.

XLVI.

WHEN my abodes prefixed time is spent,

My cruell fayre streight bids me wend my way :

But then from heaven most hideous stormes are sent,
As willing me against her will to stay.

Whom then shall I—or heaven, or her—obay ?

The heavens know best what is the best for me :

But as she will, whose will my life doth sway,

My lower heaven, so it perforce must bee.

But ye high heavens, that all this sorowe see,

Sith all your tempests cannot hold me backe,

Aswage your storms, or else both you and she

Will both together me too sorely wrack.

Enough it is for one man to sustaine

The stormes which she alone on me doth raine.

XLVII.

TRUST not the treason of those smyling lookes,

Untill ye have theyr guylefull traynes well tryde ;

For they are lyke but unto golden hookes,

That from the foolish fish theyr bayts do hyde :

So she with flattring smyles weake harts doth guyde

Unto her love, and tempte to theyr decay ;

Whome, being caught, she kills with cruell pryde,

And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray.

Yet even whylst her bloody hands them slay,

Her eyes looke lovely, and upon them smyle,

That they take pleasure in their cruell play,
And, dying, doe themselves of payne beguyle.
O mighty charm! which makes men love theyr bane,
And thinck they dy with pleasure, live with payne

XLVIII.

INNOCENT paper! whom too cruell hand
Did make the matter to avenge her yre,
And ere she could thy cause wel understand,
Did sacrificize unto the greedy fyre,
Well worthy thou to have found better hyre
Then so bad end, for hereticks ordayned;
Yet heresy nor treason didst conspire,
But plead thy maisters cause, unjustly payned:
Whom she, all carelesse of his grief, constrayned
To utter forth the anguish of his hart,
And would not heare, when he to her complayned
The piteous passion of his dying smart.

Yet live for ever, though against her will,
And speake her good, though she requite it ill.

XLIX.

FAYRE Cruell! why are ye so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know that mercy is the Mighties iewell,
And greater glory think to save then spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will
To shew the powre of your imperious eyes,
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your enemyes.
Let them feelee th' utmost of your crueltyes,
And kill with looks, as cockatrices doo.

But him that at your footstool humbled lies,
With mercifull regard give mercy to.

Such mercy shal you make admyred to be ;
So shall you live, by giving life to me.

L.

LONG languishing in double malady,
Of my harts wound and of my bodies griefe,
There came to me a leach, that would apply
Fit medcines for my bodies best reliefe.
Wayne man, quod I, that hast but little priefe ¹
In deep discovery of the mynds disease ;
Is not the hart of all the body chiefe,
And rules the members as it selfe doth please ?
Then with some cordialls seeke for to appease
The inward languor of my wounded hart,
And then my body shall have shortly ease.
But such sweet cordialls passe physitions art :
Then, my lyfes leach ! doe you your skill reveale,
And with one salve both hart and body heale.

LI.

DOE I not see that fayrest ymáges
Of hardest marble are of purpose made,
For that they should endure through many ages,
Ne let theyr famous moniments to fade ?
Why then doe I, untrainde in lovers trade,
Her hardnes blame, which I should more commend ?
Sith never ought was excellent assayde
Which was not hard t' atchive and bring to end ;
Ne ought so hard, but he that would attend

¹ *Priefe*, proof, experience.

Mote soften it and to his will allure.
 So doe I hope her stubborne hart to bend,
 And that it then more stedfast will endure:
 Onely my paines wil be the more to get her;
 But, having her, my ioy wil be the greater

LII.

So oft as homeward I from her depart,
 I go lyke one that, having lost the field,
 Is prisoner led away with heavy hart,
 Despoild of warlike armes and knowen shield.
 So doe I now my selfe a prisoner yield
 To sorrow and to solitary paine,
 From presence of my dearest deare exylde,
 Longwhile alone in languor to remaine.
 There let no thought of ioy, or pleasure vaine,
 Dare to approch, that may my solace breed;
 But sudden ¹ dumps,² and drery sad disdayne
 Of all worlds gladnesse, more my torment feed.
 So I her absens will my penaunce make,
 That of her presens I my meed may take.

LIII.

THE panther, knowing that his spotted hyde
 Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fray,³
 Within a bush his dreadfull head doth hide,
 To let them gaze, whylst he on them may pray.
 Right so my cruell fayre with me doth play;
 For with the goodly semblant of her hew
 She doth allure me to mine owne decay,

¹ *Sudden*, qu. *sullen*?² *Dumps*, lamentations.³ *Fray* frighten.

And then no mercy will unto me shew.
Great shame it is, thing so divine in view,
Made for to be the worlds most ornament,
To make the bayte her gazers to embrew :
Good shames to be to ill an instrument :
But mercy doth with beautie best agree,
As in theyr Maker ye them best may see.

LIV.

Of this worlds theatre in which we stay,
My Love, like the spectator, ydly sits,
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a comedy :
Soone after, when my ioy to sorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a tragedy.
Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my mirth, not rues my smart :
But when I laugh, she mocks ; and when I cry,
She laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? If nor mirth, nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

LV.

So oft as I her beauty doe behold,
And therewith doe her cruelty compare,
I marvaile of what substance was the mould
The which her made attonce so cruell faire.
Not earth ; for her high thoghts more heavenly are :
Not water ; for her love doth burne like fyre :
Not ayre ; for she is not so light or rare ;

Not fyre ; for she doth friese with faint desire.
 Then needs another element inquire,
 Whereof she mote be made ; that is, the skye.
 For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,
 And eke her love is pure immortall hye.

Then sith to heaven ye lykened are the best,
 Be lyke in mercy as in all the rest.

LVI.

FAYRE ye be sure, but cruell and unkind,
 As is a tygre, that with greedinesse
 Hunts after bloud ; when he by chance doth find
 A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
 Fayre be ye sure, but proud and pitillesse,
 As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate ;
 Finding a tree alone all comfortlesse,
 Beats on it strongly, it to ruinate.
 Fayre be ye sure, but hard and obstinate.
 As is a rocke amidst the raging floods ;
 Gaynst which a ship, of succour desolate,
 Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.

That ship, that tree, and that same beast, am I,
 Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and destroy.

LVII.

SWEET warriour ! when shall I have peace with you ?
 High time it is this warre now ended were,
 Which I no lenger can endure to sue,
 Ne your incessant battry more to beare.
 So weake my powres, so sore my wounds, appeare,
 That wonder is how I should live a iot,
 Seeing my hart through-launched every where

With thousand arrowes which your eies have shot.
 Yet shoot ye sharpely still, and spare me not,
 But glory thinke to make these cruel stoures.¹
 Ye cruell one ! what glory can be got,
 In slaying him that would live gladly yours ?
 Make peace therefore, and graunt me timely grace,
 That al my wounds will heale in little space.

LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEAKE is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
 In her own powre, and scorneth others ayde;
 That soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
 Her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affrayd.
 All flesh is frayle, and all her strength unstayd,
 Like a vaine bubble blowen up with ayre :
 Devouring tyme and changeful chance have prayd²
 Her glorious pride, that none may it repayre.
 Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or fayre,
 But fayleth, trusting on his owne assurance :
 And he that standeth on the hyghest stayre
 Fals lowest ; for on earth nought hath endurance.

Why then doe ye, proud fayre, misdeeme so farre,
 That to your selfe ye most assured arre !

LIX.

THRISE happie she that is so well assured
 Unto her selfe, and settled so in hart,

¹ *Stoures*, agitations.

² *Prayd*, preyed upon.

LVIII. — *By her, &c.*] *By* is perhaps a misprint for *to* ; or this title may belong to Sonnet LIX. H.

That neither will for better be allured,
 Ne feard with worse to any chaunce to start :
 But, like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
 The raging waves, and keepes her course aright,
 Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
 Ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
 Such selfe-assurance need not feare the spight
 Of grudging foes, ne favour seek of friends :
 But in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
 Neither to one her selfe nor other bends.

Most happy she that most assured doth rest ;
 But he most happy who such one loves best.

LX.

THEY that in course of heavenly spheares are skild
 To every planet point his sundry yeare,
 In which her circles voyage is fulfild :
 As Mars in three score yeares doth run his spheare
 So, since the winged god his planet cleare
 Began in me to move, one yeare is spent ;
 The which doth longer unto me appeare,
 Then al those fourty which my life out-went.
 Then, by that count which lovers books invent,
 The spheare of Cupid fourty yeares containes,
 Which I have wasted in long languishment,
 That seem'd the longer for my greater paines.
 But let my Loves fayre planet short her wayes
 This yeare ensuing, or else short my dayes.

LX. 4. — *As Mars in three score yeares.*] I do not understand Spenser's astronomy. C.

LXI.

THE glorious image of the Makers beautie,
 My soverayne saynt, the idoll of my thought,
 Dare not henceforth, above the bounds of dewtie,
 T' accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
 For being, as she is, divinely wrought,
 And of the brood of angels heavenly born,
 And with the crew of blessed saynts upbrought,
 Each of which did her with theyr guifts adorne,
 The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
 The beame of light, whom mortal eyes admyre,
 What reason is it then but she should scorne
 Base things, that to her love too bold aspire!

Such heavenly formes ought rather worshipt be,
 Then dare be lov'd by men of meane degree.

LXII.

THE weary yeare his race now having run,
 The new begins his compast course anew:
 With shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
 Betokening peace and plenty to ensew.
 So let us, which this chaunge of weather vew,
 Chaunge eeke our mynds, and former lives amend;
 The old yeares sinnes forepast let us eschew,
 And fly the faults with which we did offend.
 Then shall the new yeares ioy forth freshly send
 Into the glooming world his gladsome ray,
 And all these stormes, which now his beauty blend,¹
 Shall turne to caulmes, and tymely cleare away.

So, likewise, Love! cheare you your heavy spright,
 And chaunge old yeares annoy to new delight.

¹ Blend, blemish.

LXIII.

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
 Which hardly I endured heretofore,
 In dread of death, and daungerous dismay,
 With which my silly barke was tossed sore,
 I doe at length descry the happy shore,
 In which I hope ere long for to arryve:
 Fayre soyle it seemes from far, and fraught with store
 Of all that deare and daynty is alyve.
 Most happy he that can at last atchyve
 The ioyous safety of so sweet a rest;
 Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
 Remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
 All paines are nothing in respect of this;
 All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blisse.

LXIV.

COMMING to kisse her lypos, (such grace I found,)
 Me seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damzels fit to decke their lovers bowres.
 Her lips did smell lyke unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy cheekes lyke unto roses red;
 Her snowy browes lyke budded bellamoures;
 Her lovely eyes lyke pincks but newly spred;
 Her goodly bosome lyke a strawberry bed;
 Her neck lyke to a bounch of cullambynes;
 Her brest lyke lillyes, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples lyke young blossomd jessemynes.
 Such fragrant flowres doe give most odorous smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excell.

LXIV. 7. — *Bellamoures.*] I have not discovered what flower
 is here meant. C.

LXV.

THE doubt which ye misdeeme, fayre Love, is vaine,
That fondly feare to lose your liberty,
When, losing one, two liberties ye gayne,
And make him bond that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tye,
Without constraynt or dread of any ill :
The gentle birde feeles no captivity
Within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approch, nor discord spill
The league twixt them that loyal love hath bound,
But simple Truth and mutual Good-will
Seekes with sweet peace to salve each others wound :
 There Fayth doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
 And spotlesse Pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye have
With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown,
This one disparagement they to you gave,
That ye your love lent to so meane a one.
Ye, whose high worths surpassing paragon
Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
Why did ye stoup unto so lowly state ?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
Then had ye sorted with a princes pere :
For now your light doth more it selfe dilate,
And, in my darknesse, greater doth appeare.
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumind me,
 With my reflex yours shall encreased be.

LXVII.

LYKE as a huntsman, after weary chace,
 Seeing the game from him escapt away,
 Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds, beguiled of their pray,
 So, after long pursuit and vaine assay,
 When I all weary had the chace forsooke,
 The gentle deere returnd the selfe-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
 There she, beholding me with mylder looke,
 Sought not to fly, but fearlesse still did bide,
 Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
 And with her owne goodwill her fymely tyde.

Strange thing, me seemd, to see a beast so wyld
 So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguyld.

LXVIII.

Most glorious Lord of lyfe ! that on this day
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,
 And, having harrowd¹ hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win,
 This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin ;
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dy,
 Being with thy deare blood clene washt from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity ;
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same againe,
 And for thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,
 With love may one another extertayne !

So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought :
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

¹ Harrowd, despoiled.

LXIX.

THE famous warriors of the anticke world
 Us'd trophees to erect in stately wize,
 In which they would the records have enrold
 Of theyr great deeds and valorous emprize,
 What trophée then shall I most fit devize,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my loves conquest, peerelesse beauties prise,
 Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity!
 Even this verse, vowd to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortall moniment,
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoile,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toyle.

LXX.

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
 In whose cote-armour richly are displayd
 All sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayd,
 Goe to my Love, where she is carelesse layd,
 Yet in her winters bowre, not well awake;
 Tell her the ioyous time wil not be staid,
 Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take:
 Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
 To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew,
 Where every one that misseth then her make¹
 Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
 Make haste therefore, sweet Love, whilst it is prime²;
 For none can call againe the passed time.

¹ *Make, mate.*² *Prime, spring.*

LXXI.

I IOY to see how, in your drawen work,
Your selfe unto the Bee ye doe compare,
And me unto the Spyder, that doth lurke
In close awayt, to catch her unaware.
Right so your selfe were caught in cunning snare
Of a deare foe, and thrall'd to his love ;
In whose streight bands ye now captived are
So firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your worke is woven all above
With woodbynd flowers and fragrant eglantine,
So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
With many deare delights bedecked fyne :
And all thensforth eternall peace shall see
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

LXXII.

OET when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
In mind to mount up to the purest sky,
It down is weighd with thought of earthly things,
And clogd with burden of mortality :
Where, when that soverayne beauty it doth spy,
Resembling heavens glory in her light,
Drawne with sweet pleasures bayt it back doth fly,
And unto heaven forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancy, fed with full delight,
Doth bathe in blisse, and mantleth most at ease ;
Ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
Her harts desire with most contentment please.
Hart need not wish none other happinesse,
But here on earth to have such hevens blisse.

LXXIII.

BEING my self captiv'd here in care,
 My hart, (whom none with servile bands can tye,
 But the fayre tresses of your golden hayre,)
 Breaking his prison, forth to you doth fly.
 Like as a byrd, that in ones hand doth spy
 Desired food, to it doth make his flight,
 Even so my hart, that wont on your fayre eye
 To feed his fill, flyes backe unto your sight.
 Doe you him take, and in your bosome bright
 Gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
 Perhaps he there may learne, with rare delight,
 To sing your name and prayses over all:
 That it hereafter may you not repent,
 Him lodging in your bosome to have lent.

LXXIV.

Most happy letters! fram'd by skilfull trade,
 With which that happy name was first desynd
 The which three times thrise happy hath me made,
 With guifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
 The first my being to me gave by kind,
 From mothers womb deriv'd by dew descent:
 The second is my sovereigne Queene most kind,
 That honour and large richesse to me lent:
 The third my Love, my lives last ornament,
 By whom my spirit out of dust was rayseed,
 To speake her prayse and glory excellent,
 Of all alive most worthy to be praysed.
 Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live,
 That three such graces did unto me give.

LXXV.

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away :
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand ;
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
“ Vayne man,” sayd she, “ that doest in vaine assay
A mortall thing so to immortalize ;
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wyped out lykewize.”
“ Not so,” quod I ; “ let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame :
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name ;
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.”

LXXVI.

FAYRE bosome, fraught with vertues richest tresure,
The neast of love, the lodging of delight,
The bowre of blisse, the paradise of pleasure,
The sacred harbour of that heavenly spright ;
How was I ravisht with your lovely sight,
And my frayle thoughts too rashly led astray,
Whiles diving deepe through amorous insight,
On the sweet spoyle of beautie they did pray,
And twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
Whose harvest seemd to hasten now apace,
They loosely did theyr wanton winges display,
And there to rest themselves did boldly place !
Sweet thoughts ! I envy your so happy rest,
Which oft I wisht, yet never was so blest.

LXXVII.

WAS it a dreame, or did I see it playne?
 A goodly table of pure yvory,
 All spred with juncats fit to entertayne
 The greatest prince with pompous roialty :
 Mongst which, there in a silver dish did ly
 Two golden apples of unvalewd¹ price,
 Far passing those which Hercules came by,
 Or those which Atalanta did entice ;
 Exceeding sweet, yet voyd of sinfull vice ;
 That many sought, yet none could ever taste ;
 Sweet fruit of pleasure, brought from Paradice
 By Love himselfe, and in his garden plaste.

Her brest that table was, so richly spredd ;
 My thoughts the guests, which would thereon have
 fedd.

LXXVIII.

LACKYNG my Love, I go from place to place,
 Lyke a young fawne that late hath lost the hynd,
 And seeke each where where last I sawe her face,
 Whose ymage yet I carry fresh in mynd.
 I seeke the fields with her late footing synd ;
 I seeke her bowre with her late presence deckt ;
 Yet nor in field nor bowre I can her fynd,
 Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect.
 But when myne eyes I therunto direct,
 They ydly back returne to me agayne ;
 And when I hope to see theyr trew obiéct,
 I fynd my self but fed with fancies vayne.

¹ *Unvalewd*, invaluable.

Ceasse then, myne eyes, to seeke her selfe to see,
And let my thoughts behold her selfe in mee.

LXXIX.

MEN call you fayre, and you doe credit it,
For that your selfe ye daily such doe see :
But the trew fayre, that is the gentle wit
And vertuous mind, is much more praysd of me.
For all the rest, how ever fayre it be,
Shall turne to nought and loose that glorious hew ;
But onely that is permanent, and free
From frayle corruption that doth flesh ensew.
That is true beautie : that doth argue you
To be divine, and borne of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that fayre Spirit from whom al true
And perfect beauty did at first proceed.

He only fayre, and what he fayre hath made ;
All other fayre, lyke flowres, untymely fade.

LXXX.

AFTER so long a race as I have run
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me, being half foredonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then, as a steed refreshed after toyle,
Out of my prison I will break anew,
And stoutly will that second work assoyle,¹
With strong endeavour and attention dew.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew²
To sport my muse, and sing my Loves sweet praise,

¹ *Assoyle*, discharge.

² *Mew*, prison, retreat.

The contemplation of whose heavenly hew
My spirit to an higher pitch will rayse.

But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

LXXXI.

FAYRE is my Love, when her fayre golden heares
With the loose wynd ye waving chance to marke;
Fayre, when the rose in her red cheekes appeares,
Or in her eyes the fyre of love does sparke;
Fayre, when her brest, lyke a rich laden barke
With pretious merchandize, she forth doth lay;
Fayre, when that cloud of pryde, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
But fayrest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearles and rubyes richly dight,
Throgh which her words so wise do make their way,
To beare the message of her gentle spright.

The rest be works of Natures wonderment;
But this the worke of harts astonishment.

LXXXII.

Ioy of my life! full oft for loving you
I blesse my lot, that was so lucky placed:
But then the more your owne mishap I rew,
That are so much by so meane love embased.
For had the equall heavens so much you graced
In this as in the rest, ye mote invent¹
Som heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
Your glorious name in golden moniment.

¹ *Invent*, light upon, find.

But since ye deign'd so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
 That little that I am shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal praises forth :
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

LXXXIII.

LET not one sparke of filthy lustfull fyre
 Breake out, that may her sacred peace molest ;
 Ne one light glance of sensuall desyre
 Attempt to work her gentle mindes unrest :
 But pure affections bred in spotlesse brest,
 And modest thoughts breathd from well-tempred spirits,
 Goe visit her in her chaste bowre of rest,
 Accompanyde with ángelick delightes.
 There fill your selfe with those most ioyous sights,
 The which my selfe could never yet attayne :
 But speake no word to her of these sad plights,
 Which her too constant stiffnesse doth constrayn.
 Onely behold her rare perfection,
 And blesse your fortunes fayre election.

LXXXIV.

THE world, that cannot deeme of worthy things,
 When I doe praise her, say I doe but flatter :
 So does the cuckow, when the mavis¹ sings,
 Begin his witlesse note apace to clatter.
 But they that skill not of so heavenly matter,
 All that they know not, envy or admyre ;

¹ *Mavis*, song-thrush.

Rather then envy, let them wonder at her,
 But not to deeme of her desert aspyre.
 Deepe in the closet of my parts entyre,¹
 Her worth is written with a golden quill,
 That me with heavenly fury doth inspire,
 And my glad mouth with her sweet prayses fill :
 Which when as Fame in her shrill trump shall
 thunder,
 Let the world chose to envy or to wonder.

LXXXV.

VENEMOUS tounge, tipt with vile adders sting,
 Of that self kynde with which the Furies fell
 Theyr snaky heads doe combe, from which a spring
 Of poysoned words and spightfull speeches well,
 Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell
 Upon thee fall for thine accursed hyre,
 That with false forged lyes, which thou didst tel,
 In my true Love did stirre up coles of yre :
 The sparkes whereof let kindle thine own fyre,
 And, catching hold on thine own wicked hed,
 Consume thee quite, that didst with guile conspire
 In my sweet peace such breaches to have bred !
 Shame be thy meed, and mischief thy reward,
 Due to thy selfe, that it for me prepard !

LXXXVI.

SINCE I did leave the presence of my Love,
 Many long weary dayes I have outworne,
 And many nights, that slowly seemd to move
 Theyr sad protract from evening untill morne.

¹ *Entyre*, inward.

For, when as day the heaven doth adorne,
 I wish that night the noyous day would end :
 And when as night hath us of light forlorne,
 I wish that day would shortly reascend.
 Thus I the time with expectation spend,
 And faine my grieve with chaunges to beguile,
 That further seemes his terme still to extend,
 And maketh every minute seem a myle.
 So sorrowe still doth seem too long to last ;
 But ioyous houres doe fly away too fast.

LXXXVII.

SINCE I have lackt the comfort of that light
 The which was wont to lead my thoughts astray,
 I wander as in darknesse of the night,
 Affrayd of every dangers least dismay.
 Ne ought I see, though in the clearest day,
 When others gaze upon theyr shadowes vayne,
 But th' onely image of that heavenly ray,
 Whereof some glance doth 'n mine eie remayne.
 Of which beholding the idæa playne,
 Through contemplation of my purest part,
 With light thereof I doe my selfe sustayne,
 And thereon feed my love-affamisht hart.

But with such brightnesse whylest I fill my mind,
 I starve my body, and mine eyes doe blynd.

LXXXVIII.

LYKE as the culver¹ on the bared bough
 Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
 And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow

¹ *Culver*, dove.

For his returne, that seemes to linger late,
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourne to my selfe the absence of my Love;
And wandring here and there all desolate,
Seek with my playnts to match that mournful dove:
Ne ioy of ought that under heaven doth hove¹
Can comfort me, but her owne ioyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both god and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.

Dark is my day whyles her fayre light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

¹ *Hove*, hover, exist.

EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes, 5
But ioyed in theyr praise ;
And when ye list your own mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your dolefull dreriment ;
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne Loves prayses to resound :
Ne let the same of any be envie : 15
So Orpheus did for his owne bride ;
So I unto my selfe alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred, 20
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,

Doe ye awake, and, with fresh lustyhed,
 Go to the bowre of my beloved Love,
 My truest turtle dove.
 Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake, 26
 And long since ready forth his maske to move,
 With his bright tead¹ that flames with many a flake,
 And many a bachelor to waite on him,
 In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,² 30
 For loe ! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall for al the paynes and sorrowes past
 Pay to her usury of long delight :
 And whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing, 35
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the nymphes that you can heare,
 Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare,
 All with gay girlands goodly wel beseene.³ 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my fayre Love, of lillyes and of roses,
 Bound truelove wize with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses, 45
 And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers :
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50

¹ *Tead*, torch.² *Dight*, deck.³ *Beseene*, adorned.

And diapred¹ lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strayt;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed 50
 The silver scaly trouts do tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed,
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell,)
 And ye likewise which keepe the rushy lake, 60
 Where none doo fishes take,
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my Love doth lie, 65
 No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dere
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre,
 And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
 With your steele darts doe chace from comming neer,
 Be also present heere, 71
 To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my Love, awake! for it is time:
 The rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed, 75
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme,
 And Phœbus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies,

¹ *Diapred*, variegated.

And carroll of loves praise :

The merry larke hir mattins sings aloft ; 90

The thrush replyes ; the mavis ¹ descant ² playes ;

The ouzell ³ shrills ; the ruddock ⁴ warbles soft ;

So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,

To this dayes meriment.

Ah ! my deere Love, why doe ye sleepe thus long, 85

When meeter were that ye should now awake,

T' awayt the comming of your ioyous make,⁵

And hearken to the birds love-learned song,

The deawy leaves among !

For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing, 90

That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreame,

And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were

With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams

More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere. 95

Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,

Helpe quickly her to dight.

But first come, ye fayre Houres, which were begot,

In Ioves sweet paradise, of Day and Night,

Which doe the seasons of the year allot, 100

And al that ever in this world is fayre

Do make and still repayre :

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,

The which doe still adorn her beauties pride,

Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride : 105

¹ *Mavis*, song-thrush.

² *Descant*, variation.

³ *Ouzell*, blackbird.

⁴ *Ruddock*, redbreast.

⁵ *Make*, mate.

And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
 Some graces to be seene ;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my Love all ready forth to come : 110
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt,
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
 Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt.
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so ioyfull day, 115
 The ioyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
 Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifull¹ heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace. 120
 O fayrest Phœbus ! Father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine ; 125
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Harke ! how the minstrels gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry musick that resounds from far, 130
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling croud,²
 That well agree withouten breach or iar.
 But most of all the damzels doe delite,

¹ *Lifull*, life-full.

² *Croud*, violin.

When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet, 136
 That all the sences they doe ravish quite ;
 The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
 Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce ;
 " Hymen, Iö Hymen, Hymen," they do shout ; 140
 That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
 Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill ;
 To which the people, standing all about,
 As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
 And loud advaunce her laud ; 145
 And evermore they " Hymen, Hymen," sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Lyke Phœbe, from her chamber of the East,
 Aysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
 Some angell she had beene.
 Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
 Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
 Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre, 155
 And, being crowned with a girland greene,
 Seem lyke some mayden queene.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are,
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud, —
 So farre from being proud.

Nathlesse, doe ye still loud her prayses sing, 165
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before ;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170
Her goodly eyes lyke saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries, charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowl of creame uncruddled,¹ 175
Her paps lyke lyllies budded,
Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre,
And all her body like a pallace fayre,
Ascending uppe, with many a stately stayre,
To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see, 185
The inward beauty of her lively spright,
Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonisht lyke to those which red ²

¹ *Uncruddled*, uncurdled.

² *Red*, saw.

Ver. 168. — *In your towne.*] The marriage seems to have taken place in Cork, and we might infer from this passage that the heroine of the song was a merchant's daughter. C.

Medusaes mazeful hed. 190
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Fayth, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;
There Vertue raynes as queene in royal throne,
And giveth lawes alone, 195
The which the base affections doe obay,
And yeeld theyr services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approch to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayses sing,
That all the woods should answer, and your eccho ring.

Open the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that she may enter in, 205
And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receyve this saynt with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
She commeth in before th' Almightyes view :
Of her, ye virgins, learne obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces.
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may 215
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make ;
And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates, 220

The choristers the ioyous antheme sing,
That all the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes
And blesseth her with his two happy hands, 225
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermill stayne,
Like crimsin dyde in grayne :

That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar doe remaine, 230
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre
The more they on it stare.

But her sad¹ eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty, 235
That suffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.

Why blush ye, Love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band ?

Sing, ye sweet angels, Alleluya sing, 240
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done ; bring home the bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory ;
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollity. 245

Never had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis.

Make feast therefore now all this live-long day ;

¹ *Sad*, serious.

This day for ever to me holy is.

Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250

Poure not by cups, but by the belly-full,

Poure out to all that wull,¹

And sprinkle all the posts and wals with wine,

That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.

Crowne ye god Bacchus with a coronall, 255

And Hymen also crowne with wreaths of vine ;

And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,

For they can doo it best :

The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,

To which the woods shal answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne, 261

And leave your wonted labors for this day :

This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,

That ye for ever it remember may.

This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight, 265

With Barnaby the bright,

From whence declining daily by degrees,

He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,

When once the Crab behind his back he sees.

But for this time it ill ordained was, 270

To choose the longest day in all the yeare,

And shortest night, when longest fitter weare :

Yet never day so long, but late would passe.

¹ *Wull*, will.

Ver. 266. — *Barnaby the bright*.] The difference between the old and new style at the time this poem was written was ten days. The summer solstice therefore fell on St. Barnabas's day, the 11th of June. C.

Ring ye the bells to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day ; 275
And daunce about them, and about them sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
And lende me leave to come unto my Love !
How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend ! 280
How slowly does sad Time his feathers move !
Hast thee, O fayrest planet, to thy home,
Within the westerne fome :
Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome, 285
And the bright evening-star with golden creast
Appeare out of the east.
Fayre childe of beauty ! glorious lampe of love !
That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
And guidest lovers through the nights sad dread, 290
How chearefully thou lookest from above,
And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for ioy do sing, 294
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring !

Now ceasse, ye damsels, your delights fore-past ;
Enough is it that all the day was youres :
Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast ;
Now bring the bryde into the brydall bowres.
The night is come ; now soone her disaray, 300
And in her bed her lay ;
Lay her in lillies and in violets,
And silken courteins over her display,

And odour'd sheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Love does ly, 305
In proud humility !
Like unto Maia, when as Iove her took
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,
And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
The woods no more shal answer, nor your eccho
ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
That long daies labour doest at last defray, 315
And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
Hast sum'd in one, and cancelled for aye.
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us see ; 320
And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
Nor any dread disquiet once annoy
The safety of our ioy ; 325
But let the night be calme and quiet some,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afray ;
Lyke as when Iove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome ;
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did lie, 330
And begot Maiesty :
And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing ;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
 Be heard all night within, nor yet without : 335
 Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
 Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
 Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadful sights,
 Make sudden sad affrights :
 Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpless harmes, 340
 Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
 Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
 Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,
 Fray us with things that be not :
 Let not the shrieck-owle, nor the storke, be heard, 345
 Nor the night-raven, that still deadly yels,
 Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
 Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard :
 Ne let th' unpleasant quyre of frogs still croking
 Make us to wish theyr choking. 350
 Let none of these theyr drery accents sing ;
 Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

 But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
 That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
 And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe, 355
 May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne,
 The whiles an hundred little winged Loves,
 Like divers-fethered doves,
 Shall fly and flutter round about the bed,
 And in the secret darke, that none reproves, 360

Ver. 341. — The *Pouke* (Puck is a generic term, signifying fiend, or mischievous imp) is Robin Goodfellow. C.

Their prety stealthes shall worke, and snares shall
spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.

Ye sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy Pleasure, carelesse of your toyes, 365
Thinks more upon her paradise of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.

All night, therefore, attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day :

Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing ; 370
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the same which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleepes,
But walkes about high heaven al the night? 375

O fayrest goddesse ! do thou not envy
My Love with me to spy :
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of woll, which privily
The Latmian Shepherd¹ once unto thee brought, 380
His pleasures with thee wrought.

Therefore to us be favorable now ;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wishfull vow, 385
And the chast womb informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed :

Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing,
Ne let the woods us answeare, nor our eccho ring.

¹ I. e. Endymion.

And thou, great Iuno ! which with awful might 390
The lawes of wedlock still dost patronize,
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart, 395
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius ! in whose gentle hand
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine, 400
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doost succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe ! and thou, Hymen free ! 405
Grant that it may so be.
Till which we cease your further prayse to sing,
Ne any woods shal answer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light,
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More than we men can fayne,
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously, 415
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may mount, 420

And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,
 May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
 Of blessed saints for to increase the count.
 So let us rest, sweet Love, in hope of this,
 And cease till then our tymely ioyes to sing : 425
 The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring.

*Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
 With which my Love should duly have been dect,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
 But promist both to recompens,
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for¹ short time an endlesse moniment !*

¹ I. e. instead of.

And the little prince, who was very
 kind, and who was very gentle,
 and who was very good,
 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,
 and who was very kind,
 and who was very gentle,
 and who was very good,
 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,
 and who was very kind,
 and who was very gentle,
 and who was very good,
 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,

And the little prince, who was very
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 and who was very good,
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 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,
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 and who was very good,
 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,

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 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,
 and who was very kind,
 and who was very gentle,
 and who was very good,
 and who was very wise,
 and who was very brave,

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HON-
ORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH,
AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGH-
TERS TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARLE
OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSED TO THE
TWO WORTHIE GENTLEMEN, M. HENRY
GILFORD AND M. WILLIAM PETER.
ESQUYERS.

AT LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBY.

1596.

PROTHALAMION:

OR,

A SPOUSALL VERSE.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay¹
Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
When I, whom sullein care,
Ohrough discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In princes court, and expectation vayne
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,
Walkt forth to ease my payne
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes;
Whose ruddy² bancke, the which his river hemmes,
Was paynted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their paramours,
Against the brydale day, which is not long³:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

¹ Delay, allay.

² Ruddy, rooty.

³ Long, distant.

There, in a meadow by the rivers side,
 A flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy, 20
 All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,
 As each had bene a bryde;
 And each one had a little wicker basket,
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled¹ curiously, 25
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,²
 And with fine fingers cropt full feateously³.
 The tender stalkes on hye.
 Of every sort which in that meadow grew
 They gathered some; the violet, pallid blew, 30
 The little dazie, that at evening closes,
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,
 With store of vermeil roses,
 To deck their bridegroomes posies
 Against the brydale day, which was not long: 35
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my
 song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee⁴:
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see;
 The snow which doth the top of Pinæus strew 40
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appear;
 Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare: 45

¹ *Entrayled*, interwoven.

³ *Feateously*, dexterously.

² *Flasket*, a long, shallow basket. ⁴ *Lee*, here, (smooth) stream.

So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle streame the which them bare
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre, 50
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoones, the Nymphes, which now had flowers
 their fill, 55
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
 As they came floating on the cristal flood ;
 Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
 Their wondring eyes to fill.
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre 60
 Of fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme ;
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly seede, 65
 But rather angels, or of angels breede ;
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede
 The earth did fresh aray ;
 So fresh they seem'd as day, 70
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Ver. 67. — *Somers-heat.*] A pun on the name of the brides, —
 Somerset. C.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild, 76
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
 And all the waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
 Scattred with flowres, through Thessaly they streeme,
 That they appeare, through lillies plenteous store, 81
 Like a brydes chamber flore.

Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two garlands
 bound

Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim array, 85
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they crownd,
 Whilst one did sing this lay,
 Prepar'd against that day,
 Against their brydale day, which was not long:
 Sweet Themmes! runne softly, till I end my song.

“Ye gentle Birdes, the worlds faire ornament, 91
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers blissfull bower,
 Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your loves couplement! 95
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of Love,
 With her heart-quelling sonne, upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 For ever to assoile.¹ 100

¹ *Assoile*, do away with.

Let endlesse peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed plentie wait upon your bord ;
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound, 105
 And make your ioyes redound
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softlie, till I end my song."

So ended she ; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong,¹ 110
 Which said, their bridale daye should not be long :
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those ioyous birdes did passe along
 Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low, 115
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.
 And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120
 The rest so far as Cynthia doth shend²
 The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long : 125
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,

¹ *Undersong*, burden.

² *Shend*, put to shame.

That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name, 133
 An house of auncient fame.
 There when they came whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers, —
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride, — 136
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great lord which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feels my freendles case: 140
 But ah ! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell,
 Against the bridale daye, which is not long .
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer, 145
 Great Englands glory and the worlds wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did
 thunder,
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare.
 Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie ! 150
 That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
 Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,

Ver. 137. — *A stately place.*] Exeter House, the residence first of the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards of Essex. C.

Ver. 147. — *Whose dreadfull name, &c.*] The allusion here is to the expedition against Cadiz, from which Essex returned in August, 1596. C.

And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name,
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes 155
Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes,
And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide alarmes,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following, 160
Upon the brydale day, which is not long :
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issuing,
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
In th' ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre, 165
Descended to the rivers open vewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queene, 170
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Iove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the bauldricke of the heavens bright.
They two, forth pacing to the rivers side, 175
Receiv'd those two faire brides, their loves delight,
(Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his bryde,)
Against their brydale day, which is not long : 179
Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

A FOWRE HYMNES

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORDS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE

FOR THE YEAR 1794

A FOURTH VOLUME

IN TWO PARTS

Part I.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, in Pall-mall.

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By the Author of the Ladies' Magazine.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND MOST VERTUOUS LADIES.

THE LADIE MARGARET,

COUNTESSE OF CUMBERLAND;

AND THE LADIE MARIE,*

COUNTESSE OF WARWICK.

HAVING, in the greener times of my youth, composed these former two Hymnes in the praise of love and beautie, and finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather sucke out poyson to their strong passion, then honey to their honest delight, I was moved, by the one of you two most excellent Ladies, to call in the same. But being unable so to do, by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad, I resolved at least to amend, and, by way of retractation, to reforme them, making, instead of those two Hymnes of earthly or naturall love and beautie, two others of heavenly and celestiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly unto you two honorable sisters, as

* The Countess of Warwick's name was Anne, not Mary.
TODD.

to the most excellent and rare ornaments of all true love and beautie, both in the one and the other kinde; humbly beseeching you to vouchsafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble service, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye dayly shew unto me, until such time as I may, by better meanes, yeeld you some more notable testimonie of my thankfull mind and dutifull devotion. And even so I pray for your happinesse. Greenwich, this first of September, 1596. Your Honors most bounden ever,

In all humble service,

ED. SP.

AN HYMNE

IN HONOUR OF LOVE.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mighty powre
Perforce subdude my poore captived hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,¹
Doest tyrannize in everie weaker part,
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart 5
By any service I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t' asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the praises of thy name, 10
And thy victorious conquests to areed,²
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty victors, with wide wounds embrewed,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I fear my wits, enfeebled late 15
Through the sharp sorrowes which thou hast me bred,

¹ Stowre, commotion.

² Areed, set forth.

Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed :
But, if thou wouldst vouchsafe to overspred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing, 20
I should enabled be thy actes to sing.

Come, then, O come, thou mightie God of Love !
Out of thy silver bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou dost sit in Venus lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her ambrosiall kisse, 25
That sweeter farre than any nectar is,
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye, sweet Muses ! which have often proved
The piercing points of his avengefull darts, 30
And ye, fair Nymphs ! which oftentimes have loved
The cruell worker of your kindly smart,
Prepare yourselves, and open wide your harts
For to receive the triumph of your glorie,
That made you merie oft when ye were sorie. 35

And ye, faire blossoms of youths wanton breed !
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterve their harts, that needeth nourture most,
Prepare your selves to march amongst his host, 40
And all the way this sacred hymne do sing,
Made in the honor of your soveraigne king.

GREAT GOD OF MIGHT, that reignest in the mynd,
And all the bodie to thy hest doest frame,

Victor of gods, subduer of mankynd, 45
 That doest the lions and fell tigers tame,
 Making their cruell rage thy scornefull game,
 And in their roring taking great delight,
 Who can expresse the glorie of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare 50
 The wondrous cradle of thine infancie,
 When thy great mother Venus first thee bare,
 Begot of Plenty and of Penurie,
 Though elder then thine own nativitie,
 And yet a chyld, renewing still thy yeares, 55
 And yet the eldest of the heavenly peares?

For ere this worlds still moving mightie masse
 Out of great Chaos ugly prison crept,
 In which his goodly face long hidden was
 From heavens view, and in deepe darknesse kept, 60
 Love, that had now long time securely slept
 In Venus lap, unarmed then and naked,
 Gan reare his head, by Clotho being waked :

And taking to him wings of his own heate,
 Kindled at first from heavens life-giving fyre, 65
 He gan to move out of his idle seate ;
 Weakely at first, but after with desyre
 Lifted aloft, he gan to mount up hyre,¹
 And, like fresh eagle, made his hardie flight
 Through all that great wide wast, yet wanting light. 70

¹ *Hyre*, higher.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
 His own faire mother, for all creatures sake,
 Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray;
 Then through the world his way he gan to take,
 The world, that was not till he did it make, 75
 Whose sundrie parts he from themselves did sever,
 The which before had lyen confused ever.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fyre,
 Then gan to raunge themselves in huge array,
 And with contráry forces to conspyre 80
 Each against other by all meanes they may,
 Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
 Ayre hated earth, and water hated fyre,
 Till Love relented their rebellious yre.

He then them tooke, and, tempering goodly well 85
 Their contrary dislikes with loved meanes,
 Did place them all in order, and compell
 To keepe themselves within their sundrie raines,¹
 Together linkt with adamantine chaines;
 Yet so as that in every living wight 90
 They mix themselves, and shew their kindly might.

So ever since they firmly have remained,
 And duly well observed his beheast;
 Through which now all these things that are con-
 tained
 Within this goodly cope, both most and least, 95
 Their being have, and daily are increast

¹ *Raines*, kingdoms.

Through secret sparks of his infused fyre,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inspyre.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likenesse of their kynd, 100
Whilest they seeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning fynd;
But man, that breathes a more immortall mynd,
Not for lusts sake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his lasting progenie. 105

For having yet in his deducted spright
Some sparks remaining of that heavenly fyre,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly semblant to aspyre;
Therefore in choice of love he doth desyre 110
That seemes on earth most heavenly to embrace;
That same is Beautie, borne of heavenly race.

For sure, of all that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth seeme,
Or that resembleth more th' immortall flame 115
Of heavenly light, than Beauties glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with such rage extreme
Frail men, whose eyes seek heavenly things to see,
At sight thereof so much enravisht bee?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy 120
Doth therewith tip his sharp empoised darts,
Which glancing thro the eyes with¹ countenance coy
Rest not till they have pierst the trembling harts,

¹ Qu. from? WARTON.

And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which suckes the blood, and drinketh up the lyfe, 125
Of carefull wretches with consuming grieve.

Thenceforth they playne, and make ful piteous mone
Unto the author of their balefull bane :
The daies they waste, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light disdaine ; 130
No light but that whose lampe doth yet remaine
Fresh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to see, and seeing it still dye.

The whylst thou, tyrant Love, doest laugh and scorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play ; 135
Whylest they lye languishing like thrals forlorne,
The whyles thou doest triumph in their decay ;
And otherwhyles, their dying to delay,
Thou doest emmarble the proud hart of her
Whose love before their life they doe prefer. 140

So hast thou often done (ay me the more !)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore,
That whole remaines scarce any little part ;
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart, 145
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainefull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doest shew no favour unto mee, 150
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious dame.

Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to dy.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call, 165
The worlds great parent, the most kind preserver
Of living wights, the souveraine lord of all,
How falles it then that with thy furious fervour
Thou doest afflict as well the not-deserver,
As him that doeth thy lovely heasts despize, 170
And on thy subiects most doth tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory seemeth more,
By so hard handling those which best thee serve,
That, ere thou doest them unto grace restore,
Thou mayest well trie if they will ever swerve, 175
And mayest them make it better to deserve,
And, having got it, may it more esteeme;
For things hard gotten men more dearely deeme.

So hard those heavenly beauties be enfyred,
As things divine least passions doe impresse; 180
The more of stedfast myndes to be admyred,
The more they stayed be on stedfastnesse;
But baseborne minds such lamps regard the lesse,
Which at first blowing take not hastie fyre;
Such fancies feele no love, but loose desyre. 185

For Love is lord of truth and loialtie,
Lifting himself out of the lowly dust
On golden plumes up to the purest skie,
Above the reach o' loathly sinfull lust,

Whose base affect,¹ through cowardly distrust 180
 Of his weake wings, dare not to heaven fly,
 But like a moldwarpe² in the earth doth ly.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themselves enure
 To dirtie drosse, no higher dare aspyre ;
 Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure 185
 The flaming light of that celestially fyre
 Which kindleth love in generous desyre,
 And makes him mount above the native might
 Of heavie earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that sweet passion, 190
 That it all sordid basenesse doth expell,
 And the refyned mynd doth newly fashion
 Unto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
 In his high thought, that would it selfe excell ;
 Which he beholding still with constant sight, 195
 Admires the mirrour of so heavenly light.

Whose image printing in his deepest wit,
 He thereon feeds his hungrie fantasy,
 Still full, yet never satisfyde with it ;
 Like Tantale, that in store doth sterved ly, 200
 So doth he pine in most satiety ;
 For nought may quench his infinite desyre,
 Once kindled through that first conceived fyre.

Thereon his mynd affixed wholly is,
 Ne thinks on ought but how it to attaine ; 205

¹ *Affect*, affection, passion.

² *Moldwarpe*, mole

His care, his ioy, his hope, is all on this,
That seemes in it all blisses to containe,
In sight whereof all other blisse seemes vaine : •
Thrice happie man, might he the same possesse,
He faines himselfe, and doth his fortune blesse. 210

And though he do not win his wish to end,
Yet thus farre happie he himselfe doth weene,
That heavens such happie grace did to him lend
As thing on earth so heavenly to have seene,
His harts enshrined saint, his heavens queene, 215
Fairer then fairest, in his fayning eye,
Whose sole aspect he counts felicitye.

Then forth he casts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do her favour to obtaine ;
What brave exploit, what perill hardly wrought, 220
What puissant conquest, what adventurous paine,
May please her best, and grace unto him gaine ;
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breast he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guyde, 225
Thou, being blind, letst him not see his feares,
But cariest him to that which he had eyde,
Through seas, through flames, through thousand
swords and speares ; *
Ne ought so strong that may his force withstand,
With which thou armest his resistlesse hand. 230

* The fifth verse of this stanza appears to have dropped out. C.

Witnesse Leander in the Euxine waves,
 And stout Æneas in the Troiane fyre,
 Achilles preassing through the Phrygian glaives,¹
 And Orpheus, daring to provoke the yre
 Of damned fiends, to get his love retyre; 235
 For both through heaven and hell thou makest way,
 To win them worship which to thee obay.

And if by all these perils and these paynes
 He may but purchase lyking in her eye,
 What heavens of ioy then to himselfe he faynes! 240
 Eftsoones he wypes quite out of memory
 Whatever ill before he did aby²:
 Had it bene death, yet would he die againe,
 To live thus happie as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will, 245
 He nathëmore can so contented rest,
 But forceth further on, and striveth still
 T' approach more neare, till in her inmost brest
 He may embosomd bee and loved best;
 And yet not best, but to be lov'd alone; 250
 For love cannot endure a paragone.³

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
 His troubled mynd with more then hellish paine!
 And to his fayning fansie represent
 Sights never seene, and thousand shadowes vaine, 255
 To breake his sleepe and waste his ydle braine:
 Thou that hast never lov'd canst not beleewe
 Least part of th' evils which poore lovers greeve.

¹ *Glaives*, swords.² *Aby*, abide.³ *Paragone*, competitor.

The gnawing envie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine surmizes, the distrustfull showes, 260
The false reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the daungers, the delayes, the woes,
The fayned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a lovers life a wretches hell. 265

Yet is there one more cursed then they all,
That cancker-worme, that monster, Gelosie,
Which eates the heart and feedes upon the gall,
Turning all Loves delight to miserie,
Through feare of loosing his felicitie. 270
Ah, gods ! that ever ye that monster placed
In gentle Love, that all his ioyes defaced !

By these, O Love ! thou doest thy entrance make
Unto thy heaven, and doest the more endeere
Thy pleasures unto those which them partake: 275
As after stormes, when clouds begin to cleare,
The sunne more bright and glorious doth appeare,
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dost beare unto thy blisse, and heavens glorie.

There thou them placest in a paradize 280
Of all delight and ioyous happy rest,
Where they doe feede on nectar heavenly-wize,
With Hercules and Hebe, and the rest
Of Venus dearlings, through her bountie blest ;
And lie like gods in yvory beds arayd, 285
With rose and lillies over them displayd.

There with thy daughter Pleasure they doe play
 Their hurtlesse sports, without rebuke or blame,
 And in her snowy bosome boldly lay
 Their quiet heads, devoyd of guilty shame, 290
 After full ioyance of their gentle game ;
 Then her they crowne their goddessse and their queene,
 And decke with floures thy altars well beseene.

Ay me ! deare Lord, that ever I might hope,
 For all the paines and woes that I endure, 295
 To come at length unto the wished scope
 Of my desire, or might myselfe assure
 That happie port for ever to recure¹ !
 Then would I thinke these paines no paines at all,
 And all my woes to be but penance small. 300

Then would I sing of thine immortal praise
 An heavenly hymne such as the angels sing,
 And thy triumphant name then would I raise
 Bove all the gods, thee only honoring ;
 My guide, my god, my victor, and my king : 305
 Till then, dread Lord ! vouchsafe to take of me
 This simple song, thus fram'd in praise of thee.

¹ *Recure*, recover, gain.

AN HYMNE
IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

AN! whither, Love, wilt thou now carrie mee?
What wontlesse fury dost thou now inspire
Into my feeble breast, too full of thee?
Whylest seeking to aslake thy raging fyre,
Thou in me kindest much more great desyre, 5
And up aloft above my strength doth rayse
The wondrous matter of my fyre to praise:

That as I earst in praise of thine owne name,
So now in honour of thy mother deare
An honourable hymne I eke should frame, 10
And, with the brightnesse of her beautie cleare,
The ravisht hearts of gazefull men might reare
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds such soule-enchanting might.

Therto do thou, great Goddess, Queene of Beauty,
Mother of Love, and of all worlds delight, 15
Without whose soverayne grace and kindly dewty
Nothing on earth seemes fayre to fleshly sight,
Doe thou vouchsafe with thy love-kindling light

T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne, 20
And beautifie this sacred hymne of thyne :

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her whose faire immortall beame
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame, 25
It may so please, that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

WHAT TIME THIS WORLDS GREAT WORKMAISTER
did cast

To make al things such as we now behold, 30
It seems that he before his eyes had plast
A goodly paterne, to whose perfect mould
He fashiond them as comely as he could,
That now so faire and seemely they appeare
As nought may be amended any wheare. 35

That wondrous paterne, wheresoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd up in secret store,
Or else in heaven, that no man may it see
With sinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beautie, which all men adore ; 40
Whose face and feature doth so much excell
All mortal sence, that none the same may tell.

Thereof as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or lesse, by influence divine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes, 45
And the grosse matter of this earthly myne,

Which closeth it thereafter, doth refyne,
 Doing away the drosse which dims the light
 Of that faire beame which therein is empight.¹

For, through infusion of celestiall powre, 50
 The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
 And life-full spirits privily doth powre
 Through all the parts, that to the lookers sight
 They seeme to please; that is thy soveraine might,
 O Cyprian queene! which, flowing from the beame 55
 Of thy bright starre, thou into them doest streame.

That is the thing which giveth pleasant grace
 To all things faire, that kindleth lively fyre;
 Light of thy lampe; which, shyning in the face,
 Thence to the soule darts amorous desyre, 60
 And robs the harts of those which it admyre;
 Therewith thou pointest thy sons poysned arrow,
 That wounds the life and wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe ydle wits invent
 That Beautie is nought else but mixture made 65
 Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
 Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
 And passe away, like to a sommers shade;
 Or that it is but comely composition
 Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition! 70

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
 That it can pierce through th' eyes unto the hart,
 And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,²

¹ *Empight*, placed.

² *Stowre*, commotion.

As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part 75
Move such affection in the inward mynd,
That it can rob both sense, and reason blynd?

Why doe not then the blossomes of the field,
Which are arayd with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most daintie odours yield, 80
Worke like impression in the lookers vew?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming every part?

But ah! beleeeve me there is more then so, 85
That workes such wonders in the minds of men;
I, that have often prov'd, too well it know,
And who so list the like assayes to ken
Shall find by trial, and confesse it then,
That Beautie is not, as fond men misdeeme, 90
An outward shew of things that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red
With which the cheekes are sprinckled, shal decay,
And those sweete rosy leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lips, shall fade and fall away 95
To that they were, even to corrupted clay:
That golden wyre, those sparckling stars so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and loose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestially ray
That light proceedes which kindleth lovers fire. 100
Shall never be extinguisht nor decay;

But, when the vitall spirits doe expyre,
 Unto her native planet shall retyre ;
 For it is heavenly borne, and cannot die,
 Being a parcell of the purest skie. 105

For when the soule, the which derived was,
 At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
 By whom all live to love, whilome did pas
 Down from the top of purest heavens hight
 To be embodied here, it then tooke light 110
 And lively spirits from that fayrest starre
 Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still, or more or lesse,
 When she in fleshly seede is eft¹ enraced,²
 Through every part she doth the same impresse, 115
 According as the heavens have her graced,
 And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
 Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoyle
 Of th' heavenly riches which she robd erewhyle.

Thereof it comes that these faire soules which have
 The most resemblance of that heavenly light 121
 Frame to themselves most beautifull and brave
 Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
 And the grosse matter by a souveraine might
 Temper so trim, that it may well be seene 125
 A pallace fit for such a virgin queene.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
 And hath in it the more of heavenly light,

¹ *Eft*, afterwards.

² *Enraced*, implanted

So it the fairer bodie doth procure
 To habit in, and it more fairely dight ¹ 130
 With chearfull grace and amiable sight :
 For of the soule the bodie forme doth take ;
 For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Therefore, where ever that thou doest behold
 A comely corpse, ² with beautie faire endewed, 135
 Know this for certaine, that the same doth hold
 A beauteous soule with fair conditions thewed, ³
 Fit to receive the seede of vertue strewed ;
 For all that faire is, is by nature good ;
 That is a signe to know the gentle blood. 140

Yet oft it falles that many a gentle mynd
 Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
 Either by chaunce, against the course of kynd, ⁴
 Or through unaptnesse in the substance fownd,
 Which it assumed of some stubborne grownd, 145
 That will not yield unto her formes direction,
 But is deform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me, the more to rew !)
 That goodly Beautie, albe heavenly borne,
 Is foule abusd, and that celestially hew, 150
 Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
 Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne,
 Whilest every one doth seeke and sew to have it,
 But every one doth seeke but to deprave it.

¹ *Dight*, adorn.

² *Corpse*, body.

³ I. e. endowed with fair qualities.

⁴ *Kynd*, nature.

Yet nathemore is that faire Beauties blame, 165
 But theirs that do abuse it unto ill :
 Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
 May be corrupt,¹ and wrested unto will.
 Nathelesse the soule is faire and beauteous still,
 However fleshes fault it filthy make ; 160
 For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye, faire Dames ! the worlds deare ornaments,
 And lively images of heavens light,
 Let not your beames with such disparagements
 Be dimd, and your bright glorie darkned quight ; 165
 But mindfull still of your first countries sight,
 Doe still preserve your first informed grace,
 Whose shadow yet shynes in your beauteous face.

Loath that foule blot, that hellish fiërbrand,
 Disloiall lust, fair Beauties foulest blame, 170
 That base affections, which your eares would bland,²
 Commend to you by loves abused name,
 But is indeede the bondslave of defame ;
 Which will the garland of your glorie marre,
 And quench the light of your brightshyning starre. 175

But gentle Love, that loiall is and trew,
 Will more illumine your resplendent ray,
 And adde more brightnesse to your goodly hew,
 From light of his pure fire ; which, by like way
 Kindled of yours, your likenesse doth display ; 180

¹ *Corrupt*, corrupted.² *Bland*, blandish.

Like as two mirroures, by opposd reflection,
Doe both expresse the faces first impression.

Therefore, to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches which in you ye beare, 185
That men the more admyre their fountaine may ;
For else what booteth that celestially ray,
If it in darknesse be enshrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be vewed never ?

But, in your choice of loves, this well advize, 190
That likest to your selves ye them select,
The which your forms first sourse may sympathize,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt ;
For if you loosely love without respect,
It is not love, but a discordant warre, 195
Whose unlike parts amongst themselves do iarre.

For love is a celestially harmonie
Of likely¹ harts composd of² starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To work ech others ioy and true content, 200
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belov'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in Loves gentle band combyned bee, 205
But those whom Heaven did at first ordaine,

¹ *Likely*, similar.

² *Composd of*, combined by.

And made out of one mould the more t' agree ;
For all that like the beautie which they see
Streight do not love ; for Love is not so light
As streight to burne at first beholders sight. 210

But they which love indeede looke otherwise,
With pure regard and spotlesse true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes
A more refyned forme, which they present
Unto their mind, voide of all blemishment ; 215
Which it reducing to her first perfection,
Beholdeth free from flesh's frayle infection.

And then conforming it unto the light
Which in it selfe it hath remaining still,
Of that first sunne, yet sparckling in his sight, 220
Thereof he fashions in his higher skill
An heavenly beautie to his fancies will ;
And it embracing in his mind entyre,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admyre.

Which seeing now so inly faire to be, 225
As outward it appeareth to the eye.
And with his spirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantasie,
And fully setteth his felicitie ;
Counting it fairer then it is indeede, 230
And yet indeede her fairnesse doth exceede.

For lovers eyes more sharply sighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loves delight
See more then any other eyes can see,

Through mutuall receipt of beamës bright, 235
 Which carrie privie message to the spright,
 And to their eyes that inmost faire display,
 As plaine as light discovers dawning day.

Therein they see, through amorous eye-glaunces,
 Armies of Loves still flying too and fro, 240
 Which dart at them their litle fierie launces ;
 Whom having wounded, backe againe they go,
 Carrying compassion to their lovely foe ;
 Who, seeing her faire eyes so sharpe effect,
 Cures all their sorrowes with one sweete aspect. 245

In which how many wonders doe they reede
 To their conceipt, that others never see !
 Now of her smiles, with which their soules they feede,
 Like gods with nectar in their bankets free ;
 Now of her lookes, which like to cordials bee ; 250
 But when her words embássade¹ forth she sends,
 Lord, how sweete musicke that unto them lends !

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
 A thousand graces masking in delight ;
 Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold 255
 Ten thousand sweet belgards,² which to their sight
 Doe seeme like twinckling starres in frostie night ;
 But on her lips, like rosy buds in May,
 So many millions of chaste pleasures play.

All those, O Cytherea ! and thousands more, 260
 Thy handmaides be, which do on thee attend,

¹ *Embássade*, embassy.

² *Belgards*, fair looks.

To decke thy beautie with their dainties store,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and frend;
That in mens harts thou mayst thy throne enstall, 265
And spred thy lovely kingdome over all.

Then Iö, tryumph! O great Beauties Queene,
Advance the banner of thy conquest hie,
That all this world, the which thy vassels beene,
May draw to thee, and with dew fealtie 270
Adore the powre of thy great maiestie,
Singing this hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am!

In lieu whereof graunt, O great souveraine!
That she whose conquering beauty doth captiue 275
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaved. 280

And you, faire Venus dearling, my dear dread!
Fresh flowre of grace, great goddessse of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe, 285
And shew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

AN HYMNE
OF HEAVENLY LOVE.*

LOVE, lift me up upon thy golden wings
From this base world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may see those admirable things
Which there thou workest by thy sovaine might,
Farre above feeble reach of earthly sight, 5
That I thereof an heavenly hymne may sing
Unto the God of Love, high heavens king.

Many lewd layes (ah, woe is me the more !)
In praise of that mad fit which fooles call Love,
I have in th' heat of youth made heretofore, 10
That in light wits did loose affection move ;
But all those follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my string,
The heavenly prayses of true Love to sing.

* See the sixth canto of the third book of the Faerie Queene, especially the second and the thirty-second stanzas; which, with his Hymnes of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty, are evident proofs of Spenser's attachment to the Platonic school.
WARTON.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine desire 15
 To reade my fault, and, wondring at my flame,
 To warme your selves at my wide sparckling fire,
 Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
 And in her ashes shrowd my dying shame;
 For who my passed follies now pursewes, 20
 Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEFORE THIS WORLDS GREAT FRAME, in which
 al things
 Are now containd, found any being-place,
 Ere flitting 'Time could wag¹ his eyas² wings
 About that mightie bound which doth embrace 25
 The rolling spheres, and parts their houres by space,
 That high eternall Powre, which now doth move
 In all these things, mov'd in it selfe by love.

It lov'd it selfe, because it selfe was faire;
 (For fair is lov'd;) and of it selfe begot 30
 Like to it selfe his eldest Sonne and Heire,
 Eternall, pure, and voide of sinfull blot,
 The firstling of his ioy, in whom no iot
 Of loves dislike or pride was to be found,
 Whom he therefore with equall honour crownd. 35

With him he raignd, before all time prescribed,
 In endlesse glorie and immortall might,
 Together with that Third from them derived,
 Most wise, most holy, most almightie Spright! 39
 Whose kingdomes throne no thoughts of earthly wight
 Can comprehend, much lesse my trembling verse
 With equall words can hope it to rehearse.

¹ *Wag*, move.² *Eyas*, not fully fledged.

Yet, O most blessed Spirit ! pure lampe of light,
 Eternall spring of grace and wisdomes trew,
 Vouchsafe to shed into my barren spright 45
 Some little drop of thy celestiall dew,
 That may my rymes with sweet infuse¹ embrew,
 And give me words equall unto my thought,
 To tell the marveiles by thy mercie wrought.

Yet being pregnant still with powrefull grace, 50
 And full of fruitfull Love, that loves to get
 Things like himselfe and to enlarge his race,
 His second brood, though not of powre so great,
 Yet full of beautie, next he did beget,
 An infinite increase of angels bright, 55
 All glistring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
 (Not this round heaven which we from hence behold,
 Adorn'd with thousand lamps of burning light,
 And with ten thousand gemmes of shyning gold) 60
 He gave as their inheritance to hold,
 That they might serve him in eternal blis,
 And be partakers of those ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
 About him wait, and on his will depend, 65
 Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
 When he them on his messages doth send,

¹ *Infuse*, infusion.

Or on his owne dread presence to attend,
Where they behold the glorie of his light,
And caroll hymnes of love both day and night. 70

Both day and night is unto them all one;
For he his beames doth unto them extend,
That darknesse there appeareth never none;
Ne hath their day, ne hath their blisse, an end,
But there¹ their termelesse time in pleasure spend; 75
Ne ever should their happinesse decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to disobay.

But pride, impatient of long resting peace,
Did puffe them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan cast their state how to increase 80
Above the fortune of their first condition,
And sit in Gods own seat without commission:
The brightest angel, even the Child of Light,²
Drew millions more against their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, seeing their so bold assay, 85
Kindled the flame of his consuming yre,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aspyre,
To deepest hell, and lake of damned fyre,
Where they in darknesse and dread horror dwell, 90
Hating the happie light from which they fell.

So that next off-spring of the Makers love,
Next to himselfe in glorious degree,

¹ Qu. they?

² I. e. Lucifer.

Degendering¹ to hate, fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree;) 95
And now of sinne to all ensample bee:
How then can sinfull flesh it selfe assure,
Sith purest angels fell to be impure?

But that Eternall Fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnesse unto all, 100
Now seeing left a waste and emptie place
In his wyde pallace, through those angels fall,
Cast to supply the same, and to enstall
A new unknownen colony therein,
Whose root from earths base groundworke shold
begin. 105

Therefore of clay, base, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might,
According to an heavenly patterne wrought,
Which he had fashiond in his wise foresight,
He man did make, and breathd a living spright 110
Into his face, most beautifull and fayre,
Endewd with wisdomes riches, heavenly, rare.

Such he him made, that he resemble might
Himselfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be lord of every living wight 115
He made by love out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie selfe behould;
For Love doth love the thing belov'd to see.
That like it selfe in lovely shape may bee.

¹ *Degendering*, degenerating.

But man, forgetfull of his Makers grace 120
 No lesse then angels, whom he did ensew,
 Fell from the hope of promist heavenly place,
 Into the mouth of Death, to sinners dew,
 And all his off-spring into thraldome threw,
 Where they for ever should in bonds remaine 125
 Of never-dead, yet ever-dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at first
 Made of meere love, and after liked well,
 Seeing him lie like creature long accurst
 In that deep horror of despeyred hell, 130
 Him, wretch, in doole¹ would let no lenger dwell,
 But cast² out of that bondage to redeeme,
 And pay the price, all³ were his debt extreeme.

Out of the bosome of eternall blisse,
 In which he reigned with his glorious Syre, 135
 He downe descended, like a most demisse⁴
 And abiect thrall, in fleshes fraile attyre,
 That he for him might pay sinnes deadly hyre,
 And him restore unto that happie state
 In which he stood before his haplesse fate. 140

In flesh at first the guilt committed was,
 Therefore in flesh it must be satisfyde ;
 Nor spirit, nor angel, though they man surpas,
 Could make amends to God for mans misguyde,
 But onely man himselfe, who selfe did slyde : 145

¹ *Doole*, pain.² *Cast*, devised.³ *All*, although.⁴ *Demisse*, humble.

So, taking flesh of sacred virgins wombe,
For mans deare sake he did a man become.

And that most blessed bodie, which was borne
Without all blemish or reprochfull blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torne 150
Of cruell hands, who with despightfull shame
Revyling him, (that them most vile became,)
At length him nailed on a gallow-tree,
And slew the iust by most uniust decree.

O huge and most unspeakeable impression 155
Of Loves deep wound, that pierst the piteous hart
Of that deare Lord with so entyre affection,
And, sharply launching every inner part,
Dolours of death into his soule did dart,
Doing him die that never it deserved, 160
To free his foes, that from his heast¹ had swerved!

What hart can feel least touch of so sore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of so deare wound,
Whose bleeding sourse their streames yet never
staunch,
But stil do flow, and freshly still redound,² 165
To heale the sores of sinfull soules unsound,
And clense the guilt of that infected cryme,
Which was enrooted in all fleshly slyme?

O blessed Well of Love! O Floure of Grace!
O glorious Morning-Starre! O Lampe of Light! 170

¹ *Heast*, command.

² *Redound*, overflow.

Most lively image of thy Fathers face,
 Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
 Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,¹
 How can we thee requite for all this good?
 Or what can prize² that thy most precious blood? 175

Yet nought thou ask'st in lieu of all this love
 But love of us, for guerdon of thy paine:
 Ay me! what can us lesse then that behove?
 Had he required life for us againe,
 Had it beene wrong to ask his owne with gaine? 180
 He gave us life, he it restored lost;
 Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
 Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band³;
 Ne ought demaunds but that we loving bee, 185
 As he himselfe hath lov'd us aforehand,
 And bound therto with an eternall band,
 Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
 And next our brethren, to his image wrought.

Him first to love great right and reason is, 190
 Who first to us our life and being gave,
 And after, when we fared⁴ had amisse,
 Us wretches from the second death did save;
 And last, the food of life, which now we have,
 Even he himselfe, in his dear sacrament, 195
 To feede our hungry soules, unto us lent.

¹ *Behight*, named.² *Prize*, price.³ *Band*, cursed.⁴ *Fared*, gone.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
 Of that selfe ¹ mould and that self Maker's hand
 That we, and to the same againe shall fade,
 Where they shall have like heritage of land, 200
 However here on higher steps we stand;
 Which also were with selfe-same price redeemed
 That we, however of us light esteemed.

And were they not, yet since that loving Lord
 Commaunded us to love them for his sake, 205
 Even for his sake, and for his sacred word
 Which in his last bequest he to us spake,
 We should them love, and with their needs partake;
 Knowing that whatsoere to them we give,
 We give to him by whom we all doe live. 210

Such mercy he by his most holy reede ²
 Unto us taught, and, to approve it trew,
 Ensampled it by his most righteous deede,
 Shewing us mercie, miserable crew!
 That we the like should to the wretches shew, 215
 And love our brethren; thereby to approve
 How much himselfe that loved us we love.

Then rouze thy selfe, O Earth! out of thy soyle,³
 In which thou wallowest like to filthy swyne,
 And doest thy mynd in durty pleasures moyle,⁴ 220
 Unmindfull of that dearest Lord of thyne;
 Lift up to him thy heavie clouded eyne,

¹ *Selfe*, same.

² *Reede*, precept.

³ *Soyle*, mire.

⁴ *Moyle*, defile.

That thou this soveraine bountie mayst behold,
And read, through love, his mercies manifold.

Beginne from first, where he encradled was 225
In simple cratch,¹ wrapt in a wad of hay,
Betweene the toylfull oxe and humble asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the silly shepheards came to see, 230
Whom greatest princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence reade on the storie of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty wayes,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his povertie, his sharpe assayes, 235
Through which he past his miserable dayes,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malist ² both by great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and false accused ; 240
How with most scornfull taunts and fell despights,
He was revyld, disgrast, and foule abused ;
How scourgd, how crownd, how buffeted, how brused ;
And, lastly, how twixt robbers crucifyde,
With bitter wounds through hands, through feet, and
syde ! 245

Then let thy flinty hart, that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,

¹ *Cratch*, manger.

² *Malist*, regarded with ill-will.

And let thy bowels bleede in every vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heavenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious forse ; 250
And let thy soule, whose sins his sorrows wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieved thought.

With sence whereof whilest so thy softened spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale
Through meditation of his endlesse merit, 255
Lift up thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his souveraine mercie doe appeale ;
Learne him to love that loved thee so deare,
And in thy brest his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind, 260
Thou must him love, and his beheasts embrace ;
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thy selfe unto him full and free, 265
That full and freely gave himselfe to thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possesse,
And ravisht with devouring great desire
Of his dear selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with love, and set thee all on fire 270
With burning zeale, through every part entire,¹
'That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

¹ *Entire*, inward.

Thenceforth all worlds desire will in thee dye,
And all earthes glorie, on which men do gaze, 275
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure-sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright. 280

Then shall thy ravisht soul inspired bee
With heavenly thoughts, farre above humane skil,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' idee of his pure glorie present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill 285
With sweete enragement of celestiall love,
Kindled through sight of those faire things above.

AN HYMNE
OF HEAVENLY BEAUTIE.

RAPT with the rage of mine own ravisht thought,
Through contemplation of those goodly sights
And glorious images in heaven wrought,
Whose wondrous beauty, breathing sweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceipted sprights, 5
I faine¹ to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile and tongue to fold.

Vouchsafe then, O Thou most Almighty Spright!
From whom all guifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To shed into my breast some sparkling light 10
Of thine eternall truth, that I may show
Some little beames to mortall eyes below
Of that immortall Beautie there with Thee,
Which in my weake distraughted mynd I see;

That with the glorie of so goodly sight 15
The hearts of men, which fondly here admyre

¹ *Faine*, long.

Faire seeming shewes, and feed on vaine delight,
 Transported with celestiall desyre
 Of those faire formes, may lift themselves up hyer,
 And learne to love, with zealous humble dewty, 20
 Th' Eternall Fountaine of that heavenly Beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' easie vew
 Of this base world, subiect to fleshly eye,
 From thence to mount aloft, by order dew,
 To contemplation of th' immortall sky, 25
 Of the soare faulcon¹ so I learne to flye,
 That flags a while her fluttering wings beneath,
 Till she her selfe for stronger flight can breath.

Then looke, who list thy gazefull eyes to feed
 With sight of that is faire, looke on the frame 30
 Of this wyde universe, and therein reed
 The endlesse kinds of creatures which by name
 Thou canst not count, much less their natures aime;
 All which are made with wondrous wise respect,
 And all with admirable beautie deckt. 35

First, th' Earth, on adamantine pillers founded
 Amid the Sea, engirt with brasen bands;
 Then th' Aire, still flitting, but yet firmly bounded
 On everie side with pyles of flaming brands,
 Never consum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands; 40
 And last, that mightie shining cristall wall,
 Wherewith he hath encompassed this all.

¹ *Soare faulcon*, a young falcon; a hawk that has not shed its first feathers, which are *sorrel*.

By view whereof it plainly may appeare,
That still as every thing doth upward tend
And further is from earth, so still more cleare 46
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of purest Beautie it at last ascend ;
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heaven then fire, appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye 50
On that bright shynie round still moving masse,
The house of blessed God, which men call Skye,
All sowd with glistring stars more thicke then grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightnesse passe,
But those two most, which, ruling night and day, 55
As king and queene the heavens empire sway ;

And tell me then, what hast thou ever seene
That to their beautie may compared bee ?
Or can the sight that is most sharpe and keene
Endure their captains flaming head to see ? 60
How much lesse those, much higher in degree,
And so much fairer, and much more than these,
As these are fairer then the land and seas ?

For farre above these heavens which here we see,
Be others farre exceeding these in light, 65
Not bounded, not corrupt, as these same bee,
But infinite in largenesse and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and spotlesse bright,
That need no sunne t' illuminate their spheres,
But their owne native light farre passing theirs. 70

And as these heavens still by degrees arize,
 Until they come to their first movers¹ bound,
 That in his mightie compasse doth comprize
 And carrie all the rest with him around,
 So those likewise doe by degrees redound,² 75
 And rise more faire, till they at last arive
 To the most faire, whereto they all do strive.

Faire is the heaven where happy soules have
 place,
 In full enioyment of felicitie,
 Whence they doe still behold the glorious face 80
 Of the Divine Eternall Maiestie ;
 More faire is that where those Idees on hie
 Enraunged be, which Plato so admyred,
 And pure Intelligences from God inspyred.

Yet fairer is that heaven in which do raine 85
 The soveraigne Powres and mightie Potentates,
 Which in their high protections doe containe
 All mortall princes and imperiall states ;
 And fayrer yet whereas the royall Seates
 And heavenly Dominations are set, 90
 From whom all earthly governance is fet.³

Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
 Which all with golden wings are overdight,
 And those eternall burning Seraphins,
 Which from their faces dart out fierie light ; 95
 Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,

¹ I. e. the *primum mobile*.

³ *Fet*, fetched, derived.

² I. e. exceed the one the other.

Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne person, without rest or end.

These thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Highest they approach more near, 100
Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioyn'd together were ;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse ? 105

Cease then, my tongue ! and lend unto my mynd
Leave to bethinke how great that Beautie is,
Whose utmost¹ parts so beautifull I fynd ;
How much more those essentiall parts of His,
His truth, his love, his wisdom, and his blis, 110
His grace, his doome,² his mercy, and his might,
By which he lends us of himselfe a sight !

Those unto all he daily doth display,
And shew himselfe in th' image of his grace,
As in a looking-glasse, through which he may 115
Be seene of all his creatures vile and base,
That are unable else to see his face ;
His glorious face ! which glistereth else so bright,
That th' angels selves can not endure his sight.

But we, fraile wights ! whose sight cannot sustaine 120
The suns bright beames when he on us doth shyne,
But³ that their points rebutted⁴ backe againe

¹ *Utmost*, outmost.

² *Doome*, judgment.

³ *But*, unless.

⁴ *Rebutted*, reflected.

Are duld, how can we see with feeble eyne
The glorie of that Maiestie Divine,
In sight of whom both sun and moone are darke, 125
Compared to his least resplendent sparke?

The meanes, therefore, which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his workes to looke,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the same, as in a brasen booke, 130
To read enregistred in every nooke
His goodnesse, which his beautie doth declare ;
For all thats good is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation
To impe¹ the wings of thy high flying mynd, 135
Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whose dampes the soule do blynd,
And, like the native brood of eagles kynd,
On that bright Sunne of Glorie fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from grosse mists of fraile infirmities. 140

Humbled with feare and awfull reverence,
Before the footestoole of his Maiestie
Throw thy selfe downe, with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke up with cõrruptible eye
On the dred face of that great Deity, 145
For feare lest, if he chaunce to look on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his mercie seate,
Close covered with the Lambes integrity

¹ *Impe*, mend, strengthen.

From the iust wrath of His avengefull threate 150
 That sits upon the righteous throne on hy :
 His throne is built upon Eternity,
 More firme and durable then steele or brasse,
 Or the hard diamond, which them both doth passe.

His scepter is the rod of Righteousnesse, 155
 With which he bruseth all his foes to dust,
 And the great Dragon strongly doth repress,
 Under the rigour of his iudgment iust ;
 His seate is Truth, to which the faithfull trust,
 From whence proceed her beames so pure and
 bright, 160
 That all about him sheddeth glorious light :

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing sparke
 Which darted is from Titans flaming head,
 That with his beames enlumineth the darke
 And dampish air, wherby al things are red ¹ ; 165
 Whose nature yet so much is marvelled
 Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
 The greatest wisards ² which thereon do gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth shine
 Is many thousand times more bright, more cleare, 170
 More excellent, more glorious, more divine ;
 Through which to God all mortall actions here,
 And even the thoughts of men, do plaine appeare ;
 For from th' Eternall Truth it doth proceed,
 Through heavenly vertue which her beames doe
 breed. 175

¹ *Red*, perceived.

² *Wisards*, wise men, savants

With the great glorie of that wondrous light
His throne is all encompassed around,
And hid in his owne brightnesse from the sight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes unsound ;
And underneath his feet are to be found 180
Thunder, and lightning, and tempestuous fyre,
The instruments of his avenging yre.

There in his bosome Sapience doth sit,
The souveraine dearling of the Deity,
Clad like a queene in royall robes, most fit 185
For so great powre and peerelesse maiesty,
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeously
Adornd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crown of purest gold 190
Is set, in signe of highest soverainty ;
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky,
And in the same these lower creatures all 195
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe ;
For of her fulnesse, which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in state remaine 200
As their great Maker did at first ordaine,
Through observation of her high beheast,
By which they first were made, and still in-
creast.

The fairness of her face no tongue can tell ;
 For she the daughters of all wemens race, 208
 And angels she in beautie doth excell,
 Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
 And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
 That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
 Ne can on earth compared be to ought. 210

Ne could that painter (had he lived yet)
 Which pictured Venus with so curious quill
 That all posteritie admyred it,
 Have purtray'd this, for all his maistring¹ skill ;
 Ne she her selfe, had she remained still, 215
 And were as faire as fabling wits do fayne,
 Could once come neare this Beauty soverayne.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
 Or that sweete Teian poet,² which did spend
 His plenteous vaine in setting forth her praise, 220
 Seen but a glims of this which I pretend,³
 How wondrously would he her face commend,
 Above that idole of his fayning thought,
 That all the world should with his rimes be fraught !

How then dare I, the novice of his art, 225
 Presume to picture so divine a wight,
 Or hope t' expresse her least perfections part,
 Whose beautie filles the heavens with her light,
 And darkes the earth with shadow of her sight?

¹ *Maistring*, superior.

² I. e. Anacreon.

³ *Pretend*, set forth, (or, simply) intend.

Ah, gentle Muse! thou art too weake and faint 230
The pourtraict of so heavenly hew to paint.

Let angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her soveraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries unfold
Of that faire love of mightie Heavens King; 235
Enough is me t' admyre so heavenly thing,
And being thus with her huge love possest,
In th' only wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrise happie man him hold
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace, 240
And lets his owne Beloved to behold;
For in the view of her celestiall face
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse, have place;
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight. 245

For she out of her secret threasury
Plentie of riches forth on him will powre,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden ly
Within the closet of her chastest howre,
Th' eternall portion of her precious dowre, 250
Which Mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receave,
And letteth them her lovely face to see, 255
Wherof such wondrous pleasures they conceive,
And sweete contentment, that it doth bereave

Their soul of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things, 260
As carries them into an extasy ;
And heare such heavenly notes and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky ;
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget, 265
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things, remaine ;
But all that earst seemd sweet seemes now offense,
And all that pleased earst now seemes to paine : 270
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see ;
All other sights but fayned shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe which useth to enflame
The hearts of men with selfe-consuming fyre, 275
Thenceforth seemes fowle, and full of sinfull blame ;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspyre
By name of Honor, and so much desyre,
Seemes to them basenesse, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnesse, and all lucre losse. 280

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th' aspect of that felicitie
Which they have written in theyr inward ey : 285

On which they feed, and in theyr fastened mynd
All happie ioy and full contentment fynd.

Ah, then, my hungry soule ! which long hast fed
On idle fancies of thy foolish thought,
And, with false Beauties flattring bait misled, 290
Hast after vaine deceiptfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought
But late repentance, through thy follies prief,
Ah ! ceasse to gaze on matter of thy grief :

And looke at last up to that Soveraine Light, 295
From whose pure beams al perfect Beauty springs,
That kindleth love in every godly spright,
Even the love of God ; which loathing brings
Of this vile world and these gay-seeming things ;
With whose sweet pleasures being so possest, 300
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for ever rest.

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS AND SONNETS.

RIGHTS AND SOVEREIGNTY

EPIGRAMS.

I.

In youth, before I waxed old,
The blynd boy, Venus baby,
For want of cunning, made me bold
In bitter hyve to grope for honny :
But when he saw me stung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did fly.

II.

As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
His quiver by his head :
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close convay
Into the others stead :
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But Diane, beasts with Cupids dart.

* These four short pieces, which we have called Epigrams, were printed with the *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*, and between the two. They have no titles in the old copies, and no account is given of them. The second and third are translated from Marot's Epigrams. Liv. III. No. 5, *De Diane*, and No. 24, *De Cupido et de sa Dame*. C.

III.

I SAW, in secret to my dame
 How little Cupid humbly came,
 And said to her, "All hayle, my mother!"
 But when he saw me laugh, for shame
 His face with bashfull blood did flame,
 Not knowing Venus from the other.
 "Then, never blush, Cupid," quoth I,
 "For many have err'd in this beauty."

IV.

UPON a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbring
 All in his mothers lap,
 A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
 About him flew by hap.
 Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
 And saw the beast so small,
 "What's this," quoth he, "that gives so great a voyce,
 That wakens men withall?"
 In angry wize he flies about,
 And threatens all with corage stout. 10

To whom his mother, closely¹ smiling, sayd,
 'Twixt earnest and 'twixt game:
 "See! thou thy selfe likewise art lyttle made,
 If thou regard the same.

¹ Closely, secretly.

And yet thou suffrest neyther gods in sky, 15
Nor men in earth, to rest ;
But when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give lyke leave unto the fly." 30

Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue,
And in his hand, with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue.
But when on it he hasty hand did lay, 25
The Bee him stung therefore :
"Now out, alas," he cryde, "and welaway !
I wounded am full sore :
The fly, that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne." 30

Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his grieve complayned ;
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
Though sad to see him pained.
"Think now," quoth she, "my sonne, how great the
smart 35
Of those whom thou dost wound :
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found.
Therefore, henceforth some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make." 40

She tooke him streight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock ;

She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed well

45

With salve of soveraigne might ;

And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,

The well of deare delight.

Who would not oft be stung as this,

To be so bath'd in Venus blis ?

60

The wanton boy was shortly wel recured

Of that his malady ;

But he soone after fresh again enured ¹

His former cruelty.

And since that time he wounded hath my selfe

55

With his sharpe dart of love,

And now forgets the cruell carelesse elfe

His mothers heast ² to prove.

So now I languish, till he please

My pining anguish to appease.

60

¹ *Enured*, practised.

² *Heast*, command.

SONNETS

WRITTEN BY SPENSER,

COLLECTED FROM THE PUBLICATIONS IN WHICH THEY
ORIGINALLY APPEARED.

I.*

*To the right worshipfull, my singular good frend,
M. Gabriell Harvey, Doctor of the Lawes.*

HARVEY, the happy above happiest men
I read¹; that, sitting like a looker-on
Of this worldes stage, doest note with critique pen
The sharpe dislikes of each condition:
And, as one carelesse of suspition,
Ne fawnest for the favour of the great,
Ne fearest foolish reprehension
Of faulty men, which daunger to thee threat:
But freely doest of what thee list entreat,²

¹ *Read*, consider.

² *Entreat*, treat.

* From "Foure Letters, and certaine Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene, and other parties by him abused," &c. London, 1592. TODD.

Like a great lord of peerelesse liberty,
 Lifting the good up to high Honours seat,
 And the evill damning evermore to dy :
 For life and death is in thy doomeful writing ;
 So thy renowme lives ever by endighting.

Dublin, this xvij. of July, 1586.

Your devoted friend, during life,

EDMUND SPENCER.

II.*

WHOSO wil seeke, by right deserts, t' attaine
 Unto the type of true nobility,
 And not by painted shewes, and titles vaine,
 Derived farre from famous auncestrie,
 Behold them both in their right visnomy ¹
 Here truly pourtray'd as they ought to be,
 And striving both for termes of dignitie,
 To be advanced highest in degree.
 And when thou doost with equall insight see
 The ods twixt both, of both then deem aright,
 And chuse the better of them both to thee ;
 But thanks to him that it deserves behight ² :
 To Nenna first, that first this worke created,
 And next to Iones, that truely it translated.

ED. SPENSER.

¹ *Visnomy*, features.

² *Behight*, accord.

* Prefixed to "Nennio, or A Treatise of Nobility, &c. Written in Italian by that famous Doctor and worthy Knight, Sir Iohn Baptista Nenna of Bari. Done into English by William Iones, Gent." 1595. TODD.

III.*

Upon the Historie of George Castriot, alias Scanderbeg, King of the Epirots, translated into English.

WHEREFORE doth vaine Antiquitie so vaunt
 Her ancient monuments of mightie peeres,
 And old heröes, which their world did daunt
 With their great deedes and fild their childrens eares?
 Who, rapt with wonder of their famous praise,
 Admire their statues, their colossoes great,
 Their rich triumphall arcks which they did raise,
 Their huge pyrámids, which do heaven threat.
 Lo! one, whom later age hath brought to light,
 Matchable to the greatest of those great;
 Great both by name, and great in power and might,
 And meriting a meere¹ triumphant seate.

The scourge of Turkes, and plague of infidels,
 Thy acts, O Scanderbeg, this volume tels.

ED. SPENSER.

IV.†

THE antique Babel, empresse of the East,
 Upreard her buildinges to the threatned skie

¹ *Meere*, absolute, decided: *qy.* more?

* Prefixed to the "Historie of George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albanie: Containing his famous actes, &c. Newly translated out of French into English by Z. I. Gentleman." 1596. TODD.

† Prefixed to "The Commonwealth and Government of Venice, Written by the Cardinall Gaspar Contareno, and translated out of Italian into English by Lewes Lewkenor, Esquire." London, 1599. TODD.

And second Babell, tyrant of the West,
Her ayry towers upraised much more high.
But with the weight of their own surquedry¹
They both are fallen, that all the earth did feare,
And buried now in their own ashes ly;
Yet shewing, by their heapes, how great they were.
But in their place doth now a third appeare,
Fayre Venice, flower of the last worlds delight;
And next to them in beauty draweth neare,
But farre exceeds in policie of right.

Yet not so fayre her buildinges to behold
As Lewkenors stile that hath her beautie told.

EDM. SPENCER.

¹ *Surquedry*, presumption.

THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER:

CONTEYNING

TWELVE ÆGLOGUES,

PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHES.

ENTITLED TO THE NOBLE AND VERTUOUS GENTLEMAN,
MOST WORTHY OF ALL TITLES BOTH OF
LEARNING AND CHEVALRIE,

M. PHILIP SIDNEY.

AT LONDON:

Printed by HUGH SINGLETON, dwelling in Creede Lane, neere
unto Ludgate, at the signe of the Gylden Tunne,
and are there to be solde.

1579.

TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE, little Booke, thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,¹
To him that is the president ²
Of noblesse and of chevalree :
And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing ;
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And when his Honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame ;
Forthy thereof thou takest shame.
And when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.

IMMERITO.

¹ *Unkent*, unknown.

² *President*, precedent, pattern.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT AND LEARNED,
BOTH ORATOR AND POETE,
MAYSTER GABRIELL HARVEY,

HIS VERIE SPECIAL AND SINGULAR GOOD FREND E. K
COMMENDETH THE GOOD LYKING OF THIS HIS
LABOUR, AND THE PATRONAGE OF
THE NEW POETE.

UNCOUTHE, unkiste,¹ sayde the old famous poete
Chaucer: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull
skil in making,² his scholler Lidgate, a worthy schol-
ler of so excellent a maister, calleth the loadstarre
of our language: and whom our Colin Clout in his
æglogue calleth Tityrus the god of shepheards, com-
paring hym to the worthines of the Roman Tityrus,
Virgile. Which proverbe, myne owne good friend Ma.
Harvey, as in that good old poete it served well Pan-
dares purpose for the bolstering of his baudie brocage,³
so very well taketh place in this our new poete, who,
for that hee is uncouth, (as said Chaucer,) is unkist,
and unknown to most men, is regarded but of few.
But I dout not, so soone as his name shall come into
the knowledg of men, and his woorthines bee sounded

¹ I. e. unknown, unwelcomed.

³ *Brocage*, procuring.

² *Making*, poetry.

in the tromp of Fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kiste, but also beloved of all, imbraced of the most, and wondred at of the best. No lesse, I thinke, deserveth his wittinesse in devising, his pithinesse in uttering, his complaints of love so lovely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastoral rudenes, his morall wisenesse, his dewe observing of decorum everye where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speach; and generally, in al seemely simplycitie of handeling his matters, and framing his words: the which, of many thinges which in him be straunge, I know will seeme the straungest, the wordes them selves being so auncient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole periode and compasse of speech so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so grave for the straungenesse. And firste of the wordes to speake, I graunt they bee something hard, and of most men unused, yet both English, and also used of most excellent authours and most famous poetes. In whom, when as this our poet hath bene much traveiled and thoroughly redd, how could it be, (as that worthy oratour sayde,) but that walking in the sonne, although for other cause he walked, yet needes he mought be sunburnt; and, having the sound of those auncient poetes still ringing in his eares, he mought needes, in singing, hit out some of theyr tunes. But whether he useth them by such casualtye and custome, or of set purpose and choyse, as thinking them fittest for such rustical rudenesse of shepheards, eyther for that theyr rough sounde would make his rymes more ragged and rustical; or els because such olde and obsolete wordes are most used of country folke, sure I think, and think I think not

amisse, that they bring great grace, and, as one would say, auctoritie to the verse. For albe, amongst many other faultes, it specially be objected of Valla against Livie, and of other against Saluste, that with overmuch studie they affect antiquitie, as coveting thereby credence and honor of elder yeeres, yet I am of opinion, and eke the best learned are of the lyke, that those auncient solemne wordes are a great ornament, both in the one and in the other: the one labouring to set forth in hys worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully discoursing matters of gravity and importaunce. For, if my memory faile not, Tullie, in that booke wherein he endevoureth to set forth the paterne of a perfect oratour, sayth that oftentimes an ancient worde maketh the style seeme grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwise then we honour and reverence gray heares, for a certein religious regard which we have of old age. Yet nether every where must old words be stuffed in, nor the commen dialecte and maner of speaking so corrupted therby, that, as in olde buildings, it seme disorderly and ruinous. But all as in most exquisite pictures they use to blaze and portraict not only the daintie lineaments of beautye, but also rounde about it to shadowe the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that, by the basenesse of such parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall — for oftentimes we fynde our selves, I knowe not how, singularly delighted with the shewe of such naturall rudenesse, and take great pleasure in that disorderly order — even so doe those rough and harsh termes enlumine, and make more clearly to appeare, the brightnessse of brave and glorious wordes. So, ofentimes a

dischorde in musick maketh a comely concordance: so, great delight tooke the worthy poete Alceus to behold a blemish in the joynt of a wel shaped body. But if any will rashly blame such his purpose in choyse of old and unwonted wordes, him may I more justly blame and condemne, or of witlesse headinesse in judging, or of heedelesse hardinesse in condemning; for, not marking the compasse of hys bent, he wil judge of the length of his cast: for in my opinion it is one speciall praise, of many whych are dew to this poete, that he hath laboured to restore, as to theyr rightfull heritage, such good and naturall English words as have ben long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited. Which is the only cause that our mother tonge, which truely of it self is both ful enough for prose and stately enough for verse, hath long time ben counted most bare and barren of both. Which default when as some endevoured to salve and recure, they patched up the holes with peces and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, every where of the Latine; not weighing how il those tongues accorde with themselves, but much worse with ours: so now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufrey or hodgepodge of al other speches. Other some, not so wel seene¹ in the English tonge as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an olde word, albeit very naturall and significant, crye out straightway that we speak no English, but gibbrish, or rather such as in olde time Evanders mother spake: whose first shame is, that they are not ashamed in their own mother

¹ Seene, skilled.

tonge straungers to bee counted and alienes. The second shame no lesse then the first, that what so they understand not, they streight way deeme to be senselesse, and not at al to be understode. Much like to the mole in *Æsopes* fable, that, being blynd herselfe, would in no wise be perswaded that any beast could see. The last, more shameful then both, that of their owne country and natural speach, which together with their nourses milke they sucked, they have so base regard & bastard judgement, that they will not onely themselves not labor to garnish and beautifie it, but also repine that of other it shold be embellished. Like to the dogge in the maunger, that him selfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullock that so faine would feede: whose curish kinde, though [it] cannot be kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke¹ that they refrain from byting.

Now, for the knitting of sentences, which they call the joynts and members therof, & for al the compasse of the speech, it is round without roughnesse, and learned without hardnes, such indeede as may be perceyved of the leaste, understoode of the most, but judged onely of the learned. For what in most English wryters useth to be loose, and as it were ungyrt,² in this authour is well grounded, finely framed, and strongly trussed up together. In regard whereof, I scorne and spue out the rake-hellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle, without reason rage and fome, as if some

¹ I. e. feel gratitude to them.

² I. e. slipshod.

instinct of poetically spirite had newly ravished them above the meannesse of common capacite. And being, in the midst of all their braverie, suddenly either for want of matter or rhyme, or having forgotten their former conceyt, they seeme to be so pained and travailed in their remembrance as it were a woman in childebirth, or as that same Pythia, when the traunce came upon her: "*Os rabidum fera corda domans,*" &c.

Nethelasse, let them a Gods name feede on their owne folly, so they seeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for Colin, under whose person the Authour selfe is shadowed, how furre he is from such vaunted titles and glorious shewes, both him selfe sheweth, where he sayth,

"Of Muses, Hobbin, I conne no skill,"
and

"Enough is me to paint out my unrest," &c.

And also appeareth by the basenesse of the name, wherein it seemeth he chose rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly, then, professing it, not suffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in æglogues then other wise to write, doubting perhaps his habilitie, which he little needed, or mynding to furnish our tongue with this kinde, wherein it faulteth; or following the example of the best and most auncient poetes, which devised this kinde of wryting, being both so base for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the first to trie their habilities, and, as young birdes that be newly crept out of the nest, by little first to prove their tender wyngs, before they make a greater flyght. So flew Theocritus, as you may perceive

he was allreadie full fledged. So flewe Virgile, as not yet well feeling his winges. So flew Mantuane, as not being full somd.¹ So Petrarque. So Boccace. So Marot, Sanazarus, and also diverse other excellent both Italian and French poetes, whose foting this author every where followeth: yet so as few, but they be wel sented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new poete, as a birde whose principals² be scarce growen out, but yet as that in time shall be hable to keepe wing with the best.

Nowe, as touching the generall dryft and purpose of his *Æglogues*, I mind not to say much, him selfe laboring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his unstayed yougth had long wandred in the common labyrinth of Love; in which time, to mitigate and allay the heate of his passion, or els to warne (as he sayth) the young shepheards, as his equalls and companions, of his unfortunate folly, he compiled these xij *Æglogues*, which, for that they be proportioned to the state of the xij monethes, he termeth the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an olde name³ to a new worke. Hereunto have I added a certaine glosse, or scholion,* for the exposition of olde wordes and harder phrases; which maner of glosing and commenting, well I wote, wil seeme straunge and rare in our tongue: yet, for somuch as I knewe many excellent

¹ *Somd*, summed (a term in falconry), having all the feathers complete.

² *Principals*, two longest feathers.

³ It was the name of a popular almanac.

* Here omitted, it being sometimes incorrect, often insufficient, and very often superfluous. C.

and proper devises, both in wordes and matter, would passe in the speedie course of reading, either as unknownen, or as not marked, and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines upon me, the rather for that by meanes of some familiar acquaintance I was made privie to his counsell and secret meaning in them, as also in sundrie other works of his: which albeit I know he nothing so much hateth as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his frendship, him selfe being for long time furre estraunged; hoping that this will the rather occasion him to put forth diverse other excellent works of his which slepe in silence, as his *Dreames*, his *Legendes*, his *Court of Cupide*, and sondry others, whose commendation to set out were verye vaine, the things, though worthie of many, yet beeing knownen to fewe. These my present paynes, if to any they be pleasurable or profitable, be you judge, mine owne good Maister Harvey, to whom I have, both in respect of your worthines generally, and otherwyse upon some particular and special considerations, voued this my labour, and the maydenhead of this our commen frends poetrie; himselfe having already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and worthy gentleman, the right worshipfull Ma. Phi. Sidney, a special favourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whose cause, I pray you, Sir, if envie shall stur up any wrongful accusasion, defend with your mightie rhetorick and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and shield with your good wil, as you ought, against the malice and

outrage of so many enemies as I know will bee set on fire with the sparkes of his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his most special good frend, and my selfe unto you both, as one making singuler account of two so very good and so choise friends, I bid you both most hartely farwel, and commit you and your commendable studies to the tuicion of the Greatest.

Your owne assuredly to be commaunded,

E. K.*

POST SCR.

Now I trust, M. Harvey, that upon sight of your speciall frends and fellow poets doings, or els for envie of so many unworthy quidams, which catch at the garlond which to you alone is dewe, you will be perswaded to plucke out of the hatefull darknesse those so many excellent English poemmes of yours which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Trust me, you doe both them great wrong, in depriving them of the desired sonne, and also your selfe, in smothering your deserved praises; and all men generally, in withholding from them so divine pleasures which they might conceive of your gallant English verses, as they have already done of your Latine poemmes, which, in my opinion, both for invention and elocution are very delicate and superexcellent. And thus againe I take my leave of my good Mayster Harvey. From my lodging at London, this 10 of Aprill, 1579.

* In all probability one Edward Kirke, who was of the same college as Spenser.

THE
GENERAL ARGUMENT
OF THE
WHOLE BOOKE.

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first originall of *Æglogues*, having alreadie touched the same. But, for the worde *Æglogues*, I know, is unknowen to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned, (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greekes, the inventours of them, called *Æglogai*, as it were *αἰγῶν*, or *αἰγονόμων λόγοι*, that is, Goteheards tales.* For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more shepheards then goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and well-spring, the whole invention of his *Æglogues*, maketh goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossnesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleieve that they

* A mistaken etymology; and derived from Petrarch. WAR-
TON.

are more rightly termed *Eclogai*; as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition, albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the ἀνάλυσις and interpretation of the worde. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede fewe goteheards have to doe herein, nethesle doubteth not to cal them by the used and best knowen name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij *Æglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monethes, may be well devided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixt, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those bee which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Morall, which for the most part be mixed with some satyricall bitternesse, — namely, the second, of reverence dewe to olde age; the fift, of coloured deceit; the seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours; the tenth, of contempt of poetrie and pleasant wits. And to this division may every thing herein bee reasonably applyed; a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these xij *Æglogues*. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which hee calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie: wherein to some hee may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth

which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel knowen, and stoutly mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March; for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the pleasure thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter, now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde astrologers and philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his Holydayes of Saturne; which accoumpt also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, wee mayntaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth January uppon a more speciall cause then the heathen philosophers ever coulde conceyve, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour and eternall Redeemer, the L. Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed worlde, and returning the compasse of expyred yeares to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the end of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also uppon good prooffe of special judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Cæsar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same, God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Jewes to count the moneth *Abib*, that which wee call March, for the first moneth, in remembrance that in that moneth he brought them out of

the land of Ægipt, yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of mightiest realmes. For from Julius Cæsar, who first observed the leape yeare, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called *ὑπερβαίνοντες*, of the Romans *intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the tearmes of the learned,) the monethes have beene numbred xij, which in the first ordinaunce of Romulus were but tenne, counting but ccciiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherin it seemeth that wise king minded, upon good reason, to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: notwithstanding that the Ægyptians beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture selfe, God made the worlde in that moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of

Pavilions in the ende of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of commen understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that shepheards should be seene¹ in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

¹ *Seene, Skilled.*

THE
SHEPHEARDES CALENDER.

JANUARIE.

ÆGLOGA PRIMA.

ARGUMENT.*

IN this first Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke. And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
When winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:

* Colin Clout is Spenser himself: see p. 266. The name is derived from a well-known poem of Skelton's. Rosalinde is the poet's first love. C.

So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde, 5
That now unnethes¹ their feete could them uphold.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepeheard's looke,
For pale and wanne he was, alas the while !
May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke ;
Well couth² hee tune his pipe and frame his stile : 10
Tho³ to a hill his faynting flocke hee ledde,
And thus him playnde, the while his shepe there
fedde :

" Yee Gods of love, that pitie lovers paine,
(If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine, 15
And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie.

And, Pan, thou shepheards god, that once didst love,
Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

" Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath
wasted,
Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight : 20
Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
Thy sommer prowde, with daffadillies dight⁴ ;
And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

" Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart, 25
My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold ;
Such stormy stoures⁵ do breede my balefull smart,

¹ *Unnethes*, hardly.

² *Couth*, could.

³ *Tho*, then.

⁴ *Dight*, adorned.

⁵ *Stoures*, commotions.

As if my yeare were wast and woxen¹ old ;
 And yet, alas ! but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas ! yt is already donne. 30

“ You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 In stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre ;
 I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
 Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine. 36

“ All so my lustfull² leafe is drye and sere,
 My timely buds with wayling all are wasted ;
 The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
 With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted ; 40
 And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
 As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

“ Thou, feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
 Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill government, 45
 Thy maysters mind is overcome with care :
 Thou weake, I wanne ; thou leane, I quite forlorne :
 With mourning pyne I ; you with pyning mourne.

“ A thousand sithes³ I curse that carefull hower
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see ; 50
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure⁴
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee :

¹ *Woxen*, grown.

² *Lustfull*, lusty.

³ *Sithes*, times.

⁴ *Stoure*, (agitated moment,) time.

Yet all for naught : such sight hath bred my bane :
 Ah, God ! that love should breede both joy and
 payne!

“ It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine, 55
 Albee my love hee seeke with dayly suit ;
 His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.
 Ah, foolish Hobbinol ! thy gyfts bene vayne ;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind againe. 60

“ I love thilke¹ lasse ; alas ! why doe I love ?
 And am forlorne ; alas ! why am I lorne ?
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.
 Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake, 65
 And laughs the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

“ Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
 My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should, 70
 Both pype and Muse shall sore the while aby² : —
 So broke his oaten pype, and down dyd lye.

By that, the welked³ Phœbus gan availe⁴
 His wearie waine ; and now the frosty Night

¹ *Thilke*, this same.

⁴ *Availe*, lower, sink.

² *Abye*, suffer.

³ *Welked*, having completed his revolution, dimmed.

Ver. 55, 56. — *Hobbinol*.] *Hobbinol* is our author's friend Gabriel Harvey.

Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile¹: 76
 Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
 Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case
 to weepe.

COLINS EMBLEME.

*Anchora speme.**

¹ *Overhaile*, draw over.

* *Anchora* (*āncora*) is undoubtedly a misprint for *ancōra*. This motto is meant to correspond with that of June, — “*Gid speme spenta.*” C.

FEBRUARIE.

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is rather morall and generall then bent to anie secrete or particular purpose. It speciallie conteyneth a discourse of olde age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde shepheard, who, for his crookednesse and unlustinesse, is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy¹ heardmans boye. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeare now drouping, and, as it were, drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeare, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the weather-beaten flesh, with stormes of fortune and hoare frosts of care. To which purpose the olde man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE, THENOT.

CUDDIE.

AH for pittie! will rancke winters rage
 These bitter blasts never ginne t' asswage?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryde²:
 My ragged rontes³ all shiver and shake,
 As doen high towers in an earthquake:

¹ *Unhappy*, ill-conditioned, saucy.

³ *Rontes*, young bullocks.

² *Gryde*, pierced.

They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles
Perke¹ as a peacock ; but nowe it avales.²

THE. Lewdly³ complainest thou, laesie ladde,
Of winters wracke for making thee sadde. 10

Must not the worlde wend in his commun course,
From good to badd, and from badde to worse,

From worse unto that is worst of all,

And then returne to his former fall ?⁴

Who will not suffer the stormy time, 15

Where will he live tyll the lusty prime ?⁵

Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,

Some in much joy, many in many teares,

Yet never complained of cold nor heate,

Of sommers flame, nor of winters threat, 20

Ne ever was to fortune foeman,

But gently tooke that ungently came :

And ever my flocke was my chiefe care ;

Winter or sommer they mought well fare.

CUD. No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare 25

Cherefully the winters wrathfull cheare ;

For age and winter accord full nie,

This chill, that cold ; this crooked, that wrye ;

And as the lowring wether lookes downe,

So semest thou like Good Fryday⁶ to frowne : 30

But my flowring youth is foe to frost,

My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THE. The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,

That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe :

So loytring live you little heardgroomes,⁷ 35

¹ *Perke*. pert, brisk.

² *Avaless*, sinks.

³ *Lewdly*, foolishly.

⁴ *Fall*, case, condition.

⁵ *Prime*, spring.

⁶ I. e. as a day of general mourning.

⁷ *Heardgroomes*, heardsmen.

Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes ;
 And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
 You deemen the spring is come attonce.
 Tho gynne you, fond flies ! the cold to scorne,
 And, crowing in pypes made of greene corne, 40
 You thinken to be lords of the yeare ;
 But eft,¹ when ye count you freed from feare,
 Comes the breme² winter with chamfred³ browes,
 Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
 Drerily shooting his stormy darte, 45
 Which cruddles⁴ the bloud and pricks the harte :
 Then is your carelesse corage accoied,⁵
 Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied :
 Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,⁶
 With weeping, and wayling, and misery. 50

CUD. Ah, foolish old man ! I scorne thy skill,
 That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil :
 I deeme thy braine emperished bee
 Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee ;
 Or sicker⁷ thy head veray tottie⁸ is, 55
 So on thy corbe⁹ shoulder it leanes amisse.
 Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp¹⁰ and topp,
 Als¹¹ my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp ;
 But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline : 60
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of love,
 And hery¹² with hymnes thy lasses glove ;

¹ *Eft*, soon after.

² *Breme*, sharp.

³ *Chamfred*, channelled.

⁴ *Cruddles*, curdles.

⁵ *Accoied*, subdued.

⁶ *Surquedrie*, pride.

⁷ *Sicker*, sure.

⁸ *Tottie*, unsteady.

⁹ *Corbe*, crooked.

¹⁰ *Lopp*, bough.

¹¹ *Als*, also.

¹² *Hery*, extol.

Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse ;
 But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
 I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,¹ 65
 Embost with buegle about the belt :
 Such an one shepeheardes woulde make full faine² ;
 Such an one would make thee younge againe.

THE. Thou art a fon,³ of thy love to boste ;
 All that is lent to love wyll be lost. 70

CUD. Seest howe brag⁴ yond bullocke beares,
 So smirke,⁵ so smoothe, his pricked eares ?
 His hornes bene as broade as rainebowe bent,
 His dewelap as lythe⁶ as lasse of Kent.
 See how he venteth⁷ into the wynd ; 75
 Weenest of love is not his mynd ?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,⁸
 So lustlesse⁹ bene they, so weake, so wan ;
 Clothed with cold, and hoarie wyth frost,
 Thy flockes father his corage hath lost. 80
 Thy ewes, that wont to have blowen bags,
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags¹⁰ ;
 The rather¹¹ lambes bene starved with cold,
 All for their maister is lustlesse and old.

THE. Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,¹² 85
 So vainely tadvaunce thy headlessehood¹³ ;
 For youngth¹⁴ is a bubble blowne up with breath,
 Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wilderness, whose ynne penaunce,

¹ *Gelt*, gilt.

² *Faine*, glad.

³ *Fon*, fool.

⁴ *Brag*, proudly.

⁵ *Smirke*, trim.

⁶ *Lythe*, soft.

⁷ *Venteth*, snuffeth.

⁸ *Can*, know.

⁹ *Lustlesse*, listless.

¹⁰ *Crags*, necks.

¹¹ *Rather*, earlier.

¹² I. e. good manners.

¹³ *Headlessehood*, heedlessness.

¹⁴ *Youngth*, youth.

And stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Greevaunce.
 But shall I tel thee a tale of truth, 91
 Which I cond¹ of Tityrus in my youth,
 Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CUD. To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent,
 Then to heare novells of his devise; 95
 They bene so well thewed,² and so wise,
 What ever that good old man bespake.

THE. Many meete tales of youth did he make,
 And some of love, and some of chevalrie;
 But none fitter then this to applie. 100
 Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged tree on the greene:
 A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
 With armes full strong and largely displayd,
 But of their leaves they were disarayde: 105
 The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,³
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
 Whilome had bene the king of the field,
 And mochell⁴ mast to the husband did yelde,
 And with his nuts larded many swine: 110
 But now the gray mosse marred his rine⁵;
 His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
 His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
 His honour decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,⁶ 115

¹ *Cond*, learned.

² *Well thewed*, full of moral wisdom.

³ *Pight*, fixed.

⁴ *Mochell*, much.

⁵ *Rine*, rind.

⁶ *Brere*, brier.

Ver. 90. — *And stoope-gallaunt Age, &c.*] The tamer of whose
 gay gallantries is Old Age, the guest or companion of Misery.
 WARTON.

Ver. 92. — *Tityrus.*] Chaucer.

Which prowdly thrust into thelement,
 And seemed to threat the firmament.
 It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
 And thereto aye wonned¹ to repayre
 The shepheardes daughters to gather flowres, 120
 To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
 And in his small bushes used to shrowde
 The sweete nightingale singing so lowde;
 Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
 That on a time hee cast him to scold 125
 And snebbe² the good Oake, for hee was old.

“Why standst there,” quoth he, “thou brutish
 blocke?”

Nor for fruit nor for shadowe serves thy stocke.
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spreadde,
 Dyed in lilly white and cremsin redde, 130
 With leaves engrained in lusty greene;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden queene?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks³ the beautie of my blossomes round:
 The mouldie mosse which thee accloieth⁴ 135
 My sinamon smell too much annoieth:
 Wherefore soone I rede⁵ thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove.”
 So spake this bold Brere with great disdaine:
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe, 140
 But yeelded, with shame and grief adawed,⁶
 That of a weede he was overawed.⁷

¹ *Wonned*, wanted.

² *Snebbe*, snub.

³ *Dirks*, darkens.

⁴ *Accloieth*, encumbereth.

⁵ *Rede*, advise.

⁶ *Adawed*, confounded.

⁷ Later eds. *overcrawed*.

Yt chaunced after upon a day
 The husbandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to survewe his grownd, 145
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd.
 Him when the spitefull Brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complayned, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife :

“ O my liege lord, the god of my life ! 150
 Pleaseth you ponder your suppliants plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint
 Which I your poore vassall dayly endure ;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole¹ to dye, 155
 Through felonous force of mine enemye.”

Greatly agast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the Goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted wordes tho gan this proude weede 160
 (As most usen ambitious folke)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

“ Ah, my soveraigne, lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand, 165
 To be the primrose² of all thy land ;
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
 And scarlot berries in sommer time ?
 Howe falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke, 170
 Whose naked armes stretch unto the fyre,
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire ;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,

¹ *Doole*, grief.

² I. e. (here) chief flower.

And robbing mee of the sweete sonnes sight?
 So beate his old boughes my tender side, 175
 That oft the bloude springeth from woundes wyde;
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honor of your coronall:
 And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
 Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight; 180
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where with my fresh flowretts bene defast.¹
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might, 185
 Nought aske I, but onely to holde my right;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greevance."

To this the Oake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth²; but his enemye 190
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,
 That the good man noulde³ stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate:
 His harmefull hatchet he hent⁴ in hand, 195
 (Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Ay little help to harme there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter⁵ his rage mought cooled bee; 200
 But to the roote bent his sturdie stroake,
 And made many woundes in the wast Oake.

¹ *Defast*, defaced.

² *Couth*, could.

³ *Noulde*, would not.

⁴ *Hent*, took.

⁵ *Enaunter*, lest that.

The axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;
 Semed the senselesse yron dyd feare, 205
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear:
 For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,¹
 And often halowed with holy-water dew. 215
 But sike² fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this misery;
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,³
 For fiercely the goodman at him did laye.
 The blocke oft groned under the blow, 215
 And sighed to see his neare overthrow:
 In fine,⁴ the steele had pierced his pitth,
 Tho downe to the earth hee fell forthwith.
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake:—
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none! 221

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce.
 But all this glee had no continuaunce:
 For eftsones winter gan to approche; 225
 The blustering Boreas did encroche,
 And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
 Now gan he repent his pride to late;
 For, naked left and disconsolate, 230
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,

¹ *Crewe*, holy-water pot.

² *Sike*, such.

³ *Decay*, ruin.

⁴ *In fine*, at last.

And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
 That nowe upright hee can stand no more ;
 And, being downe, is trodde in the durt 235
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was thend of this ambitious Brere,
 For scorning eld —

CUD. Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth :
 Here is a long tale, and little worth. 240
 So longe have I listened to thy speche,
 That graffed to the ground is my breche ;
 My hartblood is welnigh frorne,¹ I feele,
 And my galage² growne fast to my heele.
 But little ease of thy lewd³ tale I tasted : 245
 Hie the home, shepheard, the day is nigh wasted.

THENOTS EMBLEME.*

*Iddio, perchè è vecchio,
 Fa suoi al suo esempio.*

CUDDIES EMBLEME.†

*Niuno vecchio
 Spaventa Iddio.*

¹ *Frorne*, frozen.

³ *Lewd*, foolish.

² *Galage*, galoche, wooden shoe.

* God, because he is old,
 Makes his own like himself.

† No old man
 Fears God.

MARCH.

ÆGLOGA TERTIA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Ægiogue two shepheards boyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose¹ of love, and other pleasaunce which to spring-time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is to give certaine markes and tokens to know Cupide, the poets god of Love. But more particularlye, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned Love and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrow.

WILLYE, THOMALIN.

WILLYE.

THOMALIN, why sitten we soe,
 As weren overwent² with woe,
 Upon so fayre a morow?
 The joyous time now nigheth fast,
 That shall alegge³ this bitter blast,
 And slake the winters sorow.
 THO. Sicker,⁴ Willye, thou warnest well;
 For winters wrath beginnes to quell,⁵
 And pleasant spring appeareth:
 The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,

10

¹ *Purpose*, discourse.⁴ *Sicker*, surely.² I. e. as if we were overcome.⁵ *Quell*, abate.³ *Alegge*, allay.

The swallowe peepes out of her nest,
And clowdie welkin cleareth.

WIL. Seest not thilke¹ same hawthorne studde,²
How bragly³ it beginnes to budde,
And utter⁴ his tender head? 15

Flora nowe calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,
That newe is upryst⁵ from bedde.
Tho shall wee sporten in delight,
And learne with Lettice to wexe light, 20
That scornefully lookes askaunce;

Tho will wee little Love awake,
That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THO. Willye, I wene thou bee assot⁶; 25
For lustie Love still sleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WIL. How kenst thou that he is awoke?
Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,
Or made previe to the same? 30

THO. No; but happely I him spyde,
Where in a bush he did him hide,
With winges of purple and blewe;
And were not that my sheepe would stray,
The previe markes I would bewray, 35
Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

WIL. Thomalin, have no care forthy⁷;
My selfe will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine;
For als⁸ at home I have a syre, 40

¹ *Thilke*, this.

⁴ *Utter*, put forth.

⁷ *Forthy*, for that.

² *Studde*, stock.

⁵ *Upryst*, uprisen.

⁸ *Als*, also.

³ *Bragly*, proudly. ⁶ *Assot*, besotted.

A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,
That dewly adayes¹ counts mine.

THO. Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve,
And fall into some mischief: 45

For sithens² is but the third morowe
That I chaunst to fall a sleepe with sorowe,
And waked againe with grieve;

The while thilke same unhappye ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe, 50
Fell headlong into a dell,

And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her necke bene joynted attones!
She shoulde have neede no more spell.³

Th' elf was so wanton and so wood,⁴ 55
(But now I trowe can better good,⁵)

She mought ne gang on the greene.

WIL. Let be as may be that is past;
That is to come, let be forecast:

Now tell us what thou hast seene. 60

THO. It was upon a holiday,
When shepheardes groomes han⁶ leave to play,
I cast to goe a shooting;
Long wandring up and downe the land,
With bow and bolts⁷ in either hand, 65
For birds in bushes tooting,⁸

¹ l. e. every day.

² *Sithens*, since.

³ *Spell*, charm (to preserve her from accidents).

⁴ *Wood*, mad.

⁵ l. e. knows better manners.

⁶ *Han*, have.

⁷ *Bolts* arrows.

⁸ *Tooting*, searching.

Ver 61. — *It was upon a holiday.*] What follows is an imitation of an Idyl of Bion, Ἰξευτὰς ἔτι κῶρος, κ. τ. λ. WARTON.

At length within the yvie todde,¹
 (There shrouded was the little god,)
 I heard a busie bustling.
 I bent my bolt against the bush, 70
 Listening if any thing did rushe,
 But then heard no more rustling :
 Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
 Might see the moving of some quicke,²
 Whose shape appeared not ; 75
 But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
 My courage earnd³ it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shotte.
 With that sprang forth a naked swayne,⁴
 With spotted winges, like peacocks trayne, 80
 And laughing lope⁵ to a tree ;
 His gylden quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 Which lightly he bent at me.
 That seeing, I levelde againe, 85
 And shott at him with might and maine,
 As thicke as it had hayled.
 So long I shott that al was spent ;
 Tho pumie⁶ stones I hastily hent,
 And threw ; but nought availed : 90
 He was so wimble⁷ and so wight,⁸
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And oft the pumies latched.⁹
 Therewith affrayd, I ranne away ;

¹ *Todde*, thick bush.² *Some quicke*, some live thing.³ *Earnd*, yearned.⁴ *Swayne*, boy.⁵ *Lope*, leaped.⁶ *Pumie*, pumice.⁷ *Wimble*, nimble.⁸ *Wight*, active.⁹ *Latched*, caught.

But he, that earst seemd but to playe, 95
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heele.
 For then, I little smart did feele;
 But soone it sore encreased,
 And now it ranckleth more and more, 100
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.
 WIL. Thomalin, I pittie thy plignt;
 Perdie,¹ with Love thou diddest fight;
 I know him by a token: 105
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he wilbe wroken,²)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion crowes had set 110
 That in our peere-tree haunted:
 Tho sayd he was a winged lad,
 But bowe and shafts as then none had,
 Els had he sore be daunted.
 But see, the welkin thicks apace, 115
 And stouping Phœbus steepes his face:
 Yts time to haste us homeward.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

*To be wise, and eke to love,
 Is graunted scarce to gods above.*

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

*Of honye and of gaule in love there is store;
 The honye is much, but the gaule is more.*

¹ Perdie, par dieu.² Wroken, avenged.

APRIL.

ÆGLOGA QUARTA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein bee Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepheardes: the which Hobbinoll, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in love; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawen not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, aswell in pleasant pyping as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a song which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

THENOT, HOBBINOLL.

THENOT.

TELL me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greete¹?

What, hath some wolfe thy tender lambes ytorne?

Or is thy bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete?

Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne?

Or bene thine eyes attempred to the yeare, s

Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne?

Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teare

Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirstie payne.

¹ *Garres thee greete*, makes thee weep.

HOB. Nor thys, nor that, so muche doeth make me
mourne,

But for the ladde whome long I lov'd so deare 10
Now loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne :

He, plongd in paine, his tressed locks dooth teare :
Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear ;

Hys pleasaunt pipe, whych made us meriment,
He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear 15

His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THE. What is he for a ladde you so lament ?

Ys love such pinching payne to them that prove ?
And hath he skill to make¹ so excellent,

Yet hath so little skill to brydle love ? 20

HOB. Colin thou kenst, the southerne shepheardes
boye ;

Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte :
Whilome on him was all my care and joye,

Forcing² with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.
But now from me hys madding mynd is starte, 25

And woes the widdowes daughter of the glenne ;
So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart ;

So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.³

THE. But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,⁴

I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde⁵ some one, 30

The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,

And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOB. Contented I : then will I singe his laye

Of fayre Elisa, queene of shepheardes all,

Which once he made as by a spring he laye, 35

And tuned it unto the waters fall.

¹ *Make*, versify.

² *Forcing*, striving.

³ *Frenne*, stranger.

⁴ *Dight*, composed.

⁵ *Recorde*, rehearse, sing.

“ Ye daynty Nymphs that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watrie bowres, and hether looke,
At my request. 40
And eke you Virgins that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise
Which in her sexe doth all excell. 45

“ Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of virgins ; may shee flourish long
In princely plight !
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte, 50
Which Pan, the shepheards god, of her begot :
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

“ See, where she sits upon the grassie greene, 55
(O seemely sight !)
Yclad in scarlot, like a mayden queene,
And ermines white :
Upon her head a cremosin coronet,
With damaske roses and daffadillies set ; 60
Bayleaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete violet.

“ Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre ? 65

Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
 Can you well compare?
 The redde rose medled¹ with the white yfere,²
 In either cheeke depeincten lively chere :
 Her modest eye, 70
 Her majestie,
 Where have you seene the like, but there?

“ I saw Phœbus thrust out his golden hedde,
 Upon her to gaze ;
 But, when he sawe howe broade her beames did
 spreadde, 75
 It did him amaze.
 He blusht to see another sunne belowe,
 Ne durst againe his fyrye face out showe.
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare 80
 With hers, to have the overthrowe.

“ Shewe thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
 And be not abasht :
 When shee the beames of her beautie displayes,
 O how art thou dasht ! 85
 But I will not match her with Latonaes seede ;
 Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede :
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take heede. 90

¹ *Medled*, mingled.

² *Yfere*, together.

Ver. 68. — *The redde rose medled with the white.*] An allusion, remarks E. K., (but probably without any reason,) to the union of the houses of Lancaster and York in the person of Elizabeth. C.

"Pan may bee proude that ever hee begot
 Such a bellibone¹;
 And Syrinx reyoyse, that ever was her lot
 To beare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam, 95
 'To her will I offer a milkwhite lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck² and forswatt³ I am.

"I see Calliope speede her to the place, 100
 Where my goddesse shines,
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 With their violines.
 Bene they not bay-braunches which they doe beare,
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare? 105
 So sweetly they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to heare.

"Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
 To the instrument: 110
 They dauncen deffly,⁴ and singen soote,⁵
 In their meriment.
 Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
 Let that rowme to my Lady bee yeven.⁶
 She shalbe a Grace, 115
 To fyll the fourth place,
 And reigne with the rest in heaven.

¹ *Bellibone*, (*belle et bonne*) fair lass.

² *Forswonck*, overworked.

³ *Forswatt*, sweated to death.

⁴ *Deffly*, deftly, trimly.

⁵ *Soote*, sweet.

⁶ *Yeven*, given.

" And whither rennes¹ this bevie of ladies bright,
 Raunged in a rowe?
 They bene all Ladyes of the Lake behight,² 120
 That unto her goe.
 Chloris, that is the chieftest nymph of al,
 Of olive braunches beares a coronall :
 Olives bene for peace,
 When wars doe surcease : 125
 Such for a princesse bene principall.³

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
 Hye you there apace :
 Let none come there but that virgins bene,
 To adorne her grace : 130
 And when you come whereas shee is in place,
 See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace
 Binde your fillets faste,
 And gird in your waste,
 For more fineness, with a tawdrie lace. 135

" Bring hether the pincke and purple cullambine,
 With gelliflowres ;
 Bring coronations,⁴ and sops in wine,⁵
 Worne of paramoures⁶ :
 Strowe me the ground with daffadowndillies, 140
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lillies :

¹ *Rennes*, runs.

² *Behight*, called.

³ *Principall*, princely.

⁴ *Coronations*, carnations.

⁵ *Sops in wine*, pinks.

⁶ *Paramoures*, lovers.

Ver. 135. — *Tawdrie lace*.] Laces of a peculiar kind, such as were sold at the fair of St. Audrey (Etheldreda). C.

The pretie pawnce¹
 And the chevisaunce,²
 Shall match with the fayre flowre delice.

“Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art 145
 In royall aray;
 Any now ye daintie damsells may depart
 Echeone her way.
 I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe;
 Let Dame Elisa thanke you for her song: 150
 And if you come hether
 When damsines I gether,
 I will part them all you among.”

THE. And was thilk same song of Colins owne making?
 Ah, foolish boy! that is with love yblent³; 155
 Great pittie is hee be in such taking,
 For naught caren that⁴ bene so lewdly bent.
 HOB. Sicker⁵ I hold him for a greater fon,⁶
 That loves the thing he cannot purchase.⁷
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on, 160
 And twinckling starres the daylight hence chase.

THENOTS EMBLEME.

O quam te memorem, Virgo!

HOBBINOLLS EMBLEME.

O Dea certe!

¹ *Pawnce*, pansies.

² *Chevisaunce* (achievement, &c.) seems to be also the name of a flower.

³ *Yblent*, blinded.

⁴ l. e. those that.

⁵ *Sicker*, surely.

⁶ *Fon*, fool.

⁷ *Purchase*, obtain.

MAYE.

ÆGLOGA QUINTA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fift Æglogue, under the person of two shepheards, Piers and Palinode, be represented two formes of pastoures or ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique; whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning whether the life of the one must be like the other; with whom having shewed that it is daungerous to mainteine any felowship, or give too much credit to their colourable and feyned good will, he telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that, by such a counterpoynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE, PIERS.*

PALINODE.

Is not thilke¹ the mery moneth of May,
When love-lads masken in fresh aray?
How falles it then we no merrier bene,

¹ *Thilke*, this same.

* The Vision of Piers Ploughman, after having been forgotten for a hundred years, was printed by the Reformers in the reign of Edward the Sixth, and at once regained the extraordinary popularity it had enjoyed in the fourteenth century. The poem was still in high favor when the Shepheards Calender was published, and in the religious tracts of the time Piers is very often, as here, made the mouthpiece of violent invective against corruption in the Church. C.

Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
 Our bloncket liveryes¹ bene all to sadde 5
 For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
 With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the wods
 With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
 Youghthes folke now flocken in every where,
 To gather May-buskets² and smelling brere; 10
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the kirke-pillours eare³ day-light,
 With hawthorne buds, and sweete eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and sopps in wine.⁴
 Such merimake holy saints doth queme,⁵ 15
 But wee here sitten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS. For younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
 But wee tway bene men of elder witt.

PAL. Sicker, this morrowe,⁶ no lenger agoe,
 I sawe a shole of shepeheardes outgoe 20
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
 Before them yode⁷ a lusty tabrere,⁸
 That to the many⁹ a horne-pype playd,
 Whereto they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
 To see those folkes make such jouysaunce,¹⁰ 25
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce.
 Tho to the greene wood they speeden hem all,
 To fetchen home May with their musicall¹¹;
 And home they bringen in a royall throne,

¹ *Bloncket liveryes*, gray coats.

² *May-buskets*, May-bushes (of hawthorn).

³ *Eare*, ere.

⁴ *Sopps in wine*, pinks.

⁵ *Queme*, please.

⁶ *Morrowe*, morning.

⁷ *Yode*, went.

⁸ *Tabrere*, tabcrer.

⁹ *Many*, company.

¹⁰ *Jouysaunce*, merriment.

¹¹ *Musicall*, music.

Crowned as king; and his queene attone¹ 30
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fayre flocke of faeries, and a fresh bend²
 Of lovely nymphs. O that I were there,
 To helpen the ladyes their Maybush beare!
 Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke 35
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinck³?

PIERS. Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
 That their fondnesse⁴ inly⁵ I pitie:
 Those faytours⁶ little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheep runne at large, 40
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihede⁷ and wanton meryment.
 Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the devils stedde,
 That playen while their flockes be unfedde.
 Well it is seene theyr sheepe bene not their owne, 45
 That letten them runne at randon alone:
 But they bene hyred for little pay
 Of other, that caren as little as they
 What fallen⁸ the flocke, so they han⁹ the fleece,
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece. 50
 I muse what account both these will make,
 The one for the hire which he doth take,
 And thother for leaving his lords taske,
 When great Pan account of shepeherdes shall aske.

PAL. Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest somdele their delight. 56
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,

¹ *Attone*, at the same time.

² *Bend*, band.

³ *Swinck*, toil.

⁴ *Fondnesse*, folly.

⁵ *Inly*, entirely.

⁶ *Faytours*, do-noughts.

⁷ *Lustihede*, pleasure.

⁸ *Fallen*, befall.

⁹ *Han*, have.

All were it of my foe, then fonly ¹ pitied :
 And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me ; 60
 For pittied is mishap that nas ² remedie,
 But scorned bene deedes of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepheards other things tend,
 Then, sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure, 65
 The while they here liven, at ease and leasure ?
 For when they bene dead, their good is ygoe ³ :
 They sleepen in rest, well as other moe :
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behinde them is lost. 70
 Good is no good, but if it be spend ;
 God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS. Ah, Palinode, thou art a worldes child :
 Who touches pitch, mought needes be defilde :
 But shepheards (as Algrind used to say) 75
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.⁴
 With them it sits ⁵ to care for their heire,
 Enaunter ⁶ their heritage doe impaire :
 They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
 And to continue their wont countenaunce : 80
 But shepheard must walke another way,
 Sike ⁷ worldly sovenance ⁸ he must foresay.⁹

¹ *Fonly*, foolishly.

² *Nas*, has not.

³ *Ygoe*, gone.

⁴ *Men of the laye*, laymen.

⁵ *Sits*, becomes.

⁶ *Enaunter*, lest.

⁷ *Sike*, such.

⁸ *Sovenance*, remembrance.

⁹ *Foresay*, renounce.

The sonne of his loines why should he regard
 To leave enriched with that he hath spard?
 Should not thilke God that gave him that good 85
 Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood?
 For if he mislive in leudnes and lust,
 Little bootes all the wealth and the trust
 That his father left by inheritaunce;
 All will be soon wasted with misgovernaunce. 90
 But through this, and other their miscreaunce,¹
 They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,²
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
 The floddes whereof shall them overflowe.
 Sike mens follie I cannot compare 95
 Better then to the apes folish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause had she none,)
 That with her hard hold, and straight³ embracing,
 Shee stoppeth the breath of her youngling. 100
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath been beforne,)
 When shepeheardes had none inheritaunce, 105
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 Were it more or lesse, which they did keepe.
 Well ywis⁴ was it with shepheardes thoe⁵:
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe: 110
 For Pan himselve was their inheritaunce,

¹ *Miscreaunce*, misbelief, bad living.

² *Chevisaunce*, bargain.

³ *Straight*, close.

⁴ *Ywis*, truly.

⁵ *Thoe*, then.

And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
 The shephear[d]s God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided ;
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay, 115
 And their flockes fleeces them to araye.
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 (That nource of vice, this of insolencie,)
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeysaunce, 120
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke a loft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge ¹ soft : 125
 Tho, under colour of shepeheard, sometime
 There crept in wolves, ful of fraud and guile,
 That often devoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did hem ² keepe.
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorow, 130
 That now nill ³ be quitt with baile nor borrowe.⁴

PAL. Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbear is outragious :
 Wemen, that of loves longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must : 135
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage :
 And who can counsell a thirstie soule,
 With patience to forbear the offred bowle ?
 But of all burdens that a man can beare, 140
 Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.

¹ *Ligge*, lie.³ *Nill*, will not.² *Hem*, them.⁴ *Borrowe*, pledge.

I wene the geaunt has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.
 Thou findest faulte where nys¹ to be found,
 And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground : 145
 Thou raylest on right withouten reason,
 And blamest hem much for small encheason.²
 How shoulde shepheardes live, if not so ?
 What³ should they pynen in payne and woe ?
 Nay, saye I thereto, by my deare borrowe,⁴ 150
 If I may rest, I nil live in sorrowe.

Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
 For he will come, without calling, anone.
 While times enduren of tranquillitie,
 Usen we freely our felicitie ; 155
 For when approchen the stormie stowres,⁵
 We mought with our shoulders beare off the sharpe
 showres.

And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
 That shepheardes so witen⁶ ech others life,
 And layen her⁷ faults the worlds beforne, 160
 The while their foes done eache of hem⁸ scorne.
 Let none mislike of that may not be mended ;
 So conteck⁹ soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS. Shepheard, I list no accordaunce make
 With shepheard that does the right way forsake ; 165
 And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
 Had lever¹⁰ my foe then my freend he be.

¹ *Nys*, is not.² *Encheason*, occasion.³ *What*, why.⁴ *Borrowe*, surety, redeemer.⁵ *Stowres*, troubles, storms.⁶ *Witen*, blame.⁷ *Her*, their.⁸ *Hem*, them.⁹ *Conteck*, contest.¹⁰ *Lever*, rather.

For what concord han light and darke sam?¹
 Or what peace has the lion with the lambe?
 Such faitors,² when their false hearts bene hidde, 170
 Will doe as did the foxe by the kidde.

PAL. Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying;
 For the ladde can keepe both our flockes from straying.

PEIRS. Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
 Was too very foolish and unwise; 175

For on a tyme in sommer season,
 The Gate³ her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what she thought good.

But, for she had a motherly care 180

Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,

She set her youngling before her knee,

That was both fresh, and lovely to see,

And full of favour as kidde mought be.

His vellet⁴ head began to shoote out 185

And his wreathed horns gan newly sprout;

The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,

And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.

"My sonne," quoth she, (and with that gan weepe,

For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe,) 190

"God blesse thee, poore orphane, as he mought me,

And send thee joy of thy jollitee.

Thy father," (that worde she spake with payne,

For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine,) 195

"Thy father, had he lived this day,

To see the braunche of his body displaie,

How would he have joyed at this sweete sight!

¹ *Sam*, together.

² *Faitors*, evil-doers.

³ *Gate*, Goat.

⁴ *Vellet*, velvet

But ah ! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
 And cut of hys dayes with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of his foe 200
 Now I, a wayfull widdowe behight,¹
 Of my olde age have this one delight,
 To see thee succede in thy fathers steade,
 And flourish in flowres of lustyhead ;
 For even so thy father his head upheld, 205
 And so his hauty hornes did he weld.”²

Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
 And interrupted all her other speache
 With some old sorowe that made a newe breache : 210
 Seemed she sawe in her younglings face
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
 At last her solein silence she broke,
 And gan his newe budded beard to stroke.
 “ Kiddie,” quoth shee, “ thou kenst the great care 215
 I have of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wyld beastes liggen³ in waite
 For to entrap in thy tender state :
 But most the Foxe, maister of collusion,
 For he has voued thy last confusion.⁴ 220
 Forthy,⁵ my Kiddie, be rulde by mee,
 And never give trust to his trecheree ;
 And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,
 Sperre the yate⁶ fast, for fear of fraude ;
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best, 225
 Open the dore at his request.”

¹ *Behight*, called.

² *Weld*, wield, bear.

³ *Liggen*, lie.

⁴ *Confusion*, destruction.

⁵ *Forthy*, therefore.

⁶ I. e. bar the gate.

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
 That answer'd his mother, all should be done.
 Tho went the pensife damme out of dore,
 And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore : 230
 Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
 (For such as signes of ill luck bene dispraised,)
 Yet forth shee yode, thereat half aghast,
 And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
 It was not long after shee was gone, 235
 But the false Foxe came to the dore anone :
 Not as a foxe, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
 Bearing a trusse of tryfles at his backe,
 As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe. 240
 A biggen¹ he had got about his brayne,
 For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne ;
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
 There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack, 245
 And layd him downe, and groned, "Alack ! alack !
 Ah, deare Lord ! and sweete Saint Charitee !
 That some good body woulde once pitie mee !"

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
 And lengd² to know the cause of his complaint ; 250
 Tho, creeping close behinde the wickets clink,³
 Privelie he peeped out through a chinck,
 Yet not so privilie but the Foxe him spyed ;
 For deceitfull meaning is double-eyed.

"Ah, good young maister !" then gan he crye, 255

¹ *Biggen*, close cap.

³ *Clink*, fastening.

² *Lengd*, longed.

“Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds¹
That in my carrion carcas abounds.”

The Kidd, pittying hys heavinesse,
Asked the cause of his distresse, 260
And also who and whence that he were.

Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,²
Thus medled³ his talke with many a teare :
“Sicke, sicke, alas ! and little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beastlyhead. 265
I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,⁴
For with long traveile I am brent in the sonne ;
And if that my grandsire me sayd be true,
Sicker,⁵ I am very sybbe⁶ to you ;
So be your goodlihead do not disdayne 270
The base kinred of so simple swaine.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray
With your ayd to forestall my neere decay.”

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke, 275
He was so enamored with the newell,⁷
That nought he deemed deare for the jewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The false Foxe, as he were starke lame :
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legs twayne, 280
Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the love of the glasse he did see.

¹ *Carefull stounds*, moments, fits of pain.

² I. e. studied his lesson.

³ *Medled*, mingled.

⁴ I. e. although my color be dun.

⁵ *Sicker*, surely.

⁶ *Sybbe*, akin.

⁷ *Newell*, novelty.

After his chere, the pedler can¹ chat,
 And tell many lesinges of this and that, 286
 And how he could shewe many a fine knack²:
 Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
 All save a bell, which he left behind
 In the basket for the Kidde to fynd;
 Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch, 290
 He popt him in, and his basket did latch;
 Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
 But ranne awaye with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull damme had her hyde,
 She mought see the dore stand open wyde. 295
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call
 Her Kidde; but he nould³ aunswere at all:
 Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
 Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise.
 What help? her Kidde she knewe well was gone: 300
 She weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
 Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
 Of craft coloured with simplicitie;
 And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne
 That of such falsers⁴ freendship bene fayne.⁵ 306

PAL. Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
 Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
 Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
 For our Sir John⁶ to say to-morowe
 At the kerke, when it is holliday; 310
 For well he meanes, but little can say.

¹ *Can*, gan.

² *Knack*, knick-knack.

³ *Nould*, would not.

⁶ *Sir John*, a contemptuous name for a priest.

⁴ *Falsers*, deceivers.

⁵ *Fayne*, glad, desirous.

But and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS. Of their falshode more could I recount,
But now the bright sunne gynneth to dismount; 315
And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
I hold it best for us home to hye.

PALINODES EMBLEME.

Πᾶς μὲν ἄπιστος ἀπιστεῖ.¹

PIERS HIS EMBLEME.

Τίς δ' ἄρα πίστις ἀπίστῳ; ²

¹ The trustless are always mistrustful.

² But how can you trust the trustless?

Note to v. 69. — *Tho with them* doth imitate the epitaphe of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, whych he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke: which verses be thus translated by Tullie:

Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ.*

Much like the Epitaph of a good old Erle of Devonshire, which, though [it] much more wisdom bewraie then Sardanapalus, yet hath a smacke of his sensuall delights and beastlinesse. The rimes be these:

Ho, ho! who lies here?
I the good Earle of Devonshire,
And Maulde my wife that was ful deare.
We lived togethir lv. yeare.
That we spent, we had:
That we gave, we have:
That we lefte, we lost. — *E. K.'s Glosse.*

* Translated in Spenser's letter to Harvey, Vol. V. p. 389.

JUNE.

ÆGLOGA SEXTA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, hee lamenteth to his deare friend Hobbinoll, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.

HOBBINOLL, COLIN CLOUT.

HOBBINOLL.

Lo! Collin, here the place whose plesaunt syte
 From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde:
 Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte?
 The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
 So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde;
 The grassye ground with daintye daysies dight,
 The bramble bush, where byrds of every kynde
 To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COL. O happy Hobbinoll, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast founde whych Adam lost:
 Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,

Arg. — The person designated as Menalcas is now all but demonstrated to be John Florio, whose ridiculous *sobriquet* of "The Resolute" is very well thus translated (*μένος, ἀλκή*). See the Memoir prefixed to Vol. I. C.

Withouten dreade of wolves to bene ytost;
 Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste:
 But I, unhappy man! whom cruell Fate
 And angry gods pursue from coste to coste, 15
 Can no where fynd to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOB. Then if by me thou list advised be,
 Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch;
 Leave me those hilles¹ where harbrough nis² to see,
 Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche³; 20
 And to the dales⁴ resort, where shepheards ritch,
 And fruitfull flocks, bene every where to see.
 Here no night-ravens lodge, more black then pitche,
 Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee;

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces, 25
 And lightfote Nymphes, can chace the lingring night
 With heydeguyes⁵ and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst Systers Nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
 Doe make them musick for their more delight;
 And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces, 30
 Will pype and daunce, when Phœbe shineth bright:
 Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

COL. And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse
 yeeres
 Did let mee walke withouten lincks of love,

¹ I. e. the North Country. E. K.

² I. e. where there is no shelter.

³ *Witche*, the witchen, or low willow.

⁴ I. e. Kent. E. K.

⁵ *Heydeguyes*, a kind of rural dance.

In such delights did joy amongst my peeres ; 35
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove ;
 My fancye eke from former follies move
 To stayed steps ; for time in passing weares,
 As garments doen which wexen olde above,¹
 And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares. 40

Tho couth² I sing of love, and tune my pype
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made ;
 Tho would I seeke for queene-apples unrype,
 To give my Rosalind, and in sommer shade
 Dight gaudy girlonds was my comen trade, 45
 To crowne her golden locks ; but yeeres more rype,
 And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
 Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

HOB. Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
 Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe, 50
 I more delight then larke in sommer dayes,
 Whose echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring³
 Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
 Frame to thy songe their cheerefull cheriping, 55
 Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy sweete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
 Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
 Theyr yvory luyts and tamburins forgoe,
 And from the fountaine, where they sat around, 60
 Renne⁴ after hastely thy silver sound ;

¹ *Above*, exceedingly.² *Couth*, could.³ I. e. the young growth.⁴ *Renne*, run.

But when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound,
Shepherd to see them in theyr arte outgoe.

COL. Of Muses, Hobbinoll, I conne no skill,¹ 65
For they bene daughters of the highest Jove,
And holden scorne of homely shepherds quill;
For sith I heard that Pan with Phœbus strove,
Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,
I never list presume to Parnasse hyll, 70
But, pyping low in shade of lowly grove,
I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepherd sittes not² followe flying Fame, 75
But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.
I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
The fyttter they my carefull³ case to frame;
Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
And poore⁴ my piteous plaints out in the same. 80

The god of shepherds, Tityrus,⁵ is dead,
Who taught mee, homely as I can, to make:⁶
Hee, whilst hee lived, was the soveraigne head
Of shepherds all that bene with love ytake:
Well couth hee waile his woes, and lightly slake 85
The flames which love within his heart had bredd,

¹ I. e. have no knowledge.

² *Sittes not*, is not becoming.

³ *Carefull*, sorrowful.

⁴ I. e. pour.

⁵ I. e. Chaucer. E. K.

⁶ *Make*, versify.

And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead hee is, and lyeth wrapt in lead, 89
(O why should Death on hym such outrage showe!)
And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
But if on me some little drops would flowe
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe, 95
And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causde of discourtesee,
As messengers of this my painfull plight,
Flye to my Love, where ever that she bee,
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,¹
As shee deserves, that wrought so deadly spight. 101
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree
Didst underfong² my lasse to wexe so light,
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee.

But since I am not as I wishe I were, 105
Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks doe feede,
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede;
And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
And faultlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse fere,³ 110
That she the truest shepheards heart made bleede
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

¹ *Worthy wight*, (wite,) deserved blame.

² *Fere*, mate.

³ *Underfong*, seduce.

HOB. O carefull Colin ! I lament thy case ;
 Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe :
 Ah, faithless Rosalind, and voyde of grace, 116
 That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe !
 But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe :
 Then ryse, ye blessed flocks, and home apace,
 Least night with stealing steppes do you forsloe,¹
 And wett your tender lambes that by you trace. 120

COLINS EMBLEME.*

Già speme spenta !

¹ *Forsloe*, delay.

* Colin's motto at the end of the first eclogue expressed that he was not without hope of succeeding in his love for Rosalind. His emblem here (*spem' è spenta*) means that there is no longer any room for hope. H.

IULY.

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepeheardes, and to the shame and dispraise of proude and ambitious pastours: such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN, MORRELL.

THOMALIN.

Is not thilke¹ same a goteheard prowde,
That sittes on yonder bancke,
Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
Emong the bushes rancke?

MOR. What ho, thou jollye shepheards swayne, a
Come up the hill to me;
Better is then the lowly playne,
Als² for thy flocke and thee.

¹ *Thilke*, that.

² *Als*, also.

Arg. — *Such as Morrell, &c.*] Elmer, or Aylmer, Bishop of London, is supposed to be the person here described under the anagrammatic name of Morrell. TODD.

Ver. 1. — *A goteheard.*] By gotes in Scripture be represented the wicked and the reprobate, whose pastour also must needes be such. E. K.

Ver. 6. — *Come up the hill.*] Elmer, it may be observed, was the leading prelate of the High-Church party, as Grindal was of the Low-Church. C.

THOM. Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
 And learne to looke alofte ; 10
 This reede is ryfe,¹ that oftentime
 Great clymbers fall unsoft.
 In humble dales is footing fast,²
 The trode³ is not so tickle ;⁴
 And though one fall through heedlesse hast, 15
 Yet is his misse not mickle.
 And now the sonne hath reared up
 His fierie-footed teme,
 Making his way between the Cuppe
 And golden Diademe ; 20
 The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
 With dogge of noysome breath,
 Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
 Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
 Agaynst his cruell scortching heate, 25
 Where hast thou coverture ?
 The wastefull hylls unto his threate
 Is a playne overture⁵.
 But, if thee lust⁶ to holden chat
 With seely⁷ shepherds swayne, 30
 Come downe, and learne the little what⁸
 That Thomalin can sayne.
 MOR. Syker,⁹ thous but a laesie loord,¹⁰
 And rekes¹¹ much of thy swinck,¹²

¹ I. e. this saying is common.² *Fast*, firm.³ *Trode*, tread, path.⁴ *Tickle*, uncertain.⁵ *Overture*, opening, exposure.⁶ *Lust* list.⁷ *Seely*, simple.⁸ *What*, something, matter.⁹ *Syker*, surely.¹⁰ *Loord*, clown.¹¹ *Rekes*, cares, thinks.¹² *Swinck*, toil.

That with fond termes, and weetlesse words, 35

To blere mine eyes doest thinke.

In evill houre thou hentest¹ in hond

Thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred unto saints they stond,

And of them han² their name. 40

St. Michels Mount who does not know,

That wardes the westerne coste?

And of St. Brigets Bowre I trow

All Kent can rightly boaste:

And they that con of Muses skill³ 45

Sayne most-what,⁴ that they dwell,

(As gote-heards wont,) upon a hill,

Beside a learned well.

And wonned⁵ not the great god Pan

Upon Mount Olivet, 50

Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,

Which did himselfe beget?

THOM. O blessed sheepe! O shepheard great!

That bought his flocke so deare,

And them did save with bloudy sweat 55

From wolves that would them teare.

MOR. Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,

There is a hyllye place,

Where Titan ryseth from the mayne

To renne⁶ his dayly race, 60

Hentest, takest.

⁴ *Most-what*, for the most part.

² *Han*, have.

⁵ *Wonned*, dwelt.

³ *Con skill*, have knowledge.

⁶ *Renne* run.

Ver. 41. — *St. Michels Mount.*] A promontory and rock in Cornwall.

Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
 And all the skie doth leane;
 There is the cave where Phœbe layed
 The shepheard¹ long to dreame.
 Whilome there used shepheards all 65
 To feede theyr flockes at will,
 Till by his folly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.²
 And sithens³ shepheardes bene foresayd⁴
 From places of delight; 70
 Forthy⁵ I weene thou be affrayd
 To clime this hillës height.
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,
 And of our Ladyes Bowre⁶;
 But little needes to strow⁷ my store, 75
 Suffice this hill of our.
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes haunten rathe⁸;
 Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe; 80
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 Adowne the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Themis
 His brackish waves be meynt.⁹
 Here growes melampode¹⁰ every where, 85
 And teribinth, good for gotes;
 The one my madding kiddes to smere,
 The next to heale their throtes.

¹ I. e. Endymion.² *Spill*, spoil, ruin.³ *Sithens*, since that time.⁴ *Foresayd*, interdicted.⁵ *Forthy*, therefore.⁶ I. e. the Holy House of Loretto.⁷ I. e. display.⁸ *Rathe*, early.⁹ *Meynt*, mingled.¹⁰ *Melampode*, black hellebore.

Hereto, the hills bene nigher heven,
 And thence the passage ethe¹: 90
 As well can proove the piercing levin,²
 That seldome falles bynethe.
 THOM. Syker, thou speakes like a lewd lorrell,³
 Of heaven to demen so;
 How be I am but rude and borrell,⁴ 95
 Yet nearer wayes I knowe.
 To kerke the narre,⁵ from God more farre,
 Has bene an old-sayd sawe,
 And he that strives to touche a starre
 Oft stombles at a strawe. 100
 Alsoone⁶ may shepheard clymbe to skye
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As goteherd prowde, that, sitting hye,
 Upon the mountaine sayles.
 My seely sheepe like well belowe, 105
 They neede not melampode;
 For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 And liken their abode:
 But, if they with thy gotes should yede,⁷
 They soone myght be corrupted, 110
 Or like not of the frowie⁸ fede,
 Or with the weedes be glutted.
 The hylls where dwelled holy saints
 I reverence and adore,
 Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts 115
 Which han be dead of yore.

¹ *Ethe*, easy.² *Levin*, lightning.³ *Lewd lorrell*, ignorant and worthless fellow.⁴ *Borrell*, rustic.⁵ I. e. the nearer the church.⁶ *Alsoone*, as soon.⁷ *Yede*, go.⁸ *Frowie*, stale, musty.

And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,¹
 Their good is with them goe;
 Their sample² onely to us lent,
 That als we mought doe soe. 120
 Shepherds they weren of the best,
 And lived in lowlye leas;
 And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
 Why done we them disease³?
 Such one he was (as I have heard 125
 Old Algrind often sayne)
 That whilome was the first shepherd,
 And lived with little gayne:
 And meeke he was as meeke mought be,
 Simple as simple sheepe; 130
 Humble, and like in eche degree
 The flocke which he did keepe.
 Often he used of hys keepe⁴
 A sacrifice to bring,
 Now with a kidde, now with a sheepe, 135
 The altars hallowing.
 So lowted⁵ he unto hys Lord,
 Such favour couth⁶ he fynd,
 That sithens never was abhord
 The simple shepherds kynd. 140
 And such, I weene, the brethren were
 That came from Canaän,
 The brethren twelve, that kept yfere⁷
 The flockes of mighty Pan.

¹ *Forewent*, gone before.² *Sample*, example.³ *Disease*, uneasiness.⁴ *Keepe*, charge.⁵ *Lowted*, bowed, worshipped⁶ *Couth*, could.⁷ *Yfere*, together.

But nothing such thilke¹ shepheard was 145
 Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
 That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
 Whose love he bought to deare.
 For he was proude, that ill was payd,
 (No such mought shepheards be,) 150
 And with lewde lust was overlayd²;
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 Well-eyed as Argus was,
 With fleshly follyes undefyled, 155
 And stoute as steede of brasse.
 Sike³ one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe his Makers face,
 His face, more cleare then christall glasse,
 And spake to him in place. 160
 This had a brother, (his name I knewe,)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.⁴
 Whilome all these were lowe and lief,⁵ 165
 And loved theyr flocks to feede;
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was theyr weede⁶:

¹ *Thilke*, that same.² *Overlayd*, overcome.³ *Sike*, such.⁴ *Hote*, mentioned.⁵ *Lief*, amiable.⁶ *Weede*, dress.

Ver. 163. — *Not so true.*] "For Aaron, in the absence of Moses, started aside, and committed idolatry." — E. K.

But now (thanked be God therefore!)
 The world is well amend, 170
 Their weedes bene not so nighly wore;
 Such simplesse mought them shend²!
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath theyr God them blist;
 They reigne and rulen over all, 175
 And lord it as they list;
 Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
 (Mought they good sheepeheardes bene?)
 Theyr Pan³ theyr sheepe to them has sold;
 I saye as some have seene. 180
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode⁴ late on pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome,) and then
 He sawe thilke misusage:
 For sheepeheardes, sayd he, there doen leade, 185
 As lordes done other where;
 Their sheepe han crustes, and they the bread;
 The chippes,⁵ and they the chere.
 They han the fleece, and eke the flesh;
 (O seely sheepe the while!) 190
 The corne is theyrs, let others thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.⁶
 They han great store and thriftye stockes,
 Great freendes and feeble foes;
 What neede hem⁷ caren for their flocks? 195
 Theyr boyes can looke to those.

¹ *Nighly*, close to the body.

² *Shend*, disgrace.

³ I. e. the Pope.

⁴ *Yode*, went.

⁵ *Chippes*, fragments.

⁶ *File*, defile.

⁷ *Hem*, them.

These wisards¹ weltre in welths waves,
 Pampred in pleasures deepe ;
 They han fatte kernes,² and leany knaves,³
 Their fasting flockes to keepe. 200

Sike mister men⁴ bene all misgone,
 They heapen hylles of wrath ;
 Sike syrlye⁵ shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path.

MOR. Here is a great deale of good matter 205
 Lost for lacke of telling ;

Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter ;
 Harme may come of melling.⁶
 Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
 To wyten⁷ shepheards welth ; 210

When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 It is a signe of helth.

But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt⁸ ?

THOM. Hee is a shepheard great in gree,⁹ 215
 But hath bene long ypent.

One daye hee sat upon a hyll,
 As now thou wouldest me :

But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree. 220

For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An eagle soled hye,

¹ *Wisards*, wise ones.

² *Kernes*, farmers.

³ *Knaves*, servants.

⁴ I. e. such kind of men.

⁵ *Syrlye*, haughty.

⁶ *Melling*, meddling.

⁷ *Wyten*, blame.

⁸ *Bynempt*, named.

⁹ *Gree*, degree.

That, weening his whyte head was chalke,
A shell-fish downe let flye.

Shee weend the shell-fish to have broake, 225
But therewith bruzd his brayne;
So now, astonied¹ with the stroke,
He lyes in lingring payne.

MOR. Ah, good Algrind! his hap was ill,
But shall be better in time. 230

Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll
Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

THOMALINS EMBLEME.

In medio virtus.

MORRELLS EMBLEME.

In summo fælicitas.

¹ *Astonied*, stunned.

Ver. 228. — *He lyes in lingring payne.*] Grindal, for neglecting to take severe measures against the Puritans, and for protesting against the Queen's interference in his archiepiscopal functions, was, in 1578, confined to his house by an order from the Star Chamber, and sequestered from the performance of his official duties. C.

AUGUST.

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA.

ARGUMENT.

Is this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh Æglogue. They chose for umpere of their strife, Cuddie, a neatheards boye; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin, he sayth, was authour.

WILLIE, PERIGOT, CUDDIE.

WILLIE.

TELL me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
 Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche?
 Or bene thy bagpipes renne¹ farre out of frame?
 Or hath the crampe thy joynts benomd with ache?
PER. Ah! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,² 5
 How can bagpipe or joynts be well apayd³?
WIL. What the foule evill hath thee so bestadde⁴
 Whilom thou was peregall⁵ to the best,
 And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladde
 With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest. 10

¹ *Renne*, run.⁴ I. e. reduced you to this condition.² *Assayde*, affected.⁵ *Peregall*, equal.³ *Well apayd*, in good condition.

PER. Ah! Willye, now I have learnd a newe daunce,
My old musick mard by a new mischaunce.

WIL. Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft¹ us of our meriment!
But reede² me what payne doth thee so apall; 15
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglinges mis-
went³?

PER. Love hath misled both my younglings and
mee;

I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WIL. Perdie and wellawaye! ill may they thrive!
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight: 20
But and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

PER. That shall I doe, though mochell⁴ worse I
fared:

Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

WIL. Then loe, Perigot, the pledge which I plight;
A mazer⁵ ywrought of the maple warre,⁶ 26

Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of beres and tygres, that maken fiers warre;
And over them spread a goodly wilde vine,
Entrailed with a wanton yvye twine. 30

Thereby is a lambe in the wolvës jawes;
But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes;
And here with his sheepehooke hath him slayne.
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene? 35
Well mought it beseme any harvest queene.

¹ *Raft*, bereft.

² *Reede*, tell.

³ *Miswent*, gone astray.

⁴ *Mochell*, much.

⁵ *Mazer*, bowl.

⁶ *Warre*, ware.

PER. Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted lambe ;
 Of all my flocke there nis sike¹ another,
 For I brought him up without the dambe ;
 But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother, 40
 That he purchast of me in the playne field ;
 Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WIL. Sicker,² make like account of his brother ;
 But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost ?

PER. That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
 Which over the pousse³ hetherward doth post. 46

WIL. But, for the sunnbeame so sore doth us beate,
 Were not better to shunne the scortching heate ?

PER. Well agreed, Willie ; then sitte thee downe,
 swayne ;

Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. 50

CUD. Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepheards twayne ;
 Sike a iudge as Cuddie were for a king.

PER. It fell upon a holly eve,

WIL. Hey ho, hollidaye !

PER. When holly fathers wont to shrieve, 55

WIL. Now gynneth this roundelay.

PER. Sitting upon a hill so hye,

WIL. Hey ho, the high hyll !

PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby,

¹ *Nis sike*, is not such.

³ *Pousse*, pease.

² *Sicker*, surely.

Ver. 53. — *It fell upon a holly eve.*] Nothing can be prettier in its way than this little song. It has that true lyrical quality which forces us to chant the words to a melody suggested by themselves. C.

- WIL. The while the shepheard selfe did spill¹; 60
 PER. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
 WIL. Hey ho, bonibell!
 PER. Tripping over the dale alone;
 WIL. She can trippe it very well.
 PER. Well decked in a frocke of gray, 65
 WIL. Hey ho, gray is greete²!
 PER. And in a kirtle of greene saye,³
 WIL. The greene is for maydens meete.
 PER. A chapelet on her head she wore,
 WIL. Hey ho, chapelet! 70
 PER. Of sweete violets therein was store,
 WIL. She sweeter then the violet.
 PER. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted food,
 WIL. Hey ho, seely sheepe!
 PER. And gazd on her as they were wood,⁴ 75
 WIL. Woode as he that did them keepe.
 PER. As the bonilasse passed bye,
 WIL. Hey ho, bonilasse!
 PER. She rovde⁵ at mee with glauncing eyec,
 WIL. As cleare as the christall glasse: 80
 PER. All as the sunny beame so bright,
 WIL. Hey ho, the sunnebeame!
 PER. Glaunceth from Phœbus face forthright,
 WIL. So love into thy hart did streame:
 PER. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes, 85
 WIL. Hey ho, the thonder!
 PER. Wherein the lightsome levin⁶ shroudes,
 WIL. So cleaves thy soule a sonder:

¹ *Spill*, perish.² *Greete*, mourning.³ *Saye*, silk.⁴ *Wood*, mad.⁵ *Rovde*, shot.⁶ *Levin*, lightning.

- PER. Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
 WIL. Hey ho, the moonelight! 90
 PER. Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
 WIL. Such play is a pitteous plight.
 PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
 WIL. Hey ho, the glyder!
 PER. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,¹ 95
 WIL. Such woundes soone wexen wider.
 PER. Hasting to raunch² the arrow out,
 WIL. Hey ho, Perigot!
 PER. I left the head in my hart-roote,
 WIL. It was a desperate shot. 100
 PER. There it ranckleth ay more and more,
 WIL. Hey ho, the arrowe!
 PER. Ne can I find salve for my sore,
 WIL. Love is a curelesse sorrowe
 PER. And though my bale with death I bought, 105
 WIL. Hey ho, heavie cheere!
 PER. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought;
 WIL. So you may buye golde to deere.
 PER. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
 WIL. Hey ho, pinching payne! 110
 PER. Or thrive in wealth, she shalbe mine;
 WIL. But if thou can her obteine.
 PER. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
 WIL. Hey ho, gracelesse grieve!
 PER. Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye; 115
 WIL. Let thy follye be the priefe.
 PER. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
 WIL. Hey ho, the fayre flocke!

¹ *Gryde*, pierced.² *Raunch*, wrench.

PER. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,

WIL. And mone with many a mocke. 120

PER. So learnd I love on a hollye eve,

WIL. Hey ho, holidaye !

PER. That ever since my hart did greve,

WIL. Now endeth our roundelay."

CUD. Sicker, sike a roundle¹ never heard I none ;

Little lacketh Perigot of the best, 125

And Willye is not greatly overgone,²

So weren his under-songs well addrest.

WIL. Herdgrome, I fear me thou have a squint eye :

Areede³ uprightly, who has the victorie. 130

CUD. Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have gayned ;

Forthy⁴ let the lambe be Willye his owne ;

And for Perigot so well hath hym payned,

To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PER. Perigot is well pleased with the doome, 135

Ne can Willye wite the witelesse⁵ herdgroome.

WIL. Never dempt⁶ more right of beautye, I weene,

The shepheard of Ida that judged Beauties Queene.

CUD. But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend⁷

Your roundels fresh to heare a doolefull verse 140

Of Rosalend, (who knowes not Rosalend?)

That Colin made, ylke⁸ can I you rehearse.

PER. Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde ;

With mery thing its good to medle⁹ sadde.

¹ *Roundle*, roundelay.

² *Overgone*, surpassed.

³ *Areede*, declare.

⁴ *Forthy*, therefore.

⁵ I. e. blame the blameless.

⁶ *Dempt*, deemed, judged.

⁷ *Yshend*, mar.

⁸ *Ylke*, the same.

⁹ *Medle*, mingle.

WIL. Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be 144
 In Colins stede, if thou this song areede ;
 For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede.¹
 CUD. Then listneth ech unto my heavie laye,
 And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may. 150

“ Ye wastefull woodes beare witnesse of my woe,*
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound ;
 Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cryes,
 Which in your songs were woont to make a part ;
 Thou pleasaunt spring hast luld me oft asleepe, 155
 Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

“ Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
 The walled townes doo worke my greater woe ;
 The forest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow echo of my carefull cryes : 160
 I hate the house, since thence my Love did part,
 Whose waylefull want debarres mine eyes from sleepe.

“ Let the stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe ;
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd,² and all that may augment

My doole draw neare ! More meete to wayle my woe
 Bene the wilde woddes, my sorowes to resound, 166
 Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
 When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

¹ *Deede*, doing.

² *Voyd*, remove.

* This poem is an imitation of the Italian Sestina, but is executed with very little skill. C.

“Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
 In gastfull¹ grove therefore, till my last sleepe 170
 Doo close mine eyes; so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
 Help me, yee banefull byrds! whose shrieking sound
 Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

“Most ruthfully to tune: and as my cryes 175
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaintes, the daye in woe,
 I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound 180

“She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
 To cheerefull songes can chaunge my cherelesse
 cryes.

Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songes and plaintive pleas, the more t' augment
 The memorie of hys misdeede that bred her woe. 185

“And you that feele no woe, when as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes ye heare apart,
 Let breake your sounder sleepe, and pitie augment.

PER. O Colin, Colin, the shepheards joye, 190
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse!
 And Cuddie, freshe Cuddie, the liefest² boye,
 How dolefully his doole³ thou didst rehearse!

¹ *Gastfull*, frightful.

³ *Doole*, grief.

² *Liefest*, dearest.

CUD. Then blowe your pypes, shepheards, til you
be at home ;

The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone. 193

PERIGOT HIS EMBLEME.

Vincenti gloria victi.

WILLYES EMBLEME.

Vinto non vitto.

CUDDIES EMBLEME.*

Felice chi può.

* " The meaning hereof is verie ambiguous: for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conquest, and Willye not yeelding, Cuddie, the arbiter of theyr cause and patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it as his due, saying, that hee is happie which can ; so abruptly ending; but hee meeneth eyther him that can win the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leave of with the best." E. K.

SEPTEMBER.

AEGLOGA NONA.

ARGUMENT.

HEREIN Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrie. The abuses whereof, and loose living of popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL, DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE! I bidde her¹ god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

DIG. Her was her while it was daye-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day that was is wightly² past, 5
And now at earst³ the dirke night doth hast.

HOB. Diggon, areede⁴ who has thee so dight⁵;
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is the fayre flocke thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred,⁶ or at⁷ mischief dead? 10

¹ *Her*, provincial for *him, he, their*.

² *Wightly*, quickly.

³ *At earst*, at once.

⁴ *Areede*, say.

⁵ *Dight*, served.

⁶ *Chaffred*, sold or exchanged.

⁷ *At*, by.

Arg. — The “Roffin” spoken of in this Eclogue is evidently some Bishop of Rochester who had shown favor to Spenser. Keightley has called attention to the fact, that John Young, Master of Pembroke Hall, (Spenser’s College,) whose patron was the Archbishop Grindal of the Seventh Eclogue, was, in January, 1577, called to that see. C.

DIG. Ah! for love of that is to thee most leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old griefe;
Sike question rippeth up cause of newe woe,
For one opened mote unfolde many moe.

HOB. Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart, 15
I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart:
Eche thing imparted is more eath¹ to beare:
When the rayne is falln, the cloudes wexen cleare.
And now, sithence² I sawe thy head last,
Thrise three moones bene fully spent and past; 20
Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
And wandred, I wene, about the world round,
So as thou can many thinges relate;
But tell me first of thy flocks astate.

DIG. My sheepe bene wasted: wae³ is me there-
fore! 25
The jolly shepheard that was of yore
Is now nor jollye, nor shepehearde more.
In forrein costes men sayd was plentye;
And so there is, but all of miserye:
I dempt⁴ there much to have eeked⁵ my store, 30
But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
In tho⁶ countries whereas I have bene,
No being for those that truely mene;
But for such as of guile maken gayne,
No such countrie as there to remaine. 35
They setten to sale their shops of shame,
And maken a mart of theyr good name:
The shepheards there robben one another,

¹ *Eath*, easy.

² *Sithence*, since.

³ *Wae*, woe.

⁴ *Dempt*, deemed.

⁵ *Eeked*, increased

⁶ *Tho*, those.

And layen baytes to beguile her¹ brother ;
 Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote, 40
 Or they will carven² the shepheards throte.
 The shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
 But it be by his pryde, from other men :
 They looken bigge as bulls that bene bate,³
 And bearen the cragge⁴ so stiffe and so state,⁵ 45
 As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.⁶

HOB. Diggon, I am so stiffe and so stanck,⁷
 That uneth may I stand any more ;
 And nowe the westerne winde bloweth sore,
 That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee, 50
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
 Sitte we downe here under the hill ;
 Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast :
 Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast. 55

DIG. Hobbin, ah Hobbin ! I curse the stounde⁸
 That ever I cast to have lorne⁹ this grounde.
 Wel-away the while I was so fonde
 To leave the good that I had in honde,
 In hope of better that was uncouth¹⁰ : 60
 So lost the dogge the flesh in his mouth.
 My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe !)
 That here by there¹¹ I whilome usd to keepe,
 All were they lustye as thou didst see,
 Bene all sterved with pyne and penuree ; 65

¹ *Her*, their.

² *Carven*, cut.

³ *Bate*, baited, fat.

⁴ *Cragge*, neck.

⁵ *State*, stoutly.

⁶ *Cranck*, lustily.

⁷ *Stanck*, weary.

⁸ *Stounde*, hour.

⁹ *Lorne*, lost, left.

¹⁰ *Uncouth*, unknown.

¹¹ *Here by there*, here and there.

Hardly my selfe escaped thilke¹ payne,
Driven for neede to come home agayne.

HOB. Ah, fon! now by thy losse art taught
That seeldome chaunge the better brought:
Content who lives with tryed state 70
Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;
But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

DIG. I wote ne,² Hobbin, how I was bewitcht
With vayne desire and hope to be enricht: 75
But, sicker,³ so it is as the bright starre
Seemeth ay greater when it is farre.
I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;
For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still, 80
And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,
Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
And casten to compasse many wrong emprise.
But the more bene fraight with fraud and spight,
Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight, 85
But kindle coales of conteck⁴ and yre,
Wherewith they sette all the world on fire;
Which when they thincken agayne to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They saye they con⁵ to heaven the high-way, 90
But by my soule I dare undersaye⁶
They never sette foote in that same troade,⁷
But balk⁸ the right way, and strayen abroad.

¹ *Thilke*, the same.

² *Wote ne*, know not.

³ *Sicker*, truly.

⁴ *Conteck*, contest.

⁵ *Con*, know.

⁶ *Undersaye*, gainsay.

⁷ *Troade*, path.

⁸ *Balk*, forsake.

They boast they han the devill at commaund,
 But aske hem therefore what they han paund: 95
 Marrie! that¹ great Pan bought with deare borrow,²
 To quite³ it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
 But they han sold thilke same long agoe,
 Forthy woulde draw with hem many moe.
 But let hem gange⁴ alone a Gods name; 100
 As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOB. Diggon, I praye thee speake not so dirke;⁵
 Such myster⁶ saying me seemeth to mirke.⁷

DIG. Then, playnely to speake of shepheards most
 what,⁸

Badde is the best; (this English is flatt:) 105
 Their ill haviour garres⁹ men missay
 Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.¹⁰
 They sayne the world is much war¹¹ then it wont,
 All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont¹²:
 Other sayne, but howe truely I note,¹³ 110
 All for they holden shame of theyr cote:
 Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue!)
 That sike mischief graseth hem emong,
 All for they casten¹⁴ too much of worlds care,
 To deck her dame, and enrich her heyre. 115
 For such encheason,¹⁵ if you goe nye,
 Fewe chimneis reeking¹⁶ you shall espye.

¹ *That*, that which.

² *Borrow*, pledge, ransom.

³ *Quite*, quit, deliver.

⁴ *Gange*, go.

⁵ *Dirke*, dark.

⁶ *Myster*, kind of.

⁷ *To mirke*, too obscure.

⁸ *Most what*, for the most part.

⁹ *Garres*, makes.

¹⁰ *Faye*, faith.

¹¹ *War*, worse.

¹² *Blont*, dull, rude.

¹³ *Note*, know not.

¹⁴ *Casten*, think.

¹⁵ *Encheason*, occasion.

¹⁶ *Reeking*, smoking.

The fatte oxe, that wont ligge¹ in the stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.²
 Thus chatten the people in theyr steads, 120
 Ylike as a monster of many heads :
 But they that shooten neerest the pricke³
 Sayne other the fat from their beards doen lick :
 For bigge bulles of Basan brace⁴ hem about,
 That with theyr hornes butten the more stoute ; 125
 But the leane soules treaden under foote,
 And to seeke redreesse mought little boote ;
 For liker bene they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore :
 For they bene like foule wagmoires⁵ overgrast, 130
 That, if thy galage⁶ once sticketh fast,
 The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
 Yet better leave off with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.⁷ 135

HOB. Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest to
 plaine ;
 Better it were a little to feyne,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured ;
 Such ill as is forced mought nedes be endured. 139
 But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe ?

DIG. Sike⁸ as the shepheards, sike bene her
 sheepe ;
 For they nill⁹ listen to the shepheards voyce,

¹ *Ligge*, lie.² *Crumenall*, purse.³ *Pricke*, mark.⁴ *Brace*, compass.⁵ *Wagmoires*, quagmires.⁶ *Galage*, (a clown's coarse) shoe.⁷ I. e. lose the whole.⁸ *Sike*, such.⁹ *Nill*, will not.

But if he call hem, at theyr good choyce
 They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
 And to theyr folds yead at their owne leasure. 145
 But they had be¹ better come at their cal;
 For many han unto mischiefe fall,
 And bene of ravenous wolves yrent,
 All for they nould be buxome and bent.²

HOB. Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule
 leasing! 150

Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king,
 Never was wolfe seene, many nor some,
 Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome:
 But the fewer wolves, (the soth to sayne,)
 The more bene the foxes that here remaine. 155

DIG. Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
 And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
 They walke not widely as they were wont,
 For fear of raungers and the great hunt,
 But prively prolling to and froe, 160
 Enaunter³ they mought be inly⁴ knowe.

HOB. Or prive or pert⁵ yf any bene,
 We han great bandogs will teare their skinne.

DIG. Indeede thy Ball is a bold bigge curre,
 And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre: 165
 But not good dogges hem needeth to chace,

¹ *Be*, been.

² I. e. compliant and obedient.

³ *Enaunter*, lest that.

⁴ *Inly*, inwardly.

⁵ I. e. secret or open.

Ver. 151. — *The Saxon king.*] King Edgar, during whose reign, in the tenth century, wolves are said to have disappeared from England. H.

But heedye shepheards to discerne their face ;
 For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
 They bene so grave and full of mayntenaunce.¹
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe 170
 Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe ?

HOB. Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,²
 For not but well mought him betight³ :
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciabile,⁴
 And with his word his worke is convenable.⁵ 175
 Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe⁶ boye.
 (Ah for Colin, he whilome my ioye !)
 Shepheards sich, God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIG. Thilke same shepheard mought I well marke ;
 He has a dogge to byte or to barke ; 181
 Never had shepheard so kene a kurre,
 That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
 Whilome there wonned⁷ a wicked wolfe,
 That with many a lambe had glutted his gulfe,⁸ 185
 And ever at night wont to repayre
 Unto the flocke, when the welkin shone fayre,
 Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man used to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball, 190
 (For he had eft⁹ learned a curre's call,
 As if a wolfe were emong the sheepe :
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,

¹ *Mayntenaunce*, stately carriage.

² *Hight*, signify.

³ *Betight*, betide.

⁴ *Merciabile*, merciful.

⁵ *Convenable*, conformable.

⁶ *Selfe*, own.

⁷ *Wonned*, dwelt.

⁸ *Gulfe*, belly.

⁹ *Eft*, (here,) quickly

And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote¹)
 To raunge the fields with wide open throte. 193
 Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
 This wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray.
 A lambe, or a kidde, or a weanell² wast;
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he used this slippery pranck, 200
 Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
 At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
 (For Roffy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
 And when at even he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke, 205
 And tooke out the wolfe in his counterfect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOB. Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
 To take his owne where ever it laye?
 For had his wesand bene a little widder,³ 210
 He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.⁴

DIG. Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse!
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
 For it was a perilous beast above all,
 And eke had he cond⁵ the shepherds call, 215
 And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,
 And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
 As if it the olde man selfe had bene.
 The dog his maisters voice did it wene,
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore, 220

¹ *Hote*, was called.

⁵ *Cond*, learned.

² *Weanell*, a newly weaned animal.

³ *Widder*, wider.

⁴ I. e. male and female. [E. K] Qu. hither and thither, on all sides?

And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
 No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
 Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught;
 And had not Roffy renne to the steven,¹
 Lowder had bene slaine thilke same even. 225

HOB. God shield, man, hee should so ill have thrive,
 All for he did his devoyre belive.²
 If sike bene wolves as thou hast told,
 How mought we, Diggon, hem behold?

DIG. How, but with heede and watchfullnesse 230
 Forstallen hem of their wilinesse:
 Forthy³ with shepheard sittes⁴ not playe,
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day;
 But ever liggen⁵ in watch and ward,
 From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard. 235

HOB. Ah, Diggon! thilke same rule were too
 straight,
 All the cold season to wach and waite:
 We bene of flesh, men as other bee,
 Why should we be bound to such miseree?
 Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest, 240
 Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIG. Ah! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
 Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile.⁶
 What shall I doe? what way shall I wend,
 My piteous plight and losse to amend? 245
 Ah, good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
 Of ayde or counsell in my decaye?

HOB. Now by my soule, Diggon, I lament

¹ *Steven*, voice, cry.

² *Belive*, promptly.

³ *Forthy*, therefore.

⁴ *Sittes*, becomes.

⁵ *Liggen*, lie.

⁶ *Forhaile*, haul about, harass.

The haplesse mischief that has thee hent¹;
 Nethelasse thou seest my lowly saile, 250
 That froward fortune doth ever availe²:
 But were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
 Diggon should soone finde favour and ease.
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can I wil thee comfort; 255
 There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy³ bed,
 Till fayrer fortune shewe forth his head.

DIG. Ah, Hobbinoll, God mought it thee requite!
 Diggon on fewe such freendes did ever lite.

DIGGONS EMBLEME.*

Inopem me copia fecit.

¹ *Hent*, seized upon.

³ *Vetchy*, of pease straw.

² *Availe*, lower, bring down.

* Diggon applies to his own change of fortune the saying of Narcissus in Ovid, — "Plenty has made me poor." H.

OCTOBER.

ÆGLOGA DECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a poete, whiche, finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempte of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular account and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both; and poured into the witte by a certain *ἐνθουσιασμός* and celestiall inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his booke called *The English Poete*, which booke, being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERCE, CUDDIE.

PIERCE.

CUDDIE, for shame! hold up thy heavye head,
 And let us cast¹ with what delight to chace
 And weary thys long lingring Phœbus race.
 Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
 In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base²; 5
 Nowe they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

¹ *Cast*, consider.² *Bydding base*, game of prison base.

CUD. Piers, I have pyped erst¹ so long with payne,
 That all mine oten reedes bene rent and wore,
 And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne. 10
 Such pleasaunce makes the grashopper so poore,
 And ligge so layd,² when winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties that I wont devise,
 To feede youthes fansie and the flocking fry,
 Delighten much: what I the bett forthy³? 15
 They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise:
 I beate the bush, the byrds to them do flye:
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS. Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,
 The glory eke much greater then the gayne: 20
 O what an honor is it, to restraine
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
 Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine
 Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice!

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame, 25
 O how the rurall routes⁴ to thee doe cleave!
 Seemeth thou doest their soule of sense bereave,
 All as the shepheard, that did fetch his dame
 From Plutoes balefull bowre withouten leave,
 His musicks might the hellish hound did tame. 30

CUD. So praysen babes the peacocks spotted
 trayne,

¹ *Erst*, before.

² *Layd*, frozen, cold.

³ *Bett forthy*, better for that.

⁴ *Routes*, companies.

And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
 But who rewards him ere ¹ the more forthy,
 Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
 Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth ² in the skye; 85
 Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS. Abandon then the base and viler clowne;
 Lift up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
 Turne thee to those that weld ³ the awful crowne, 40
 To doubted ⁴ knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbruzed wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from east to west;
 Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest, 45
 Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advauce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
 That first the White Beare to the Stake did bring.

And when the stubborne stroke of stronger stounds ⁵
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string, 50
 Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers Rownde,⁶
 All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
 So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

¹ *Ere*, ever.

² *Sheddeth*, disperses.

³ *Weld*, wield.

⁴ *Doubted*, redoubted.

⁵ *Stounds*, occasions.

⁶ I. e. a kind of dance.

Ver. 47. — *The worthy, &c.*] The Earl of Leicester, here described by his cognizance of the bear and ragged staff. C.

CUD. Indeede the Romish Tityrus,¹ I heare, 65
 Through his Mecænas left his oaten reede,
 Whereon hee earst had taught his flocks to feede
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
 And eft² did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the heavens did quake his verse to here. 60

But ah! Mecænas is yclad in claye,
 And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
 And all the worthies liggen³ wrapt in leade,
 That matter made for poets on to play:
 For, ever, who in derring-doe⁴ were drede, 65
 The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after Vertue gan for age to stoope,
 And mightie Manhode brought a bedde of ease,
 The vaunting poets found nought worth a pease
 To put in preace⁵ among the learned troupe: 70
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
 And sonnebright honour pend in shamefull coupe.⁶

And if that any buddes of poesie
 Yet of the old stocke gan to shoote agayne,
 Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne, 75
 And rolle with rest in rymes of ribaudrye,
 Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne;
 Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

¹ I. e. Virgil.² *Eft*, afterwards.³ *Liggen*, lie.⁴ *Derring-doe*, daring deeds.⁵ I. e. make an object of competition.⁶ *Coupe*, coop, cage.

PIERS. O pierlesse Poesye, where is then thy
place?

If nor in princes pallace thou doe sitt, 80
(And yet is princes pallace the most fitt,
Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
Then make thee wings of thine aspyring wit,
And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUD. Ah, Percy! it is all to weake and wanne, 85
So high to sore and make so large a flight;
Her peeced¹ pyneons bene not so in plight:
For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne²;
He, were he not with love so ill bedight,³
Would mount as high and sing as soote⁴ as swanne. 90

PIERS. Ah, fon⁵! for Love does teach him
climbe so hie,
And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre;
Such immortal mirror as he doth admire
Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
And cause a caytive corage⁶ to aspire; 95
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUD. All otherwise the state of poet stands:
For lordly Love is such a tyranne fell,
That, where he rules, all power he doth expell;
The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes, 100
Ne wont with crabbed Care the Muses dwell:
Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

¹ I. e. (mended, and therefore) weak.

² *Scanne*, ascend.

³ *Bedight*, affected.

⁴ *Soote*, sweet.

⁵ *Fon*, fool.

⁶ *Caytive corage*, base heart.

Who ever casts to compasse waightye prise.
 And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
 Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate, 105
 For Bacchus fruite is friend to Phœbus wise;
 And when with wine the braine begins to sweate,
 The numbers flowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage:
 O if my temples were distaind with wine, 110
 And girt in girlonds of wild yvie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 With queint¹ Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme: 115
 Forthy² content us in thys humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
 Here we our slender pipes may safely charme.³

PIERS. And when my gates⁴ shall han their
 bellies layd,
 Cuddie shall have a kidde to store his farme. 120

CUDDIES EMBLEME.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.*

¹ *Queint*, (strangely or curiously) fair.

² *Forthy*, therefore.

³ *Charme*, tune.

⁴ *Gates*, goats.

* "Est deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo." — Ovid, *Fasti*, VI. 5. C.

NOVEMBER.

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

IN this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido.* The personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him self I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys† the Frenche Queene; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

THENOT, COLIN.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce¹?
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.
 Now somewhat sing whose endles sovenaunce² 5
 Emong the shepeheardes swaines may aye remaine,
 Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

¹ *Jouisaunce*, joyousness.

² *Sovenaunce*, remembrance.

* Conjectured to have been a natural daughter of Leicester. C.

† Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis the First. A few verses are translated from Marot, but the imitation is far from being close. C.

COL. Thenot, now nis¹ the time of merimake,
 Nor Pan to herye,² nor with love to playe; 10
 Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
 But nowe sadde winter welked³ hath the day,
 And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
 Ystabled hath his steedes in lowly laye, 15
 And taken up his ynn⁴ in Fishes haske.
 Thilk sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
 And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse;
 The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
 As shee was wont in youngth⁵ and sommer-dayes; 20
 But if thou algate⁶ lust⁷ light virelayes,⁸
 And looser songs of love, to underfong,⁹
 Who but thy self deserves sike poetes prayse?
 Relieve thy oaten pypes that sleepe long.

THE. The nightingale is soveraigne of song, 25
 Before him sits¹⁰ the titmose silent bee;
 And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
 Should Colin make judge of my fooleree.
 Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,

¹ *Nis*, is not.

² *Herye*, praise.

³ *Welked*, shortened, dimmed.

⁴ *Ynne*, abode.

⁵ *Youngth*, youth.

⁶ *Algate*, at all events.

⁷ *Lust*, wishest.

⁸ *Virelayes*, roundelays.

⁹ *Underfong*, undertake.

¹⁰ *Sits*, it becomes.

Ver. 15.—*In lowly lay.*] According to the season of the moneth November, when the sunne draweth low in the South toward his tropick or returne. E. K.

Ver. 16.—*In Fishes haske.*] *Haske* is basket. Spenser has very strangely antedated this position of the sun by three months. C.

And han¹ be watered at the Muses well; 30
 The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,
 Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill, 35
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment:
 For deade is Dido, dead, alas! and drent²;
 Dido, the greate shepheard his daughter sheene.³
 The fayrest may⁴ she was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene: 40
 And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,⁵
 I shall thee give yond cosset⁶ for thy payne;
 And if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne 45
 Than kidde or cosset, which I thee bynempt.⁷
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COL. Thenot, to that I choose thou doest mee tempt:
 But ah! too well I wote my humble vaine, 50
 And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt⁸;
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

"Up, then, Melpomene! the mournefulst Muse of
 Nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore:
 Up, grieslie ghostes! and up my rufull ryme! 55

¹ *Han*, have.² *Drent*, drowned.³ *Sheene*, bright.⁴ *May*, maid.⁵ *Teene*, suffering.⁶ *Cosset*, a lamb brought up by hand.⁷ *Bynempt*, promised.⁸ *Unkempt*, uncombed, unpolished.

Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more;
For dead shee is that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas! is dead,
Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead;
O heavie herse¹!

63

Let streaming teares be poured out in store;
O carefull verse!

“Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentish downes
abyde,

Waile ye this woefull waste of Natures warke;
Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde;
Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke.²

The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke;

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night;
O heavie herse!

70

Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as larke;
O carefull verse!

“Why doe we longer live, (ah! why live we so long?)
Whose better dayes Death hath shut up in woe?
The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.³

75

Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes;
O heavie herse!

80

Nowe is time to die; nay, time was long ygoe;
O carefull verse!

¹ *Herse*, hersal, burden.

² *Carke*, care, sorrow.

³ *Ygoe*, gone.

" Whence is it that the flouret of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in winters bale,
 Yet, soone as Spring his mantle hath displayde, 85
 It floureth fresh, as it should never fayle?
 But thing on earth that is of most availe,
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
 Reliven¹ not for any good;
 O heavie herse! 90
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must
 quaile;
 O carefull verse!

" She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to
 sayne²!)
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere;
 So well she couth³ the shepherds entertayne 95
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere:
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
 For she would cal hem often heme,⁴
 And give hem curds and clouted creame;
 O heavie herse! 100
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;
 O carefull verse!

" But now sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie
 chaunce,
 Such pleasaunce now displast by dolours dint;
 All musick sleepes where Death doth leade the
 daunce, 105
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.

¹ *Reliven*, live again.

² *Sayne*, say.

³ *Couth*, could, knew how.

⁴ *Home*, home.

The blew in black the greene in gray, is tinct¹ ;
 The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowres her corse embrace;²
 O heavie herse! 110
 Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint³ ;
 O carefull verse!

“ O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy
 grieve!
 Where bene the nosegayes that she dight⁴ for thee?
 The colourd chaplets, wrought with a chiefe,⁵ 115
 The knotted rush-ringes, and gilt rosemaree?
 For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
 Ah! they bene all yclad in clay;
 One bitter blast blewe all away;
 O heavie herse! 120
 Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree;
 O carefull verse!

“ Ay me! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall
 stroke,
 That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course;
 The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke, 125
 The flouds doe gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,
 And flouds of teares flow in theyr stead perforce:
 The mantled medowes mourne,
 Theyr sondry colours tourne;
 O heavie herse! 130

¹ *Tinct*, dyed.

² *Embrace*, adorn.

³ *Besprint*, besprinkled.

⁴ *Dight*, prepared.

⁵ *Chiefe*, head.

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse ;
 O carefull verse !

“ The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,
 And hang theyr heades as they would learne to weepe ;
 The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,¹ 135
 Except the wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,
 Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe.

The turtle on the bared braunch
 Laments the wound that Death did launch ;
 O heavie herse ! 140
 And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe ;
 O carefull verse !

“ The water nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
 daunce,
 And for her girlond olive-braunches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of cypress doen advaunce ; 145
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
 Now bringen bitter eldre-braunches seare.

The Fatall Sisters eke repent
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent ;
 O heavie herse ! 150
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare :
 O carefull verse !

“ O trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper² hope
 Of mortal men, that swincke³ and sweate for nought,
 And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope⁴ ; 155

¹ *Woode*, mad.

² *Slipper*, slippery, uncertain.

³ *Swincke*, toil.

⁴ I. e. mark aimed at

Nowe have I learnd, (a lesson derely bought !)

That nys¹ on earth assurance to be sought :

For what might be in earthlie mould,

That did her buried body hould ;

O heavie herse !

160

Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought ;

O carefull verse !

“ But maugre Death, and dreaded Sisters deadly
spight,

And gates of Hel, and fyrie Furies forse,

She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,

165

Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.

Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse ?

O Lobb ! thy losse no longer lament ;

Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent ;²

O happye herse !

170

Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse ;

O joyful verse !

“ Why wayle we then ? why weary we the gods with
playnts,

As if some evill were to her betight³ ?

She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,

175

That whilome was the saynt of shepheards light,

And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see

Walke in Elisian fieldes so free ;

O happy herse !

180

¹ *Nys*, is not.

³ *Betight*, happened.

² *Hent*, taken.

Might I once come to thee! O that I might!
O joyfull verse!

“Unwise and wretched men, to weete¹ what’s good
or ill,

Wee deeme of death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe wee, fooles, what it us bringes until,² 185
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert³!

No daunger there the shepheard can astert⁴;
Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes⁵ there bene;
The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene;
O happy herse! 190

Make hast, ye shepheards, thether to revert.
O joyfull verse!

“Dido is gone afore; whose turne shall be the next?
There lives shee with the blessed gods in blisse,
There drincks she nectar with ambrosia mixt, 195
And joyes enjoyes that mortall men doe misse.
The honor now of highest gods she is,
That whilome was poore shepheards pryde;
While here on earth shee did abyde;
O happy herse! 200
Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is;
O joyfull verse!”

THE. Ay, francke shepheard, how bene thy verses
meint⁶

With dolefull pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte

¹ *Weete*, know.

² *Until*, unto.

³ *Expert*, experience.

⁴ *Astert*, alarm.

⁵ *Layes*, leas, fields.

⁶ *Meint*, mingled.

Whether rejoyce, or weepe for great constrainte. 205
Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.
Up, Colin, up, ynough thou morned hast;
Now gynnes to mizzle,¹ hye we homeward fast.

COLINS EMBLEME.

*La mort n'y mord.**

¹ Mizzle, drizzle.

* Clement Marot's motto, and apparently an imperfect anagram of his name. C.

DECEMBER.*

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA.

ARGUMENT.

THIS Aeglogue (even as the first beganne) is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Pan; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioneth his life to the foure seasons of the yeare; comparing hys youthe to the spring-time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye: his manhoode to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consumed with great heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a comet, or blazing starre, by which hee meaneth love; which passion is comenly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riper yeares he resembleth to an unseasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe: his latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

THE gentle shepheard sat beside a springe,
 All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
 That Colin hight, which wel coulde pype and singe,
 For hee of Tityrus his songes did lere¹:
 There, as he satte in secreate shade alone, 5
 Thus gan hee make of love his piteous mone.

“O soveraigne Pan! thou god of shepheards all,
 Which of our tender lambkins takest keepe,²

¹ *Lere*, learn.² *Keepe*, care.

* About a third part of this elegant pastoral is loosely translated from Marot's *Eglogue au Roy soubz les noms de Pan et Robin*. C.

And when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischief the unwary sheepe, 10
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regard
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and ward;

“I thee beseche, (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepheards oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so cleare 15
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede,)
Hearken a while, from thy greene cabinet,¹
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

“Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like swallow swift I wandred here and there; 20
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare :
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of wolves to bene espyed.

“I wont to raunge amydd the mazie thickette, 25
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling pricket,²
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste? —
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste. 30

“How often have I scaled the craggie oke,
All to dislodge the raven of her nest!
How have I wearied, with many a stroke,
The stately walnut-tree, the while the rest

¹ *Cabinet*, cabin.

² *Pricket*, a buck in his second year.

Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ! 36
 For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

“ And for I was in thilke ¹ same looser yeares,
 (Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
 Or I to much beleeved my shepherd peeres,)
 Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth, 40
 A good olde shephearde, Wrenock was his name,
 Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

“ Fro thence I durst in derring ² to compare
 With shepheards swayne what ever fed in field;
 And if that Hobbinoll right iudgement bare, 46
 To Pan his own selfe pype I neede not yield:
 For if the flocking nymphes did folow Pan,
 The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

“ But ah! such pryde at length was ill repayde:
 The shepheards god (perdie, god was he none) 50
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide;
 My freedome lorne,³ my life he lefte to mone.
 Love they him called that gave me check-mate,
 But better mought they have behote ⁴ him Hate.

“ Tho gan my lovely spring bid me farewel, 56
 And sommer season sped him to display
 (For Love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
 The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.
 A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
 That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate. 60

¹ *Thilke*, those.

² *Derring*, daring.

³ *Lorne*, lost.

⁴ *Behote*, called.

“Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
 When choise I had to choose my wandring waye,
 But whether¹ Luck and Loves unbridled lore
 Would leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe:
 The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre, 63
 The woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.²

“Where I was wont to seeke the honey-bee,
 Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
 The grieslie todestoole growne there mought I see,
 And loathed paddocks³ lording on the same: 70
 And where the chaunting birds luld me a sleepe,
 The ghastlie owle her grievous ynne⁴ doth keepe.

“Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde,
 Al so my age, now passed youthly pryme, 73
 To thinges of riper season selfe applyed,
 And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

“To make fine cages for the nightingale,
 And baskets of bulrushes, was my wont: 80
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale⁵
 Was better seene,⁶ or hurtfull beastes to hont?
 I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
 How Phœbe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

“And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges; 85
 The sodain rysing of the raging seas,

¹ *Whether*, whither.

² *Stowre*, trouble.

³ *Paddocks*, toads.

⁴ *Ynne*, abode.

⁵ *Sale*, willow (-basket).

⁶ *Seene*, skilled.

The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
 The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
 And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
 And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe. 90

"But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
 That kydst¹ the hidden kinds of many a wede,
 Yet kydst not ene² to cure thy sore hart-roote,
 Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye³ bleede!
 Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes
 wound? 95
 Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde?

"Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
 Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe⁴;
 The eare that budded fayre is burnt and blasted,
 And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.⁵ 100
 Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne,
 Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

"My boughes with bloosmes that crowned were at
 firste,
 And promised of timely fruite such store,
 Are left both bare and barrein now at erst⁶; 105
 The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
 And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe;
 My harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

"The fragrant flowres that in my garden grewe
 Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long: 110

¹ *Kydst*, madest known, discoveredst.

² *Ene.* one (probably a misprint).

³ *Rifelye*, abundantly.

⁴ *To rathe*, too early.

⁵ *Scathe*, ruin.

⁶ *At erst*, at last.

Theyr rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,
 Yet dewed with teares they han be¹ ever among.
 Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
 To spil² the flowres that should her girlond dight!

“And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype 115
 Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
 Sike follies now have gathered as too ripe,
 And cast hem out as rotten and unsoote:³
 The loser⁴ lasse I cast to please nomore;
 One if I please, enough is me therefore. 120

“And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
 Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
 Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling
 sheave,
 Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare:
 Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,⁵ 125
 All was blown away of the wavering wynd.

“So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite;
 My harveste hastes to stirre up Winter sterne, 130
 And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:
 So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure⁶;
 So now his blustering blast eche coste doth scoure.

“The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
 And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:

¹ *Han be*, have been.

² *Spil*, spoil, destroy.

³ *Unsoote*, unsweet.

⁴ *Loser*: qu. worthless? *looser*, inconstant?

⁵ *Fynd*, sifted.

⁶ *Stoure*, tempest, &c.

My head besprent¹ with hoary frost I fynd, 135
 And by myne eie the crow his clawe doth wright :
 Delight is layd abedde, and pleasure past ;
 No sonne now shines ; cloudes han all overcast.

“ Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee ;
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stounde² : 140
 Here will I hang my pype upon this tree ;
 Was never pype of reede did better sounde :
 Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after winter dreerie death does hast.

“ Gather ye together my little flocke, 145
 My little flock, that was to me so lief³ ;
 Let me, ah ! lette me in your foldes ye lock,
 Ere the breme⁴ winter breede you greater grieve.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after winter commeth timely death. 150

“ Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe ;
 Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare ;
 Adieu, my little lambes and loved sheepe ;
 Adieu, ye woodes, that oft my witnesse were :
 Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true, 155
 Tell Rosalind her Colin bids her adieu.”

COLINS EMBLEME.

Vivitur ingenio : cætera mortis erunt.

¹ *Besprent*, besprinkled.

² *Stounde*, hour, effort, &c.

³ *Liefe*, dear.

⁴ *Breme*, sharp.

LOE! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
That steele in strength, and time in durance, shall
outweare;

And if I marked well the starres revolution,
It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution, 4
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.

Goe, lyttle Calender! thou hast a free passeporte;
Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte:
Dare not to match thy pype with Tityrus¹ his style,
Nor with the Pilgrim² that the Ploughman playde a-
whyle; 10

But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore:
The better please, the worse despise; I aske no more.

MERCE NON MERCEDE.³

¹ I. e. Chaucer.

² I. e. the author of Piers Plouhman.

³ I. e. Done for itself and not for profit.

COLIN CLOUTS
COME HOME AGAINE.

By ED. SPENCER.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE.

1595.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER

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TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND NOBLE KNIGHT,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

CAPTAINE OF HER MAIESTIES GUARD, LORD WARDEIN
OF THE STANNERIES, AND LIEUTENANT OF
THE COUNTIE OF CORNWALL.

SIR, —

THAT you may see that I am not alwaies ydle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutifull, though not precisely officious, I make you present of this simple Pastorall, unworthie of your higher conceipt for the meanesse of the stile, but agreeing with the truth in circumstance and matter. The which I humbly beseech you to accept in part of paiment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my selfe bounden unto you, for your singular favours and sundrie good turnes shewed to me at my late being in England, and with your good countenance protect against the malice of evill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and misconstrue my simple meaning. I pray continually for your happinesse. From my house of Kilcolman, the 27. of December, 1591.*

Yours ever humbly,

ED. SP.

* Malone and Todd maintain that this is a misprint for 1594 or 1595, founding their objections to the earlier date, among other

things, on supposed allusions in the course of the piece to works of Daniel printed after 1591, and to the death of the Earl of Derby, which occurred in 1594. But these passages, even if we grant them to have the meaning which is ascribed to them, might have been inserted just before publication. Spenser speaks in this dedication of favors shown him by Raleigh at his *late being in England*, and we have no trace of his having been there from the early part of 1591 up to the time when this poem was published. Besides, it is more likely that Spenser would write this account of his introduction at court immediately after his return to Ireland, than that he should wait three or four years until it was an old story. C.

COLIN CLOUTS COME HOME AGaine.

THE shepherds boy (best knowen by that name)
That after Tityrus¹ first sung his lay,
Laies of sweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate, as his custome was, upon a day,
Charming² his oaten pipe unto his peres, 5
The shepheard swaines that did about him play :
Who all the while, with greedie listfull eares,
Did stand astonisht at his curious skill,
Like hartlesse deare dismayd with thunders sound.
At last, when as he piped had his fill, 10
He rested him : and, sitting then around,
One of those groomes (a iolly groome was he
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this shepheard dearest in degree,
Hight Hobbinol³) gan thus to him areed.⁴ 15
“ Colin, my lief⁵, my life, how great a losse
Had all the shepherds nation by thy lacke !
And I, poore swaine, of many, greatest crosse ;

¹ I. e. Chaucer.

² *Charming*, tuning.

³ I. e. Gabriel Harvey

⁴ *Areed*, say.

⁵ *Liefe*, dear.

That, sith thy Muse first since thy turning backe
 Was heard to sound as she was wont on hye, 20
 Hast made us all so blessed and so blythe.
 Whilest thou wast hence, all dead in dole¹ did lie:
 The woods were heard to waile full many a sythe,²
 And all their birds with silence to complaine:
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourne, 25
 And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
 The running waters wept for thy returne,
 And all their fish with languour did lament:
 But now both woods and fields and floods revive,
 Sith thou art come, their cause of meriment, 30
 That us, late dead, hast made againe alive.
 But were it not too painfull³ to repeat
 The passed fortunes, which to thee befell
 In thy late voyage, we thee would entreat
 Now at thy leisure them to us to tell." 35

To whom the shepheard gently answered thus:
 "Hobbin, thou temptest me to that I covet:
 For of good passed newly to discus,
 By dubble usurie doth twise renew it.
 And since I saw that Angels blessed eie, 40
 Her worlds bright sun, her heavens fairest light,
 My mind, full of my thoughts satietie,
 Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight.
 Since that same day in nought I take delight,
 Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure, 45
 But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
 My lifes sole blisse, my hearts eternall threasure.

¹ *Dole*, grief.

² *Sythe*, time.

³ *Painfull*, troublesome.

Wake then, my pipe ! my sleepe Muse, awake !
 Till I have told her praises lasting long :
 Hobbin desires thou maist it not forsake.¹ 50
 Harke then, ye iolly shepheards, to my song."

With that they all gan throng about him neare,
 With hungrie eares to heare his harmonie :
 The whiles their flocks, devoyd of dangers feare,
 Did round about them feed at libertie. 55

"One day," quoth he, "I sat, as was my trade,
 Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
 Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
 Of the greene alders by the Mullaes shore.
 There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
 Whether allured with my pipes delight, 61
 Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
 Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right :
 Whom when I asked from what place he came,
 And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe² 65
 The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
 And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.
 He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit³ ;
 And when he heard the musicke which I made, 70

¹ *Forsake*, refuse.

³ *Fit*, strain.

² *Ycleepe*, call.

Ver. 59. — *By the Mullaes shore.*] The Mulla is the river *Arbeg*, which runs not far from Kilcolman, Spenser's residence. TODD.

Ver. 66. — *The Shepheard of the Ocean.*] Sir Walter Raleigh, whom Spenser accompanied into England, and by whom he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth. See ver. 193, 332, 359.

He found himselfe full greatly pleasd at it :
 Yet, æmuling¹ my pipe, he tooke in hond
 My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
 And plaid thereon ; (for well that skill he cond² ;) 75
 Himselfe as skilfull in that art as any.
 He pip'd, I sung ; and when he sung, I piped ;
 By chaunge of turnes, each making other mery ;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, untill we both were weary."

There interrupting him, a bonie swaine, 80
 That Cuddy hight, him thus atweene bespake :
 " And should it not thy readie course restraine,
 I would request thee, Colin, for my sake,
 To tell what thou didst sing when he did plaie ;
 For well I weene it worth recounting was, 85
 Whether it were some hymne, or morall laie,
 Or carol made to praise thy loved lasse."

" Nor of my love, nor of my lasse," quoth he,
 " I then did sing, as then occasion fell :
 For love had me forlorne,³ forlorne of me, 90
 That made me in that desart chose to dwell.
 But of my river Bregogs love I soōng,
 Which to the shiny Mulla he did beare,
 And yet doth beare, and ever will, so long
 As water doth within his bancks appeare." 95

" Of fellowship," said then that bony boy,
 " Record to us that lovely⁴ lay againe :
 The staie whereof shall nought these eares aunoy,
 Who all that Colin makes do covet faine."

¹ *Æmuling*, emulating.

² *Cond*, knew.

³ *Forlorne*, forsaken.

⁴ *Lovely*, amatory.

“ Heare then,” quoth he, “ the tenor of my tale, 100
 In sort as I it to that shepheard told :
 No leasing ¹ new, nor grandams fable stale,
 But auncient truth confirm’d with credence old.

“ Old father Mole, (Mole hight that mountain gray
 That walls the northside of Armulla dale,) 105
 He had a daughter fresh as floure of May,
 Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale ;
 Mulla, the daughter of old Mole, so hight
 The nimph, which of that water course has charge,
 That, springing out of Mole, doth run downe right 110
 To Buttevant, where, spreading forth at large,
 It giveth name unto that auncient cittie,
 Which Kilnemullah cleped is of old ;
 Whose ragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie
 To travailers which it from far behold. 115
 Full faine ² she lov’d, and was belov’d full faine
 Of her owne brother river, Bregog ³ hight,
 So hight because of this deceitfull traine ⁴
 Which he with Mulla wrought to win delight.
 But her old sire, more carefull of her good, 120
 And meaning her much better to preferre,
 Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
 Which Allo hight, Broad-water called farre ;
 And wrought so well with his continuall paine,

¹ *Leasing*, fiction.

³ *Bregog*, Irish for *false*, *deceitful*.

² *Faine*, dearly.

⁴ *Traine*, trick.

Ver. 104. — *Old father Mole.*] By Mole (*mullach*, *mual*, is Irish for mountain) are meant the Ballyhowra hills, which form the northern boundary of Armoy (Armulla). C.

That he that river for his daughter wonne : 125
 The dowre agreed, the day assigned plaine,
 The place appointed where it should be doone.
 Nath'lesse the nymph her former liking held ;
 For love will not be drawne, but must be ledde :
 And Bregog did so well her fancie weld,¹ 130
 That her good will he got her first to wedde.
 But for her father, sitting still on hie,
 Did warily still watch which way she went,
 And eke from far observ'd, with iealous eie,
 Which way his course the wanton Bregog bent, 135
 Him to deceive, for all his watchfull ward,
 The wily lover did devise this slight :
 First into many parts his streame he shar'd,
 That, whilest the one was watcht, the other might
 Passe unespide to meete her by the way ; 140
 And then, besides, those little streames so broken
 He under ground so closely² did convay,
 That of their passage doth appeare no token,
 Till they into the Mullaes water slide.
 So secretly did he his love enioy : 145
 Yet not so secret but it was descride,
 And told her father by a shepheards boy.
 Who, wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
 In great avenge did roll downe from his hill
 Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might 150
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.³
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattred all to nought ;

¹ *Weld*, wield, sway.

³ *Spill*, spoil.

² *Closely*, secretly.

And, lost emong those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name : so deare his love he bought." 155

Which having said, him Thestylis¹ bespake :
" Now by my life this was a mery lay,
Worthie of Colin selfe, that did it make.
But read² now eke, of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other shepheard sing : 160
For I do covet most the same to heare,
As men use most to covet forreine thing."

" That shall I eke," quoth he, " to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard 165
Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea,
Which from her presence faultlesse him debard.
And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,³
He cryed out, to make his undersong :
' Ah ! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life, 170
Who shall me pittie when thou doest me wrong? ' "

¹ By Thestylis is probably meant Lodowick Bryskett: see p. 430. COLLIER.

² *Read*, say.

³ *Singulfs rife*, frequent sobs.

Ver. 166. — *Of Cynthia, the Ladie of the Sea.*] Queen Elizabeth. It was in the summer of 1589 that Raleigh paid this visit to Spenser. A letter dated in August of this year informs us that Essex had chased him from court and confined him to Ireland. Of the cause for which Raleigh incurred the displeasure of his capricious mistress we know nothing; but it could not have been serious or lasting, for he subjoins to his complaints of the Queen's unkindness an invitation to the poet to visit her in his company, and before the year is out we find him boasting that he was never in greater favor. Both the substance of the narrative and the language here employed (ver. 167) forbid the supposition that this passage refers to Raleigh's confinement in the Tower and subsequent banishment from court in consequence of his intrigue with Elizabeth Throgmorton. C.

Then gan a gentle bonylasse to speake,
 That Marin hight : " Right well he sure did plaine,
 That could great Cynthiaes sore displeasure breake,
 And move to take him to her grace againe. 175

But tell on further, Colin, as befell
 Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence dissuade."

" When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
 Quoth he, " and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great lyking to my lore, 180
 And great dislyking to my lucklesse lot,
 That banisht had my selfe, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.

The which to leave thenceforth he counseld mee,
 Unmeet for man in whom was ought regardfull, 185
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,

Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull :
 Besides her peerlesse skill in making ¹ well,

And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankynd did far excell, 190

Such as the world admyr'd and praised it.

So what with hope of good and hate of ill,

He me perswaded forth with him to fare :

Nought tooke I with me but mine oaten quill ;

Small needments else need shepheard to prepare. 195

So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is

A world of waters heaped up on hie,

Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderness,

Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse crie." 199

" And is the sea," quoth Coridon, " so fearfull ? "

" Fearful much more," quoth he, " then hart can
 fear :

¹ *Making*, versifying.

Thousand wyld beasts with deep mouthes gaping
direfull

Therin stil wait poore passengers to teare.

Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold

Before he die, alreadie dead with feare, 205

And yet would live with heart halfe stonie cold,

Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.

And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seemes,

Bold men, presuming life for gaine to sell,

Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes

Seek waies unknowne, waies leading down to hell. 211

For, as we stood there waiting on the strond,

Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,

Dauncing upon the waters back to lond,

As if it scornd the daunger of the same ; 215

Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,

Glewed together with some subtile matter :

Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,

And life to move it selfe upon the water. 219

Strange thing ! how bold and swift the monster was,

That neither car'd for wynd, nor haile, nor raine,

Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did passe

So proudly that she made them roare againe.

The same aboard us gently did receave,

And without harme us farre away did beare, 225

So farre that land, our mother, us did leave,

And nought but sea and heaven to us appeare.

Then hartlesse quite, and full of inward feare,

That shepheard I besought to me to tell,

Ver. 218 - 223. This is literally true of a modern steam ship. C.

Under what skie, or in what world we were, 230
In which I saw no living people dwell.

Who, me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that same was the regiment¹
Of a great shepheardesse, that Cynthia hight,
His liege, his ladie, and his lifes regent. 235

“If then,” quoth I, “a shepheardesse she bee,
Where be the flockes and heards which she doth
keep?

And where may I the hills and pastures see,
On which she useth for to feed her sheepe?”

“These be the hills,” quoth he, “the surges hie, 240
On which faire Cynthia her heards doth feed :
Her heards be thousand fishes, with their frie,
Which in the bosome of the billowes breed.

Of them the shepheard which hath charge in chief,
Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horne : 245
At sound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend too and fro at evening and at morne.

And Proteus eke with him does drive his heard
Of stinking seales and porcpisces² together,
With hoary head and deawy dropping beard, 250
Compelling them which way he list, and whether.

And I, among the rest, of many least,
Have in the ocean charge to me assignd ;
Where I will live or die at her beheast,
And serve and honour her with faithfull mind. 255
Besides, an hundred nymphs, all heavenly borne,
And of immortall race, doo still attend
To wash faire Cynthiaes sheep, when they be shorne,

¹ *Regiment*, kingdom.

² *Porcpisces*, porpoises.

And fold them up, when they have made an end.
 Those be the shepheards which my Cynthia serve 260
 At sea, beside a thousand moe at land :
 For land and sea my Cynthia doth deserve
 To have in her commandement at hand."

Thereat I wondred much, till, wondring more
 And more, at length we land far off descryde : 265
 Which sight much gladed me ; for much afore
 I feard least land we never should have eyde.
 Thereto our ship her course directly bent,
 As if the way she perfectly had knowne.
 We Lunday passe ; by that same name is ment 270
 An island which the first to west was showne.
 From thence another world of land we kend,
 Floting amid the sea in ieopardie,
 And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
 Against the seas encroching crueltie. 275
 Those same, the sheheard told me, were the fields
 In which dame Cynthia her landheards fed ;
 Faire goodly fields, then which Armulla yields
 None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.¹
 The first to which we nigh approched was 280
 An high headland² thrust far into the sea,
 Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
 Yet seemed to be a goodly pleasant lea.
 There did a loftie mount³ at first us greet,
 Which did a stately heape of stones upreare 285
 That seemd amid the surges for to fleet,⁴
 Much greater then that frame which did us beare :

¹ *Red*, imagined, seen.

² I. e. Cornwall.

³ I. e. St. Michael's Mount.

⁴ *Fleet*, float.

There did our ship her fruitfull wombe unlade,
And put us all ashore on Cynthias land.

“What land is that thou meanst,” then Cuddy sayd,
“And is there other then whereon we stand?” 291

“Ah! Cuddy,” then quoth Colin, “thous a fon,¹
That hast not seene least part of natures worhe :
Much more there is unkend then thou doest kon,²
And much more that does from mens knowledge
lurke. 295

For that same land much larger is then this,
And other men and beasts and birds doth feed :
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, fresh herbage is,
And all things else that living creatures need.
Besides most goodly rivers there appeare, 300
No whit inferiour to thy Funchins praise,
Or unto Allo, or to Mulla cleare :
Nought hast thou, foolish boy, seene in thy daies.”

“But if that land be there,” quoth he, “as here,
And is theyr heaven likewise there all one? 305
And, if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this same world where we do wone³?”

“Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,”
Quoth he, “abound in that same land then this.
For there all happie peace and plenteous store 310
Conspire in one to make contented blisse :
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,⁴
No nightly bordrags,⁵ nor no hue and cries. 315

¹ *Thous a fon*, thou art a fool.

² *Kon*, know.

³ *Wone*, dwell.

⁴ *Sweard*, sword.

⁵ *Bordrags*, border ravaging

The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger :
 No ravenous wolves the good mans hope destroy,
 Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
 There learned arts do florish in great honor, 220
 And poets wits are had in peerlesse price :
 Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,¹
 Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace, there freely growes,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use : 225
 For God his gifts there plenteously bestowes,
 But gracelesse men them greatly do abuse."

" But say on further," then said Corylas,
 " The rest of thine adventures that betyded."

" Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe," 330
 Quoth he, " as that same shepheard still us guyded,
 Untill that we to Cynthiaes presence came :
 Whose glorie, greater then my simple thought,
 I found much greater then the former fame.
 Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought : 335
 But if I her like ought on earth might read,²
 I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
 Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
 With roses dight and goolds³ and daffadillies ;
 Or like the circlet of a turtle true, 340
 In which all colours of the rainbow bee ;
 Or like faire Phebes garlond shining new,
 In which all pure perfection one may see.
 But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone⁴

¹ I. e. to rest her upon.

² *Read*, set forth, describe.

³ *Goolds*, marigolds.

⁴ *Paragone*, comparison.

Of earthly things, to iudge of things divine : 345
 Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
 Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
 Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,
 Presume the things so sacred to prophane?
 More fit it is t' adore, with humble mind, 350
 The image of the heavens in shape humane."¹

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,
 Saying : " By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,
 Colin, thy selfe thou mak'st us more to wonder,
 And her upraising doest thy selfe upraise. 355
 But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,
 And how that shepheard strange thy cause advanced."

" The Shepheard of the Ocean," quoth he,
 " Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,
 And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare, 360
 That she thenceforth therein gan take delight,
 And it desir'd at timely houres to heare,
 All were my notes but rude and roughly dight :
 For not by measure of her owne great mynd
 And wondrous worth she mott² my simple song, 365
 But ioyd that country shepheard ought could fynd³
 Worth harkening to emongst the learned throng."

" Why," said Alexis then, " what needeth shee,
 That is so great a shepheardesse her selfe,
 And hath so many shepheards in her fee, 370
 To heare thee sing, a simple silly elfe ?
 Or be the shepheards which do serve her laesie,
 That they list not their mery pipes applie ?
 Or be their pipes untunable and craesie,

¹ *Humane*, human.² *Mott*, meted.³ *Fynd*, invent.

That they cannot her honour worthy lie? " 375
 " Ah! nay," said Colin, "neither so nor so
 For better shepheards be not under skie,
 Nor better hable, when they list to blow
 Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
 There is good Harpalus, now woxen aged 380
 In faithful service of faire Cynthia:
 And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
 Yet hablest wit of most I know this day.
 And there is sad Alcyon, bent to mourne,
 Though fit to frame an everlasting dittie, 385
 Whose gentle spright for Daphnes death doth tourn
 Sweet layes of love to endlesse plaints of pittie.
 Ah! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceipt,
 In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure;
 Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height, 390
 That may thy Muse and mates to mirth allure.
 There eke is Palin, worthie of great praise,
 Albe he envie at my rustick quill:
 And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
 His tunes from laies to matter of more skill. 395

Ver. 380-384. — Todd thinks that *Harpalus* is probably Barnaby Googe: Collier suggests Lord Buckhurst, who, however, was but 63 in 1595. Malone and Todd are both of the opinion that *Corydon* is Abraham Fraunce. *Alcyon* is certainly Sir Arthur Gorges, upon the death of whose wife Spenser wrote his *Daphnida*. "Eglantine of Meriflure" seems to be one of his works. C.

Ver. 392-399. — *Palin*.] *Palin* means Thomas Chaloner (Todd), or George Peele (Malone), or somebody else; Todd guesses *Alcon* to be Thomas Watson, Malone believes he is Thomas Lodge: but all these conjectures have very slight foundations. *Palemon* is certainly Thomas Churchyard, for he has applied ver. 399 to himself in one of his works. C.

And there is old Palemon, free from spight,
 Whose carefull pipe may make the hearer rew :
 Yet he himselfe may rewed be more right,
 That sung so long untill quite hoarse he grew.
 And there is Alabaster, throughly taught 400
 In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
 Yet, were he knowne to Cynthia as he ought,
 His Elisëis would be redde anew.
 Who lives that can match that heroick song
 Which he hath of that mightie princesse made ? 405
 O dreaded Dread, do not thy selfe that wrong,
 To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade ;
 But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
 To end thy glorie which he hath begun ;
 That, when he finisht hath as it should be, 410
 No braver poeme can be under sun.
 Nor Po nor Tyburs swans so much renowned,
 Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
 Can match that Muse when it with bayes is crowned,
 And to the pitch of her perfection raised. 415
 And there is a new shepheard late up sprong,
 The which doth all afore him far surpasse ;
 Appearing well in that well tuned song
 Which late he sung unto a scornfull lasse.
 Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly flie, 420
 As daring not too rashly mount on hight,

Ver. 400. — *Alabaster.*] This is a real name. William Alabaster was a scholar and poet of Spenser's time, of considerable eminence. His *Elisëis*, here mentioned, was never printed, but still exists among the manuscripts of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. H.

And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie
 In loves soft laies and looser thoughts delight.
 Then rouze thy feathers quickly, Daniell,
 And to what course thou please thy selfe advance: 425
 But most, me seemes, thy accent will excell
 In tragick plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that Shepheard of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in loves consuming smart:
 Full sweetly tempred is that Muse of his, 430
 That can empierce a princes mightie hart.
 There also is — ah no, he is not now!
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone:
 Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
 Having his Amaryllis left to mone. 435
 Helpe, O ye shepheards, helpe ye all in this,
 Helpe Amaryllis this her losse to mourne:
 Her losse is yours, your losse Amyntas is,
 Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne.
 He, whilst he lived, was the noblest swaine 440
 That ever piped in an oaten quill:
 Both did he other which could pipe maintaine,
 And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion;
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found; 445

Ver. 438. — *Amyntas*.] Malone and Todd are agreed that by Amyntas is meant Ferdinand, the fifth Earl of Derby, the husband of Alice Spencer, afterwards mentioned under the name of Amaryllis. He died in April, 1594. C.

Ver. 444. — *Aetion*.] Aetion may possibly be the "gentle" Shakespeare, whose name (ἐγχέσπαλος) is of heroic sound (v. 447). There are equally good reasons, however, in favor of Sackville (πολιπόρθης), as was pointed out in the London Magazine Sept., 1821. C.

Whose Muse, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himselfe heroically sound.
All these, and many others mo, remaine,
Now after Astrofell is dead and gone :
But while as Astrofell did live and raine, 450
Amongst all these was none his paragone.
All these do flourish in their sundry kynd,
And do their Cynthia immortall make :
Yet found I lyking in her royall mynd,
Not for my skill, but for that shepherds sake." 465

Then spake a lovely lasse, hight Lucida :
" Shepherd, enough of shepherds thou hast told,
Which favour thee and honour Cynthia ;
But of so many nymphs, which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd : 460
That seems with none of them thou favor foundest,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle mayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest."

" Ah far be it," quoth Colin Clout, "fro me,
That I of gentle mayds should ill deserve ; 465
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassall to one whom all my dayes I serve :
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossome of sweet ioy and perfect love, 470
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie.
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice ; 475

My thought, my heart, my love, my life, is shee,
 And I hers ever onely, ever one ;
 One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
 One ever I, and others never none."

Then thus Melissa said : "Thrise happie mayd,
 Whom thou doest so enforce to deifie, 481
 That woods, and hills, and valleyes thou hast made
 Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
 But say who else vouchsafed thee of grace."

"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well, 485
 That all I praise ; but in the highest place,
 Urania, sister unto Astrofell,
 In whose brave mynd, as in a golden cofer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are ;
 More rich then pearles of Ynde, or gold of Opher,
 And in her sex more wonderfull and rare. 491
 Ne lesse praise-worthie I Theana read,
 Whose goodly beames, though they be over dight ¹
 With mourning stole of carefull ² wydowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright. 495
 She is the well of bountie and brave mynd,
 Excelling most in glorie and great light :
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And courts chief garlond with all vertues dight.
 Therefore great Cynthia her in chiefest grace 500
 Doth hold, and next unto her selfe advance,

¹ *Dight*, covered.

² *Carefull*, sorrowfull.

Ver. 487. — *Urania*, &c.] The Countess of Pembroke.

Ver. 492. — *Theana*.] *Theana* is Anne, third wife of the Earl of Warwick, whose exemplary widowhood is commended in the *Ruines of Time*. TODD.

Well worthie of so honourable place,
 For her great worth and noble governance.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is her sister deare,
 Faire Marian, the Muses onely darling : 505
 Whose beautie shyneth as the morning cleare,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne lesse praise-worthie is Mansilia,
 Best knowne by bearing up great Cynthiaes traine :
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida 510
 Upon her neeces death I did complaine.
 She is the paterne of true womanhead,
 And onely mirrhor of feminitie :
 Worthie next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobilitie. 515
 Ne lesse praise-worthie Galathea seemes
 Then best of all that honourable crew ;
 Faire Galathea, with bright shining beames
 Inflaming feeble eyes that her do view.
 She there then waited upon Cynthia, 520
 Yet there is not her won ; but here with us
 About the borders of our rich Coshma,
 Now made of Maa, the nymph delitious.
 Ne lesse praisworthie faire Neæra is ;
 Neæra ours, not theirs, though there she be ; 525
 For of the famous Shure the nymph she is,
 For high desert advaunst to that degree.
 She is the blosome of grace and curtesie,

Ver. 506. — *Marian.*] Margaret, Countess of Cumberland, to whom and the Countess of Warwick Spenser inscribes his *Four Hymns*. TODD.

Ver. 508. — *Mansilia.*] The Marchioness of Northampton, to whom *Daphnaida* is inscribed. TODD.

Adorned with all honourable parts :
 She is the braunch of true nobilitie, 530
 Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.
 Ne lesse praisworthie Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed arre,
 Whom verse of noblest shepheard lately dead
 Hath prais'd and rais'd above each other starre. 535
 Ne lesse praisworthie are the sisters three,
 The honor of the noble familie
 Of which I meanest boast my selfe to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nie :
 Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis. 540
 Phyllis, the faire, is eldest of the three :
 The next to her is bountifull Charillis :
 But th' youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phyllis, the floure of rare perfection,
 Faire spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight, 545
 That, with their beauties amorous reflexion,
 Bereave of sence each rash beholders sight.
 But sweet Charillis is the paragone
 Of peerlesse price, and ornament of praise ;

Ver. 532. — *Stella.*] This is Lady Penelope Devereux, daughter of Walter, Earl of Essex, of whom Sir Philip Sidney was an unsuccessful lover. He celebrated her in his *Arcadia* under the name of Philoclea, and under that of Stella in his *Astrophel and Stella*. She became the wife of Robert, Lord Rich. H.

Ver. 540. — *Phyllis, &c.*] Phyllis, Charillis, and Amaryllis are Elizabeth, Anne, and Alice Spencer, daughters of Sir John Spencer. Charillis was married, at this time, to Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, being her third husband. *Mother Hubbards Tale* is dedicated to her. Amaryllis is Lady Strange, to whom the *Teares of the Muses* is inscribed. Phillis is Lady Carey, to whom *Muiopotmos* is inscribed. H.

Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none, 550
 Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies.
 Thrise happie do I hold thee, noble swaine,
 The which art of so rich a spoile possest,
 And it embracing deare without disdaine,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a brest. 555
 Of all the shepherds daughters which there bee,
 And yet there be the fairest under skie,
 Or that elsewhere I never yet did see,
 A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eie.
 She is the pride and primrose¹ of the rest, 560
 Made by the Maker selfe to be admired,
 And like a goodly beacon high addrest,
 That is with sparks of heavenlie beautie fired.
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread? 565
 That freed is from Cupids yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands adventure dread.
 Shepherd, what ever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praysd diversly apart,
 In her thou maist them all assembled see, 570
 And seald up in the treasure of her hart.
 Ne thee lesse worthie, gentle Flavia,
 For thy chaste life and vertue I esteeme :
 Ne thee lesse worthie, curteous Candida,
 For thy true love and loyaltie I deeme. 575
 Besides, yet many mo that Cynthia serve,

¹ I. e. prime rose.

Ver. 572 - 574. — The ladies intended by Flavia and Candida, as well as the two Irish beauties complimented under the names of Galathea and Neæra, are not known. C.

Right noble nymphs, and high to be commended :
 But if I all should praise as they deserve,
 This sun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
 Therefore, in closure of a thankfull mynd 580
 I deeme it best to hold eternally
 Their bounteous deeds and noble favours shrynd,
 Then by discourse them to indignifie."

So having said, Aglaura him bespake :
 " Colin, well worthie were those goodly favours 585
 Bestowd on thee, that so of them doest make,
 And them requitest with thy thankfull labours.
 But of great Cynthiaes goodnesse and high grace,
 Finish the storie which thou hast begunne."

" More eath,¹" quoth he, " it is in such a case 590
 How to begin, then know how to have donne.
 For everie gift and everie goodly meed
 Which she on me bestowd, demaunds a day ;
 And everie day in which she did a deed
 Demaunds a yeare it duly to display. 595
 Her words were like a streame of honny fleeting,²
 The which doth softly trickle from the hive :
 Hable to melt the hearers heart unweeting,³
 And eke to make the dead againe alive.
 Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes, 600
 Which load the bunches⁴ of the fruitfull vine ;
 Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
 And fill the same with store of timely wine.
 Her lookes were like beames of the morning sun,
 Forth looking through the windowes of the east, 605
 When first the fleecie cattell have begun

¹ *Eath*, easy.

² *Fleeting*, flowing.

³ *Unweeting*, unknowing.

⁴ Qu. *branches*? Collier.

Upon the perled grasse to make their feast.
 Her thoughts are like the fume of franckincence,
 Which from a golden censer forth doth rise,
 And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence 610
 In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.

There she beholds, with high aspiring thought,
 The cradle of her owne creation,
 Emongst the seats of angels heavenly wrought,
 Much like an angell in all forme and fashion." 615

"Colin," said Cuddy then, "thou hast forgot
 Thy selfe, me seemes, too much, to mount so hie :
 Such loftie flight base¹ shepheard seemeth not,
 From flocks and fields to angels and to skie."

"True," answered he, "but her great excellence 620
 Lifts me above the measure of my might :
 That, being fild with furious insolence,²
 I feele my selfe like one yrapt in spright.³
 For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
 Then want I words to speake it fitly forth : 625
 And when I speake of her what I have thought,
 I cannot thinke according to her worth.
 Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I speake,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together ;
 And when as death these vitall bands shall breake, 630
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
 Her name in every tree I will endosse,⁴
 That, as the trees do grow, her name may grow :
 And in the ground each where will it engrosse,
 And fill with stones, that all men may it know. 635
 The speaking woods and murmuring waters fall,

¹ *Base*, humble.

² I. e. unusual fury. TODD.

³ *Yrapt in spright*, rapt in spirit.

⁴ I. e. indorse (Fr. *endosser*), engrave.

Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame .
And eke my lambs, when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for Cynthia by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten, 640
Amongst the shepheards daughters dancing rownd,
My layes made of her shall not be forgotten,
But sung by them with flowry gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who so ye be, that shall survive,
When as ye heare her memory renewed, 645
Be witnesse of her bountie here alive,
Which she to Colin her poore shepheard shewed."

Much was the whole assembly of those heards
Moov'd at his speech, so feelingly he spake ;
And stood awhile astonisht at his words, 650
Till Thestylis at last their silence brake,
Saying: " Why, Colin, since thou foundst such grace
With Cynthia and all her noble crew,
Why didst thou ever leave that happie place,
In which such wealth might unto thee accrew ; 655
And back returnedst to this barrein soyle,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep sheepe, with hunger and with toyle ?
Most wretched he, that is and cannot tell."

" Happie indeed," said Colin, " I him hold, 660
That may that blessed presence still enioy,
Of fortune and of envy uncomptrold,
Which still are wont most happie states t' annoy :
But I, by that which little while I prooved,
Some part of those enormities did see, 665
The which in court continually hooved,¹

¹ *Hooved*, hovered, prevailed.

And followd those which happie seemd to bee.
 Therefore I, silly man, whose former dayes
 Had in rude fields bene altogether spent,
 Durst not adventure such unknowen wayes, 670
 Nor trust the guile of fortunes blandishment;
 But rather chose back to my sheep to tourne,
 Whose utmost hardnesse I before had tryde,
 Then, having learnd repentance late, to mourne
 Emongst those wretches which I there descryde." 675

"Shepherd," said Thestylis, "it seemes of spight
 Thou speakest thus gainst their felicitie,
 Which thou enviest, rather then of right
 That ought in them blameworthie thou doest spie."

"Cause have I none," quoth he, "of cancred will 680
 To quite¹ them ill, that me demeand² so well:
 But selfe-regard of private good or ill
 Moves me of each so as I found to tell,
 And eke to warne yong shepherds wandring wit,
 Which, through report of that lives painted blisse, 685
 Abandon quiet home to seeke for it,
 And leave their lambes to losse, misled amisse.
 For, sooth to say, it is no sort of life
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice and with strife 690
 To thrust downe other into foule disgrace,
 Himselfe to raise; and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitfull wit
 In subtil shifts, and finest sleights devise,
 Either by slaundring his well deemed name, 695
 Through leasings lewd³ and fained forgerie,

¹ Quite, requite.

² Demeand, treated.

³ Leasings lewd, wicked falsehoods.

Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecie ;
 To which him needs a guilefull hollow hart,
 Masked with faire dissembling curtesie, 700
 A filed¹ toung furnisht with tearmes of art,
 No art of schoole, but courtiers schoolery.
 For arts of schoole have there small countenance,
 Counted but toyes to busie ydle braines ;
 And there professours find small maintenance, 705
 But to be instruments of others gaines.
 Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
 Unlesse to please, it selfe it can applie ;
 But shouldred is, or out of doore quite shit,
 As base, or blunt, unmeet for melodie. 710
 For each mans worth is measured by his weed,²
 As harts by hornes, or asses by their eares :
 Yet asses been not all whose eares exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that hornes the highest beares.
 For highest lookes have not the highest mynd, 715
 Nor haughtie words most full of highest thoughts :
 But are like bladders blowen up with wynd,
 That being prickt do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanitie,
 Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soone away : 720
 Such is their glorie that in simple eie
 Seeme greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fooles do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall ;
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell, 725
 And purchase highest rowmes in bowre and hall :

¹ *Filed*, smooth, artful.² *Weed*, dress

Whiles single Truth and simple Honestie
Do wander up and downe despys'd of all;
Their plaine attire such glorious gallantry
Disdaines so much, that none them in doth call." 730

"Ah! Colin," then said Hobbinol, "the blame
Which thou imputest is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name
Nor honest mynd might there be found at all.
For well I wot, sith I my selfe was there, 735
To wait on Lobbin,¹ (Lobbin well thou knewest,)
Full many worthie ones then waiting were,
As ever else in princes court thou vewest.
Of which among you many yet remaine,
Whose names I cannot readily now ghesse: 740
Those that poore sutors papers do retaine,
And those that skill of medicine professe,
And those that do to Cynthia expound
The ledden² of straunge languages in charge:
For Cynthia doth in sciences abound, 745
And gives to their professors stipends large.
Therefore uniustly thou doest wyte³ them all,
For that which thou mislikedst in a few."

"Blame is," quoth he, "more blamelesse generall,
Then that which private errours doth pursew; 750
For well I wot that there amongst them bee
Full many persons of right worthie parts,
Both for report of spotlesse honestie,
And for profession of all learned arts;
Whose praise hereby no whit impaired is, 755

¹ *Lobbin*, probably Leicester.

³ *Wyte*, blame.

² *Ledden*, dialect.

Though blame do light on those that faultie bee ;
 For all the rest do most-what ¹ far amis,
 And yet their owne misfaring ² will not see :
 For either they be puffed up with pride,
 Or fraught with envie that their galls do swell, 760
 Or they their dayes to ydlenesse divide,
 Or drowned die in pleasures wastefull well,
 In which like moldwarps ³ nousling ⁴ still they lurke,
 Unmyndfull of chiefe parts of manlinesse ;
 And do themselves, for want of other worke, 765
 Vaine votaries of laesie Love professe,
 Whose service high so basely they ensew,
 That Cupid selfe of them ashamed is,
 And, mustring all his men in Venus vew,
 Denies them quite for servitors of his." 770

"And is Love then," said Corylas, "once knowne
 In Court, and his sweet lore professed there ?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only woond ⁵ in fields and forests here."

"Not so," quoth he, "Love most aboundeth there. 775
 For all the walls and windows there are writ
 All full of love, and love, and love my deare,
 And all their talke and studie is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seeme,
 Unlesse that some gay mistresse badge he beares : 780
 Ne any one himselfe doth ought esteeme,
 Unlesse he swim in love up to the eares.
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,⁶

¹ *Most-what*, for the most part.

² *Misfaring*, evil course.

³ *Moldwarps*, moles.

⁴ *Nousling*, burrowing.

⁵ *Woond*, dwelt.

⁶ *Lere*, lore.

Ver. 757. — *Far amis*.] Ed. 1611 has *fare*, which reading, as Mr. Collier remarks, is made probable by the occurrence of *misfaring* in the next verse. C.

(As it should be,) all otherwise devise,
 Then we poore shepherds are accustomed here, 785
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with lewd¹ speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mightie mysteries they do prophane,
 And use his ydle name to other needs
 But as a complement for courting vaine. 790
 So him they do not serve as they professe,
 But make him serve to them for sordid uses :
 Ah ! my dread Lord, that doest liege hearts possesse,
 Avenge thy selfe on them for their abuses !
 But we poore shepherds, whether rightly so, 795
 Or through our rudenesse into errour led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go
 To serve that god that is so greatly dred.
 For him the greatest of the gods we deeme,
 Borne without syre or couples of one kynd ; 800
 For Venus selfe doth soly couples seeme,
 Both male and female through commixture ioynd :
 So pure and spotlesse Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the Gardens of Adonis nurst :
 Where growing he his owne perfection wrought, 805
 And shortly was of all the gods the first.
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Iove himselfe his powre began to dread,
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded² new. 810
 From thence he shootes his arrowes every where
 Into the world, at randon as he will,

¹ *Lewd*, vulgar.² *Godided*, made a god.

Ver. 802. *Both male and female.*] See *Faerie Queene*, Book IV. Canto X. 41. TODD.

On us fraile men, his wretched vassals here,
 Like as himselfe us pleaseth save or spill.¹
 So we him worship, so we him adore 815
 With humble hearts to heaven uplifted hie,
 That to true loves he may us evermore
 Preferre, and of their grace us dignifie:
 Ne is there shepheard, ne yet shepheards swaine,
 What ever feeds in forest or in field, 820
 That dare with evil deed or leasing vaine
 Blaspheme his powre, or termes unworthie yield."

"Shepheard, it seemes that some celestiall rage
 Of love," quoth Cuddy, "is breath'd into thy brest,
 That powreth forth these oracles so sage 825
 Of that high powre wherewith thou art posscest.
 But never wist I till this present day,
 Albe of Love I alwayes humbly deemed,
 That he was such an one as thou doest say,
 And so religiously to be esteemed. 830
 Well may it seeme, by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldest bee:
 So well thou wot'st the mysterie of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."

"Of Loves perfection perfectly to speake, 835
 Or of his nature rightly to define,
 Indeed," said Colin, "passeth reasons reach,
 And needs his priest t' expresse his powre divine.
 For long before the world he was ybore,
 And bred above in Venus bosome deare : 840
 For by his powre the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.

¹ *Spill*, spoil, destroy.

For how should else things so far from attone,¹
 And so great enemies as of them bee,
 Be ever drawne together into one, 845
 And taught in such accordance to agree?
 Through him the cold began to covet heat,
 And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
 And th' heavie downe to peize²; the hungry t' eat,
 And voydnesse to seeke full satietie. 850
 So, being former foes, they wexed friends,
 And gan by litle learne to love each other:
 So, being knit, they brought forth other kynds
 Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
 Then first gan heaven out of darknesse dread 855
 For to appeare, and brought forth chearfull day:
 Next gan the earth to shew her naked head,
 Out of deep waters which her drownd alway:
 And shortly after, everie living wight
 Crept forth like wormes out of her slimie nature, 860
 Soone as on them the suns life-giving light
 Had powred kindly heat and formall³ feature.
 Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
 And like himselfe desire for to beget:
 The lyon chose his mate, the turtle dove 865
 Her deare, the dolphin his owne dolphinet;
 But man, that had the sparke of reasons might
 More then the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,
 Like as himselfe was fairest by creation. 870
 For beautie is the bayt which with delight

¹ *Attone*, at one, in harmony.

³ *Formall*, regular.

² *Peize*, poise, weigh.

Doth man allure for to enlarge his kynd ;
 Beautie, the burning lamp of heavens light,
 Darting her beames into each feeble mynd :
 Against whose powre, nor God nor man can fynd 876
 Defence, ne ward the daunger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seeke to be medicynd
 Of her that first did stir that mortall stownd.¹
 Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With praiers lowd importuning the skie; 880
 Whence he them heares, and when he list shew grace,
 Does graunt them grace that otherwise would die.
 So Love is lord of all the world by right,
 And rules the creatures by his powrfull saw² ;
 All being made the vassals of his might, 885
 Through secret sence which therto doth them draw.
 Thus ought all lovers of their lord to deeme,
 And with chaste heart to honor him alway :
 But who so else doth otherwise esteeme,
 Are outlawes, and his lore do disobay. 890
 For their desire is base, and doth not merit
 The name of love, but of disloyall lust :
 Ne mongst true lovers they shall place inherit,
 But as exuls³ out of his court be thrust."

So having said, Melissa spake at will : 895
 " Colin, thou now full deeply hast divynd
 Of Love and Beautie, and with wondrous skill
 Hast Cupid selfe depainted in his kynd.
 To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
 That doest their cause so mightily defend : 900

¹ *Stownd*, event, casualty.

² *Saw*, say, decree.

³ *Exuls*, exiles.

But most, all wemen are they debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend."

"That ill," said Hobbinol, "they him requite,
For having loved ever one most deare :
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite, 905
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare."

"Indeed," said Lucid, "I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed
For being to that swaine too cruell hard ;
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed. 910
But who can tell what cause had that faire mayd
To use him so that used her so well ?
Or who with blame can iustly her upbrayd,
For loving not ? for who can love compell ?
And, sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing, 915
Rashly to wyten ¹ creatures so divine ;
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heaven, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest Helene did revile, 920
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,²
Lost both his eyes, and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise.
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read ³ betimes, 925
How rashly blame of Rosalind ye raise."

¹ *Wyten*, blame.

³ *Read*, advise.

² *Ywroken*, avenged, punished.

“Ah! shepherds,” then said Colin, “ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
To make so bold a doome, with words unmeet,
Of thing celestiall which ye never saw. 930
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepherds daughters which emongst you bee,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did see.
Not then to her, that scorned thing so base, 935
But to my selfe the blame, that lookt so hie :
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe have place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not love : 940
Yet that I may her honour paravant,¹
And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve
And long affliction which I have endured :
Such grace sometimes shall give me some reliefe, 945
And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying 950
This simple trophé of her great conquest.”

So having ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him uprose eke all the rest :
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest. 955

¹ *Paravant*, before all others.

ASTROPHEL.

A PASTORALL ELEGIE

UPON THE DEATH OF THE MOST NOBLE AND VAL-
OROUS KNIGHT,

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

DEDICATED TO THE MOST BEAUTIFULL AND
VERTUOUS LADIE,

THE COUNTESSE OF ESSEX.*

* Lady Sidney, who after the death of Sir Philip had remarried
with Elizabeth's celebrated favorite. C.

SHEPHERDS, that wont on pipes of oaten reed
Oft times to plaine your loves concealed smart,
And with your piteous layes have learnd to breed
Compassion in a countrey lasses hart,
Hearken, ye gentle shepherds, to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that ever man heard tell;
To you, whose softened hearts it may empierse
With dolours dart for death of ASTROPHEL;*
To you I sing, and to none other wight,
For well I wot my rymes bene rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or covet them to read,
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the living but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity such a case.

* Astrophil or Astrophel was an appellation devised for himself by Philip Sidney, by taking the initial syllables of his name, Phil Sid, translating Sid (Sidus) into Greek (*ἄστρον*), and then prefixing this last to Phil (*φίλος*). Sidney had called Lady Devereux Stella, and his own quaint name of Astrophel was meant to signify Stella's lover. C.

ASTROPHEL.*

A GENTLE Shepherd borne in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassie bancks of Hæmony
Did keepe his sheep, his litle stock and store,
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields ; and Astrophel he hight.

Young Astrophel, the pride of shepherds praise,
Young Astrophel, the rusticke lasses love,
Far passing all the pastors of his daies,
In all that seemly shepherd might behove :
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happie as the rest.

For from the time that first the nymph, his mother,
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A sclender swaine, excelling far each other

* *Astrophel* and the accompanying poems are specimens of the many lamentations in verse which the untimely death of Sir Philip Sidney called forth. They are none of them above mediocrity in point of poetical merit, and are deficient in the simplicity belonging to the expression of true feeling, which is somewhat singular, as the writers were, undoubtedly, sincere mourners. H

In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
 He grew up fast in goodnesse and in grace,
 And doubly faire woxe both in mynd and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment
 With gentle usage and demeanure myld, 20
 That all mens hearts with secret ravishment
 He stole away, and weetingly¹ beguyld.
 Ne Spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
 Found ought in him that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent, 25
 Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall;
 And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,
 Merily masking both in bowre and hall:
 There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
 When Astrophel so ever was away. 30

For he could pipe, and daunce, and caroll sweet,
 Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast;
 As somers larke that with her song doth greet
 The dawning day forth comming from the East.
 And layes of love he also could compose: 35
 Thrise happie she whom he to praise did chose.

Full many maydens often did him woo
 Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
 Or make² for them as he was wont to doo
 For her that did his heart with love inflame. 40
 For which they promised to dight for him
 Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

¹ *Weetingly*, knowingly.

² *Make*, i. e. verses.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brooke,
 Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke, 45
 To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,
 (Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore,) 50
 Ne for their gifts, unworthie of his wit,
 Yet not unworthie of the countries store.
 For one alone he cared, for one he sight,
 His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

Stella the faire, the fairest star in skie, 55
 As faire as Venus or the fairest faire,
 (A fairer star saw never living eie,)
 Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.
 Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
 His thoughts, his rimes, his songs, were all upon
 her. 60

To her he vowd the service of his daies,
 On her he spent the riches of his wit:
 For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
 Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
 Her, and but her, of love he worthie deemed; 65
 For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ver. 55. — *Stella.*] Lady Penelope Devereux, Sidney's first love, now the widow of Lord Rich. It was in her honor that he wrote the collection of poems called *Astrophel and Stella*. H.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine,)
 But with brave deeds, to her sole service vowed,
 And bold atchievements, her did entertaine. 70
 For both in deeds and words he nourted was,
 Both wise and hardie, too hardie alas !

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steddie, and in swimming strong,
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift, 75
 And all the sports that shepheards are emong ;
 In every one he vanquisht every one,
 He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting such felicitie,
 Or rather infelicitie, he found, 80
 That every field and forest far away
 He sought, where salvage beasts do most abound.
 No beast so salvage but he could it kill ;
 No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill, matcht with such courage as he had, 85
 Did prick him foorth with proud desire of praise
 To seek abroad, of daunger nought ydrad,¹
 His mistresse name, and his owne fame, to raise.
 What needeth perill to be sought abroad,
 Since round about us it doth make aboad ! 90

It fortunèd as he that perilous game
 In forreine soyle pursued far away,

¹ Ydrad, afraid.

Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage pray.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this, 95
 Nor famous Ardeyn, nor fowle Arlo, is.

There his welwoven toyles and subtil traines
 He laid the brutish nation to enwrap :
 So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
 That he of them great troupes did soone entrap. 100
 Full happie man (misweening much) was hee,
 So rich a spoile within his power to see.

Eftsoones, all heedlesse of his dearest hale,¹
 Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
 To slaughter them and worke their finall bale, 105
 Least that his toyle should of their troupes be brust.
 Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
 Now with his sharp borespear, now with his blade.

His care was all how he them all might kill,
 That none might scape (so partiall unto none) : 110
 Ill mynd, so much to mynd anothers ill
 As to become unmyndfull of his owne :
 But pardon that unto the cruell skies,
 That from himselfe to them withdrew his eies.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout, 115
 A cruell beast of most accursed brood

¹ *Hale*, welfare.

Ver. 96. — *Arlo*.] The highest of the Ballyhowra hills in the county of Cork. See Canto VI. of Mutability, 36, 39. C.

Upon him turnd, (despeyre makes cowards stout,)
 And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
 Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
 That it both bone and muscles ryved quight. 120

So deadly was the dint and deep the wound,
 And so huge streames of blood thereout did flow,
 That he endured not the direfull stound,¹
 But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw ;
 The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend, 125
 And, having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah ! where were ye this while, his shepheard peares.
 To whom alive was nought so deare as hee ?
 And ye faire mayds, the matches of his yeares,
 Which in his grace did boast you most to bee ; 130
 Ah ! where were ye, when he of you had need,
 To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed ?

Ah ! wretched boy, the shape of dreryhead,
 And sad ensample of mans suddein end :
 Full litle faileth but thou shalt be dead, 135
 Unpitied, unplaynd, of foe or frend !
 Whilest none is nigh thine eyelids up to close,
 And kisse thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort² of shepheardes, sewing of the chace,
 As they the forest raunged on a day, 140
 By fate or fortune came unto the place
 Where as the lucklesse boy yet bleeding lay ;

¹ *Stound*, time.

² *Sort*, company.

Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still have bled,
Had not good hap those shepherds thether led.

They stopt his wound, (too late to stop it was !) 145
And in their armes then softly did him reare :
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved lasse,
His dearest love, him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that ever man did see,
Was Astrophel, but dearest unto mee ! 150

She, when she saw her Love in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthie gore deformed,
That wont to be with flowers and gyrlonds dight,
And her deare favours dearly well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see, 155
She likewise did deforme like him to bee.

Her yellow locks, that shone so bright and long
As sunny beames in fairest somers day,
See fiersly tore, and with outragious wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away, 160
And her faire brest, the treasury of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares and dried oft ;
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath 165
Out of his lips like lillies pale and soft ;
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regret
And piteous mone the which she for him made, 170

No toong can tell, nor any forth can set,
 But he whose heart like sorrow did invade.
 At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
 His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.¹

Which when she saw, she staid not a whit, 175
 But after him did make untimely haste ;
 Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
 And followed her make ² like turtle chaste ;
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
 Which living were in love so firmly tide. 180

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
 And, pittying this paire of lovers trew,
 Transformed them, there lying on the field,
 Into one flowre that is both red and blew :
 It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade, 185
 Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appeares,
 As fairly formd as any star in skyes,
 Resembling Stella in her freshest yeares,
 Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes ; 190
 And all the day it standeth full of deow,
 Which is the teares that from her eyes did flow.

¹ *Forwent*, forsook.

² *Make*, mate.

Ver. 175.—*She staid not a whit.*] Neither Stella nor Lady Sidney can be accused of too romantic an attachment to his memory. Lady Rich survived him many years, and married a second time. Frances Sidney married the Earl of Essex, and, after she lost him, the Earl of Clanrickard. C.

That hearbe of some Starlight is cald by name,
Of others Penthia, though not so well :
But thou, where ever thou doest finde the same, 195
From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
And when so ever thou it up doest take,
Do pluck it softly for that shepherds sake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did passe,
The shepherds all which loved him full deare, 200
And sure full deare of all he loved was,
Did thether flock to see what they did heare.
And when that pitteous spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone, 205
With inward anguish and great grieve opprest :
And every one did weep and waile and mone,
And meanes deviz'd to shew his sorrow best :
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepherds kept sheep, was not like mourning seen.

But first his sister, that Clorinda hight, 211
The gentlest shepherdesse that lives this day,
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the vearse,
In sort as she it sung I will rehearse. 216

AY me, to whom shall I my case complaine,*
 That may compassion my impatient griefe;
 Or where shall I unfold my inward paine,
 That my enriven heart may find reliefe?
 Shall I unto the heavenly powres it show,
 Or unto earthly men that dwell below?

To heavens? Ah! they, alas! the authors were,
 And workers of my unremédied wo:
 For they foresee what to us happens here,
 And they foresaw, yet suffred this be so. 19
 From them comes good, from them comes also il;
 That which they made, who can them warne to
 spill?

To men? Ah! they, alas! like wretched bee,
 And subiect to the heavens ordinance:
 Bound to abide what ever they decree, 15
 Their best redresse is their best sufferance.
 How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
 The which no lesse need comforted to bee?

Then to my selfe will I my sorrow mourne,
 Sith none alive like scrowfull remaines; 20
 And to my selfe my plaints shall back retourne,
 To pay their usury with doubled paines.
 The woods, the hills, the rivers, shall resound
 The mournfull accent of my sorrowes ground.

* These verses would appear, from the language by which they are introduced, to have been the composition of the Countess of Pembroke. C.

Woods, hills, and rivers, now are desolate, 25
 Sith he is gone the which them all did grace,
 And all the fields do waile their widow state,
 Sith death their fairest flowre did late deface.
 The fairest flowre in field that ever grew,
 Was Astrophel; that was, we all may rew. 30

What cruell hand of cursed foe unknowne
 Hath cropt the stalke which bore so faire a flowre?
 Untimely cropt, before it well were growne,
 And cleane defaced in untimely howre.
 Great losse to all that ever him did see, 35
 Great losse to all, but greatest losse to mee!

Breake now your gyrlonds, O ye shepheards lasses,
 Sith the faire flowre which them adornd is gon:
 The flowre which them adornd is gone to ashes;
 Never againe let lasse put gyrlond on. 40
 In stead of gyrlond, weare sad cypres now,
 And bitter elder, broken from the bowe.

Ne ever sing the love-layes which he made;
 Who ever made such layes of love as hee?
 Ne ever read the riddles which he sayd 45
 Unto your selves, to make you mery glee.
 Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
 Your mery maker now, alas! is dead.

Death, the devourer of all worlds delight,
 Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy: 50
 Both you and me, and all the world, he quight
 Hath robd of ioyance, and left sad annoy.

Ioy of the world, and shepherds pride was hee,
 Shepherds, hope never like againe to see!

Oh Death! that hast us of such riches reft, 55
 Tell us at least, what hast thou with it done?
 What is become of him whose flowre here left
 Is but the shadow of his likenesse gone?
 Scarse like the shadow of that which he was;
 Nought like, but that he like a shade did pas. 60

But that immortall spirit, which was deckt
 With all the dowries of celestially grace,
 By soveraine choyce from th' heavenly quires select,
 And lineally deriv'd from angels race,
 O! what is now of it become, aread.¹ 65
 Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?

Ah, no! it is not dead, ne can it die,
 But lives for aie in blisfull Paradise:
 Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
 In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise, 70
 And compast all about with roses sweet,
 And daintie violets from head to feet.

There thousand birds, all of celestially brood,
 To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
 And with straunge notes, of him well understood, 75
 Lull him asleep in ángelick delight;
 Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented bee
 Immortall beauties, which no eye may see.

¹ *Aread*, declare.

But he them sees, and takes exceeding pleasure
 Of their divine aspects, appearing plaine, 80
 And kindling love in him above all measure ;
 Sweet love, still ioyous, never feeling paine.

For what so goodly forme he there doth see,
 He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlasting blis, 85
 Sweet spirit, never fearing more to die :
 Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
 Ne fearing salvage beasts more crueltie.

Whilest we here, wretches, waile his private lack,
 And with vaine vowes do often call him back. 90

But live thou there, still happie, happie Spirit,
 And give us leave thee here thus to lament !
 Not thee that doest thy heavens ioy inherit,
 But our owne selves that here in dole are drent.¹

Thus do we weep and waile, and wear our eies, 91
 Mourning in others our owne miseries.

WHICH when she ended had, another swaine,
 Of gentle wit and daintie sweet device,
 Whom Astrophel full deare did entertaine
 Whilest here he liv'd, and held in passing price,
 Hight Thestylis, began his mournfull tourne,
 And made the Muses in his song to mourne.

¹ *Drent*, drenched, drowned.

And after him full many other moe,
 As everie one in order lov'd him best,
 Gan dight themselves t' expresse their inward woe,
 With dolefull layes unto the time addrest. 10
 The which I here in order will rehearse,
 As fittest flowres to deck his mournfull hearse.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF THESTYLIS.*

COME forth, ye Nymphes, come forth, forsake your
 watry bowres,
 Forsake your mossy caves, and help me to lament :
 Help me to tune my dolefull notes to gurgling sound
 Of Liffies tumbling streames : come, let salt teares
 of ours
 Mix with his waters fresh. O come, let one consent
 Ioyne us to mourne with wailfull plaints the deadly
 wound
 Which fatall clap hath made, decreed by higher
 powres ;
 The dreery day in which they have from us yrent

* In 1587, the following license, among others, was granted by the Stationers' Company to John Wolf, printer, viz.: "The Mourning Muses of Lod. Brysket upon the death of the most noble Sir Phillip Sydney, knight, &c." And in a manuscript copy of this poem, preserved in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth palace, the following poem is expressly given to Bryskett. TODD.

The noblest plant that might from East to West be
found.

Mourne, mourn great Philips fall, mourn we his wo-
full end, 10

Whom spitefull Death hath pluct untimely from the
tree,

Whiles yet his yeares in flowre did promise worthie
frute.

Ah dreadful Mars, why didst thou not thy knight
defend?

What wrathfull mood, what fault of ours, hath moved
thee

Of such a shining light to leave us destitute? 15

Thou with benigne aspect sometime didst us behold;

Thou hast in Britons valour tane delight of old,

And with thy presence oft vouchsaft to attribute

Fame and renowme to us for glorious martiall deeds.

But now thy ireful bemes have chill'd our harts with
cold; 20

Thou hast estrang'd thy self, and deignest not our land:

Farre off to others now thy favour honour breeds,

And high disdaine doth cause thee shun our clime, I
feare.

For hadst thou not bene wroth, or that time neare at
hand,

Thou wouldst have heard the cry that woful England
made; 25

Eke Zeland's piteous plaints; and Hollands toren heare,

Would haply have appeas'd thy divine angry mynd.

Thou shouldst have seen the trees refuse to yeeld
their shade,

And wailing to let fall the honor of their head;

And birds in mournfull tunes lamenting in their
kinde. 30

Up from his tombe the mightie Corineus rose,
Who cursing oft the Fates that this mishap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare, calling the heavens unkinde.
The Thames was heard to roare, the Reyne and eke
the Mose,

The Schald, the Danow selfe, this great mischance
did rue 35

With torment and with grief: their fountains pure
and cleere

Were troubled, and with swelling flouds declar'd
their woes.

The Muses comfortles, the Nymphs with paled hue,
The silvan gods likewise, came running farre and
neere,

And all with teares bedeawd, and eyes cast up on
hie, 40

O help, O help, ye gods! they ghastly gan to crie.
O chaunge the cruell fate of this so rare a wight,
And graunt that natures course may measure out his
age!

The beasts their foode forsooke, and, trembling fear-
fully,

Each sought his cave or den, this cry did them so
fright. 45

Out from amid the waves, by storme then stirr'd to
rage,

This crie did cause to rise th' old father Ocean hoare;
Who grave with eld, and full of maiestie in sight,
Spake in this wise: "Refrain," quoth he, "your
teares and plaints;

Cease these your idle words, make vaine requests no
more. 50

No humble speech nor mone may move the fixed stint
Of destinie or death : such is His will that paints
The earth with colours fresh, the darkest skies with
store

Of starry lights : and though your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make, yet nought herein they will pre-
vaile." 55

Whiles thus he said, the noble knight, who gan to
feelee

His vitall force to faint, and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart his mortall bodie to assaile,
With eyes lift up to heav'n, and courage franke as
steele,

With cheerfull face, where valour lively was exprest, 60
But humble mynd, he said : " O Lord, if ought this
fraile

And earthly carcasse have thy service sought t' ad-
vaunce ;

If my desire have bene still to relieve th' opprest ;
If, iustice to maintaine, that valour I have spent
Which thou me gav'st ; or if henceforth I might ad-
vaunce 65

Thy name, thy truth, then spare me, Lord, if thou
think best ;

Forbeare these unripe yeares. But if thy will be
bent ;

If that prefixed time be come which thou hast set ;
Through pure and fervent faith, I hope now to be
plast 69

In th' everlasting blis which with thy precious blood

Thou purchase didst for us." With that a sigh he fet,¹
And straight a cloudie mist his sences overcast.

His lips waxt pale and wan, like damaske roses bud
Cast from the stalke, or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languisheth being shred by culter² as it past.
A trembling chilly cold ran throgh their veines
which were 76

With eies brimfull of teares to see his fatall howre;
Whose blustering sighes at first their sorrow did de-
clare;

Next, murmuring ensude; at last they not forbear
Plaine outcries, all against the heav'ns that enviously
Depriv'd us of a spright so perfect and so rare. 81
The sun his lightsom beames did shrowd, and hide
his face

For grieve, whereby the earth feard night eternally:
The mountaines eachwhere shooke, the rivers turn'd
their streames,

And th' aire gan winterlike to rage and fret apace: 85
And grisly ghosts by night were seene, and fierie
gleames

Amid the clouds, with claps of thunder that did seeme
To rent³ the skies, and made both man and beast
afeard.

The birds of ill presage this lucklesse chance foretold,
By dernfull⁴ noise, and dogs with howling made man
deeme 90

Some mischief was at hand: for such they do esteeme
As tokens of mishap, and so have done of old.

¹ *Fet*, fetched.

² *Culter*, ploughshare.

³ *Rent*, rend.

⁴ *Dernfull*, mournful.

Ah! that thou hadst but heard his lovely Stella
 plaine
 Her greevous losse, or seene her heavie mourning
 cheere,
 While she, with woe opprest, her sorrowes did unfold.
 Her haire hung lose, neglect, about her shoulders
 twaine, 96
 And from those two bright starres, to him sometime
 so deere,
 Her heart sent drops of pearle, which fell in foyson¹
 downe
 Twixt lilly and the rose. She wroong her hands
 with paine,
 And piteously gan say: "My true and faithfull
 pheere,² 100
 Alas, and woe is me! why should my fortune frowne
 On me thus frowardly, to rob me of my ioy?
 What cruell envious hand hath taken thee away,
 And with thee my content, my comfort, and my stay?
 Thou onelie wast the ease of trouble and annoy, 105
 When they did me assaile; in thee my hopes did rest.
 Alas! what now is left but grief, that night and day
 Afflicts this wofull life, and with continuall rage
 Torments ten thousand waies my miserable brest?
 O greedie envious heav'n, what needed thee to
 have 110
 Enricht with such a iewell this unhappie age,
 To take it back againe so soone? Alas! when shall
 Mine eies see ought that may content them, since thy
 grave

¹ *Foyson*, abundance.² *Pheere*, fere.

My onely treasure hides, the ioyes of my poore hart !
 As here with thee on earth I liv'd, even so equall 115
 Me thinkes it were with thee in heav'n I did abide :
 And as our troubles all we here on earth did part,
 So reason would that there of thy most happie state
 I had my share. Alas ! if thou my trustie guide
 Were wont to be, how canst thou leave me thus
 alone 120

In darknesse and astray, weake, wearie, desolate,
 Plung'd in a world of woe, refusing for to take
 Me with thee to the place of rest where thou art
 gone ?”

This said, she held her peace, for sorrow tide her
 toong ;

And instead of more words, seemd that her eies a
 lake 125

Of teares had bene, they flow'd so plenteously
 therefro :

And with her sobs and sighs th' aire round about her
 roong.

If Venus, when she waild her deare Adonis slaine,
 Ought moov'd in thy fiers hart compassion of her woe,
 His noble sisters plaints, her sighes and teares emong,
 Would sure have made thee milde, and inly rue her
 paine. 131

Aurora halfe so faire her selfe did never show,
 When from old Tithons bed shee weeping did arise.
 The blinded Archer-boy, like larke in showre of
 raine,

Sat bathing of his wings, and glad the time did
 spend 135

Under those cristall drops which fell from her faire eies,

And at their brightest beames him proynd ¹ in lovely
wise.

Yet sorie for her grief, which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eies, and clear those
lights,

Those lights through which his glory and his con-
quests shine. 146

The Graces tuckt her hair, which hung like threds
of gold,

Along her yvorie brest, the treasure of delights.

All things with her to weep, it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales, the caves, the stones so
cold.

The aire did help them mourne with dark clouds,
raine, and mist, 145

Forbearing many a day to cleare it selfe againe ;
Which made them eftsoones feare the daies of Pirrha
shold

Of creatures spoile the earth, their fatall threds un-
twist.

For Phœbus gladsome raies were wished for in
vaine,

And with her quivering light Latonas daughter faire,
And Charles-waine eke refus'd to be the shipmans
guide. 151

On Neptune warre was made by Aeolus and his
traine,

Who, letting loose the winds, tost and tormented th'
aire,

So that on ev'ry coast men shipwrack did abide,

¹ *Proynd*, pruned.

Or else were swallowed up in open sea with waves,
And such as came to shoare were beaten with de-
spaire.

The Medwaies silver streames, that wont so still to
slide,

Were troubled now and wrothe ; whose hidden hol-
low caves

Along his banks, with fog then shrowded from mans eye,
Ay Phillip did resownd, aie Phillip they did crie. 160
His nimphs were seen no more (thogh custom stil
it craves)

With haire spred to the wynd themselves to bath or
sport,

Or with the hooke or net, barefooted wantonly,
The pleasant daintie fish to entangle or deceive.

The shepheards left their wonted places of resort ; 165
Their bagpipes now were still, their loving mery
layes

Were quite forgot ; and now their flocks men might
perceive

To wander and to straie, all carelesly neglect :
And in the stead of mirth and pleasure, nights and
dayes

Nought els was to be heard, but woes, complaints, and
mone. 170

But thou, O blessed soule ! doest haply not respect
These teares we shead, though full of loving pure
affect,

Having affixt thine eyes on that most glorious throne,
Where full of maiestie the High Creator reignes ;
In whose bright shining face thy ioyes are all com-
plete ; 175

Whose love kindles thy spright ; where, happie al-
waies one,¹

Thou liv'st in blis that earthly passion never staines ;
Where from the purest spring the sacred nectar
sweete

Is thy continuall drinke ; where thou doest gather
now

Of well employed life th' inestimable gaines. 180

There Venus on thee smiles, Apollo gives thee place,

And Mars in reverent wise doth to thy vertue bow,

And decks his fiery sphere to do thee honour most :

In highest part whereof, thy valour for to grace, 184

A chaire of gold he setts to thee, and there doth tell

Thy noble acts arew,² whereby even they that boast

Themselves of auncient fame, as Pirrhus, Hanniball,

Scipio, and Cæsar, with the rest that did excell

In martiall prowess, high thy glorie do admire. 189

All haile, therefore, O worthie Phillip immortall,

The flowre of Sydneys race, the honour of thy name !

Whose worthie praise to sing my Muses not aspire,

But sorrowfull and sad these teares to thee let fall ;

Yet wish their verses might so farre and wide thy
fame

Extend, that envies rage, nor time, might end the
same. 196

¹ One, alike, equally.

² Arew, in order.

A

PASTORALL AEGLOGUE.

UPON THE

DEATH OF SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, &c.

LYCON, COLIN.

COLIN, well fits thy sad cheare this sad stownd,¹
This wofull stownd, wherein all things complaine
This great mishap, this greevous losse of owres.
Hear'st thou the Orown, how with hollow sownd
He slides away, and murmuring doth plaine, 5
And seemes to say unto the fading flowres
Along his bankes, unto the bared trees,
Phillisides is dead? Up, iolly swaine,
Thou that with skill canst tune a dolefull lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freese,
Hoarse is my voice with crying, else a part 11
Sure would I beare, though rude: but, as I may,
With sobs and sighes I second will thy song,
And so expresse the sorrowes of my hart.

COLIN. Ah Lycon, Lycon, what need skill, to teach

¹ *Stownd*, season.

A grieved mynd powre forth his plaints? How long
Hath the pore turtle gon to school, weenest thou,
To learne to mourne her lost make¹? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seest not these flocks, how sad they wander now? 20
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull sound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to shew a heavie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, hast thou seen, that prunes
Himselfe of late? Did any cheerfull note 25
Come to thine eares, or gladsome sight appeare
Unto thine eies, since that same fatall howre?
Hath not the aire put on his mourning coat,
And testified his grief with flowing teares?
Sith then, it seemeth each thing, to his powre, 30
Doth us invite to make a sad consort.
Come, let us ioyne our mournfull song with theirs:
Griefe will endite, and sorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and eccho will our words report.

LYCON. Though my rude rymes ill with thy
verses frame, 35
That others farre excell, yet will I force
My selfe to answer thee the best I can,
And honor my base words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou sit
In secret shade or cave, vouchsafe, O Pan, 40
To pardon me, and here this hard constraint
With patience while I sing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muses, that do dwell
In these wilde woods, if ever piteous plaint

¹ *Make, mate.*

We did endite, or taught a wofull minde 45
 With words of pure affect¹ his grieve to tell,
 Instruct me now. Now, Colin, then goe on,
 And I will follow thee, though farre bebinde.

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O harmfull death,
 O deadly harme! Unhappie Albion, 50
 When shalt thou see, emong thy shepheards all,
 Any so sage, so perfect? Whom uneath²
 Envie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
 Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
 Behold the sacred Pales, where with haire 55
 Untrust she sitts, in shade of yonder hill,
 And, her faire face bent sadly downe, doth send
 A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
 Doth call the heav'ns despightfull, envious;
 Cruell his fate, that made so short an end 60
 Of that same life, well worthie to have bene
 Prolongd with many yeares, happie and famous.
 The Nymphs and Oreades her round about
 Do sit lamenting on the grassie grene,
 And with shrill cries, beating their whitest breasts, 65
 Accuse the direfull dart that death sent out
 To give the fatall stroke. The starres they blame,
 That deafe or carelesse seeme at their request:
 The pleasant shade of stately groves they shun:
 They leave their cristall springs, where they wont frame
 Sweet bowres of myrtel twigs and lawrel faire, 71
 To sport themselves free from the scorching sun.
 And now the hollow caves where horror darke
 Doth dwell, whence banisht is the gladsome aire,

¹ *Affect*, affection.

² *Uneath*, scarcely.

They seeke, and there in mourning spend their time 75
With wailfull tunes, whiles wolves do howle and barke,
And seem to beare a bourdon¹ to their plaint.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O dolefull ryme!
Why should my toong expresse thee? Who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint, 80
Lycon unfortunate! What spitefull fate,
What lucklesse destinie, hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort, of thy onely stay?
Where is become thy wonted happie state,
Alas! wherein through many a hill and dale, 85
Through pleasant woods, and many an unknowne way,
Along the bankes of many silver streames,
Thou with him yodest,² and with him didst scale
The craggie rocks of th' Alpes and Appenine,
Still with the Muses sporting, while those beames 90
Of vertue kindled in his noble brest,
Which after did so gloriously forth shine?
But woe is me! they now yquenched are
All suddeinly, and death hath them opprest.
Loe Father Neptune, with sad countenance, 95
How he sitts mourning on the strond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feete washeth, wailing this mischance,
Of Dover cliffes. His sacred skirt about
The sea-gods all are set; from their moist caves 100
All for his comfort gathered there they be.
The Thamis rich, the Humber rough and stout,
The fruitfull Severne with the rest are come
To helpe their lord to mourne, and eke to see

¹ *Bourdon*, burden.

² *Yodest*, wentst.

The dolefull sight and sad pomp funerall 105
 Of the dead corps passing through his kingdome :
 And all their heads, with cypres gyrlonds crown'd,
 With wofull shrikes salute him, great and small.
 Eke wailfull Eccho, forgetting her deare
 Narcissus, their last accents doth resownd. 110

COLIN. Phillisides is dead. O lucklesse age !
 O widow world ! O brookes and fountains cleere,
 O hills, O dales, O woods, that oft have rong
 With his sweet caroling, which could asswage
 The fiercest wrath of tygre or of beare ; 115
 Ye Silvans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
 These thickets oft have daunst after his pipe ;
 Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden heare,
 That oft have left your purest cristall springs
 To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe 120
 Away all grieve and sorrow from your harts ,
 Alas ! who now is left that like him sings ?
 When shall you heare againe like harmonie ?
 So sweet a sownd who to you now imparts ?
 Loe where engraved by his hand yet lives 125
 The name of Stella in yonder bay tree.
 Happie name ! happie tree ! faire may you grow,
 And spread your sacred branch, which honor gives
 To famous emperours, and poets crowne.

Unhappie flock, that wander scattred now, 130
 What marvell if through grief ye woxen leane,
 Forsake your food, and hang your heads adowne !
 For such a shepheard never shall you guide,
 Whose parting hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYCON. Phillisides is dead. O happie sprite, 135
 That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide,

Looke downe a while from where thou sitst above,
 And see how busie shepheards be to endite
 Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
 And gratefull memory of their kynd love ! 140
 Behold my selfe with Colin,¹ gentle swaine,
 (Whose lerned Muse thou cherisht most whyleare,²)
 Where we, thy name recording, seeke to ease
 The inward torment and tormenting paine
 That thy departure to us both hath bred ; 145
 Ne can each others sorrow yet appease.
 Behold the fountains now left desolate,
 And withred grasse with cypres boughes bespred ;
 Behold these floures which on thy grave we strew ;
 Which, faded, shew the givers faded state, 150
 (Though eke they shew their fervent zeale and pure,)
 Whose onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
 Whose praiers importune shall the heav'ns for ay,
 That to thy ashes rest they may assure ;
 That learnedst shepheards honor may thy name 155
 With yeerly praises, and the Nymphs alway
 Thy tomb may deck with fresh and sweetest flowres ;
 And that for ever may endure thy fame.

COLIN. The sun, lo! hastned hath his face to steep
 In western waves, and th' aire with stormy showres 160
 Warnes us to drive homewards our silly sheep :
 Lycon, lett's rise, and take of them good keep.³

Virtute summa : cætera fortuna.

L. B.⁴

¹ I. e. Spenser.

³ Keep, care.

² Whyleare, formerly.

⁴ I. e., apparently, Lodowick Bryskett.

AN ELEGIE,*
OR
FRIENDS PASSION, FOR HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN UPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOUR OF FLUSHING.

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude accloid¹ the aire ;
The skie, like glasse of watchet² hew,
Reflected Phœbus golden haire ;
The garnisht tree no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of anie bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant ;
The maiden Unicorne was there,

¹ *Accloid*, choked, filled up

² *Watchet*, blue.

* This piece was printed two years before the appearance of *Colin Clout*, in *The Phoenix Nest*, 4to, 1593, where it is anonymous. (Collier.) Todd has shown that it was written by Matthew Roydon. Although much of it borders on nonsense, it contains the well-known exquisite portrait of Sidney. C.

Ver. 9. — *Maiden Unicorne*.] The unicorn was the symbol

So was Acteons horned plant, 10
 And what of wilde or tame are found,
 Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
 The palme that monarchs do obtaine,
 With love-iuice staine, the mulberie, 15
 The fruit that dewes the poets braine,
 And Phillis philbert there away
 Comparde with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
 With stately height threatning the skie; 20
 And for the bed of love forlorne,
 The blacke and dolefull ebonie;
 All in a circle compast were,
 Like to an amphitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees 25
 The airie-winged people sat,
 Distinguished in od degrees,
 One sort is this, another that.
 Here Philomell, that knowes full well
 What force and wit in love doth dwell; 30

The skiebred Eagle, roiall bird,
 Percht there upon an oke above;
 The Turtle by him never stird,
 Example of immortall love;

of chivalry in the Middle Ages, and it was fabled that the creature became tame in the presence of a virgin. C.

The Swan that sings, about to dy, 38
Leaving Meander, stood thereby.

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phoenix left sweet Arabie,
And on a Cædar in this coast
Built up her tombe of spicerie, 40
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot
I saw one groveling on the grasse :
A man or stone, I knew not that : 45
No stone ; of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of stone.

At length I might perceive him reare
His bodie on his elbow end : 50
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,¹
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throwes, 55
As might have torne the vitall strings ;
Then down his cheeks the teares so flows,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine. 60

¹ *Stound*, amazement.

Incontinent, with trembling sound
He wofully gan to complaine ;
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine :

After his throbs did somewhat stay, 65
Thus heavily he gan to say.

“ O sunne ! ” said he, seeing the sunne,
“ On wretched me why dost thou shine ?
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine : 70

Shine upon those possesse delight,
And let me live in endlesse night.

“ O grieve that liest upon my soule,
As heavie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll, 75
Consort me quickly with the dead ;
Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

“ And you, compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees, 80
I am assurde ye long to kno
What be the sorrowes me agreev's ;
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

“ You knew — who knew not ? — Astrophill: 85
(That I should live to say I knew,
And have not in possession still !)

Things knowne permit me to renew ;
Of him you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare, too much. 90

“ Within these woods of Arcadie
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him ev’ry day, 95
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

“ When he descended downe to the mount,
His personage seemed most divine,
A thousand graces one might count
Upon his lovely, cheerfull eie ; 100
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

“ A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face, 105
The lineaments of Gospell bookes ;
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

“ Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong, 110
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long ;
But eies, and eares, and ev’ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

“ O God, that such a worthy man, 115
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine !

O could the stars that bred that wit
In force no longer fixed sit ? 120

“ Then, being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to love ;
That instrument can aptly shew
How finely our conceits will move :
As Bacchus opes dissembled harts, 125
So Love sets out our better parts.

“ Stella, a nymph within this wood
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite¹ this : 130
Tis likely they acquainted soone ;
He was a sun, and she a moone.

“ Our Astrophill did Stella love ;
O Stella, vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may move, 135
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill ?
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

“ Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common sight of ev’ry eie, 140
Yet in his poesies when we reede,

¹ *Demerite*, deserve.

It is apparant more thereby :
 He, that hath love and iudgement too,
 Sees more than any other doo.

“ Then Astrophill hath honord thee ; 145
 For when thy bodie is extinct,
 Thy graces shall eternall be,
 And live by vertue of his inke ;
 For by his verses he doth give
 The short-livde beautie aye to live. 150

“ Above all others this is hee,
 Which erst approoved in his song
 That love and honor might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints ; it is no sinne nor blame, 155
 To love a man of vertuous name.

“ Did never love so sweetly breath
 In any mortall brest before ;
 Did never Muse inspire beneath
 A poets braine with finer store : 160
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beautie reard above her height.

“ Then Pallas afterward attyrde
 Our Astrophill with her device,
 Whom in his armor heaven admyrde, 165
 As of the nation of the skies
 He sparkled in his armes afarrs,¹
 As he were dight with fierie starrs.

¹ *Afarrs*, afar.

“The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
 (An envious eie doth see afar,) 170
 ‘Such maiestie,’ quoth he, ‘is seeld,¹
 Such maiestie my mart may mar;
 Perhaps this may a suter be,
 To set Mars by his deitie.’

“In this surmize he made with speede 175
 An iron cane, wherein he put
 The thunder that in cloudes do breede;
 The flame and bolt together shut
 With privie force burst out againe,
 And so our Astrophill was slaine.” 180

This word, was slaine, straightway did move,
 And natures inward life strings twitch:
 The skie immediately above
 Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch;
 The wrastling winds from out the ground 185
 Fild all the aire with ratling sound.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
 And sigh’d the sorrow of his fall;
 The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
 The birds did tune their mourning call, 190
 And Philomell for Astrophill
 Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle dove with tunes of ruthe
 Shewd feeling passion of his death;
 Me thought she said, “I tell thee truthe, 195

¹ *Seeld*, rare.

Was never he that drew in breath
 Unto his love more trustie found,
 Than he for whom our griefs abound."

The Swan, that was in presence heere,
 Began his funerall dirge to sing : 200
 "Good things," quoth he, "may scarce appeere,
 But passe away with speedie wing :
 This mortall life as death is tride,¹
 And death gives life," — and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made 205
 Among the creätures of Kinde²
 Fired the Phœnix where she laide,
 Her ashes flying with the winde,
 So as I might with reason see
 That such a Phœnix nere should bee. 210

Haply the cinders, driven about,
 May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
 But hardly a peere to that I doubt ;
 It cannot sinke into my minde,
 That under-branches ere can bee 215
 Of worth and value as the tree.

The Egle markt with pearcing sight
 The mournfull habite of the place,
 And parted thence with mounting flight,
 To signifie to Iove the case, 220
 What sorrow nature doth sustaine
 For Astrophill by envie slaine.

¹ *Tride*, found to be.

² *Kinde*, Nature.

And while I followed with mine eie
The flight the Egle upward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by, 225
And disappeared from my looke:
The trees, beasts, birds, and grove was gone;
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought
A deepe compassion in my spright: 230
My molting hart issude, me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright:
And here my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollors so mine inke.

AN EPITAPH*

UPON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR PHILLIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT,

LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore, 5
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And love that envie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state
Did onely praise thy vertues in my thought, 10
As one that seeld the rising sun hath sought,
With words and teares now waile thy timelesse fate.

* The authors of the two following pieces are unknown. C.

Drawne was thy race aright from princely line ;
 Nor lesse than such, (by gifts that Nature gave,
 The common mother that all creatures have,) 15
 Doth vertue shew, and princely lineage shine.

A king gave thee thy name ; a kingly minde,
 That God thee gave, who found it now¹ too deere
 For this base world, and hath resumde it neere,
 To sit in skies and sort² with powres divine. 20

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth ;
 The heavens made hast, and staid nor yeers nor
 time ;
 The fruits of age grew ripe in thy first prime,
 Thy will, thy words, thy words the seales of truth.

Great gifts and wisdom rare imployd thee thence, 25
 To treat from kings with those more great than
 kings ;

Such hope men had to lay the highest things
 On thy wise youth, to be transported hence !

Whence to sharpe wars sweet honor did thee call,
 Thy countries love, religion, and thy friends : 30
 Of worthy men the marks, the lives, and ends,
 And her defence, for whom we labor all.

There didst thou vanquish shame and tedious age,
 Griefe, sorrow, sicknes, and base fortunes might :

¹ Phoenix Nest, 1593, has *was*.

² *Sort*, associate.

Ver. 17. — *A king gave thee thy name.*] He was named from Philip II. of Spain. C.

Thy rising day saw never wofull night,
But past with praise from of this worldly stage.

32

Back to the campe by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Teares to the soldiers, the proud Castilians shame,
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

40

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon?
Yoong yeeres for endles yeeres, and hope unsure
Of fortunes gifts for wealth that still shall dure :
Oh ! happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the same ;
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried ;
The campe thy sorrow where thy bodie died ;
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy vertues fame.

45

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay up thy love ;
Letters thy learning ; thy losse, yeeres long to come ;
In worthy harts sorrow hath made thy tombe ;
Thy soule and spright enrich the heavens above.

51

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares,
Yoong sighs, sweet sighes, sage sighes, bewaile thy fall :
Envie her sting, and Spite hath left her gall ;
Malice her selfe a mourning garment weares.

55

That day their Hanniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time :
Whose vertues, wounded by my worthelesse rime,
Let angels speake, and heaven thy praises tell.

60

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

SILENCE augmenteth grief, writing encreaseth rage ;
Stald are my thoughts which lov'd and lost the wonder
of our age ;

Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost
ere now,

Enrag'de I write I know not what ; dead, quick, I
know not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and Rigors teares abound,
And Envie strangely rues his end in whom no fault
she found ;

Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slaine her
knight,

Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the worlds
delight.

Place pensive wailes his fall, whose presence was her
pride ;

Time crieth out, My ebbe is come, his life was my
spring tide ;

Fame mournes in that she lost the ground of her re-
ports ;

Ech living wight laments his lacke, and all in sundry
sorts.

He was (wo worth that word !) to ech well thinking
minde

A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue
ever shinde,

Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ, 15
Highest conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works
of wit.

He, onely like himselfe, was second unto none,
Whose deth (though life) we rue, and wrong, and al
in vain do mone ;
Their losse, not him, waile they, that fill the world
with cries ;
Death slue not him, but he made death his ladder to
the skies. 20

Now sinke of sorrow I, who live ; the more the wrong ;
Who wishing death, whom deth denies, whose thred
is al to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Must spend my ever dying daies in never ending
griefe.

Harts ease and onely I like parallels run on, 25
Whose equall length keep equall bredth, and never
meet in one ;
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my sorrowes
cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking
him so well.

Farewell to you, my hopes, my wonted waking
dreames ;
Farewell, sometimes enioyed ioy, eclipsed are thy
beames ! 30

Farewell selfe pleasing thoughts, which quietnes
brings foorth ;
And farewell friendships sacred league, uniting minds
of woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltlesse mindes,
And all sports which, for lives restore, varietie as-
signes ;

Let all that sweete is voyd¹ ; in me no mirth may
dwell ; 35

Phillip, the cause of all this woe, my lives content,
farewell !

Now rime, the sonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes
not how to kill,

Go, seeke that haples tombe ; which if ye hap to
finde,

Salute the stones that keep the lims that held so good
a minde. 40

¹ *Voyd*, depart.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY T. C. FOR WILLIAM PONSONBIE.

1595.

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APPENDIX I.

VARIATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

Complaints,	1591.
Daphnaida,	1596.
Amoretti and Epithalamion,	1595.
Prothalamion,	1596.
Fowre Hymnes,	1596.

- Page 25, v. 363, covetize, O. covertize.
- “ 32, v. 541, ocean, O. Occæan.
- “ 33, v. 551, which (ed. 1611), O. with.
- “ 34, v. 574, worlds (ed. 1611), O. words.
- “ 38, v. 675, worldës, O. worlds.
- “ 66, v. 600, living (ed. 1611), O. loving.
- “ 75, v. 149, Ascræan, O. Astræan.
- “ 82, v. 340, seest thou not (ed. 1611), O. seest thou.
- “ 83, v. 387, throat (ed. 1611), O. threat.
- “ 90, v. 575, billowes, O. billowe.
- “ 101, v. 53, gossip, O. goship.
- “ 102, v. 87, worldës, O. worlds.
- “ 115, v. 453, diriges, O. diriges.
- “ 121, v. 648, at all, O. all.
- “ 124, v. 734, genterie, O. gentrie.
- “ 133, v. 997, whether, O. whither.
- “ 134, v. 1012, stopt, O. stept.
- “ 134, v. 1019, whither, O. whether.
- “ 160, xviii. 5, ornaments, O. ornament.
- “ 166, xxx. 8, stackes (ed. 1611), O. stalkes.
- “ 182, v. 250, dispacing, O. displacing.
- “ 199, ii. 8, one, O. on.
- “ 200, iv. 1, pillers (ed. 1569), ed. 1591 pillowes.

Page 203, ix. 1. astonied, O. astoined.

" 210, vii. 1, behold, O. beheld.

" 252, xxi. 6, love, O.* loves.

" 278, lxxi. 9, above, O. about.

" 284, son. lxxxiii. The sonnet so numbered in the original is omitted, being, except in a single word, the same as Sonnet xxxv.

" 288, v. 13, girlands, O. girland.

" 290, v. 67, dere, O. dore.

" 298, v. 290, sad (ed. 1609), O. not found.

" 300, v. 341, Pouke, O. Ponke.

" 301, v. 380, Latmian, O. Latinian.

" 336, v. 147, deform'd, O. perform'd.

" 374, l. 4, thy, O. the.

" 380, l. 14, compasse, O. compaste.

" 382, l. 14, cleane, O. cleare.

" 383, l. 16, it, O. not found.

" 388, l. 11, more shepheards then (later eds.), O. most shepheards and.

" 389, l. 18, containe (later eds.), O. conceive.

" 390, l. 30, Abib, O. Abil.

" 392, l. 8, shepheards, O. shepherd.

" 408, v. 4, nigheth (ed. 1611), O. nighest.

" 412, last v. but 2, gods, O. God.

" 413, v. 7, teare, O. teares.

" 420, line 1 of Arg., fift, O. first.

" 420, line 2 of Arg., Palinode, O. Palinodie.

" 423, v. 73, " " "

" 426, v. 150, saye (ed. 1611), O. sayde.

" 434, v. 16, shroude, O. shrouder.

" 440, v. 14, tickle, O. trickle.

" 442, v. 77, recourse (ed. 1611), O. resource.

" 445, v. 157, Algrind, O. Algrin.

" 446, v. 193, store, O. stores.

" 447, v. 213, 219, Algrind, O. Algrir

" 448, v. 229, " " "

" 448, l. 11, Thomalins, O. Palinodes.

* Not having the original editions to consult, we have followed Collier's text of *Daphnaida*, *Amoretti*, and all the succeeding pieces in this volume.

- Page 449, v. 10, did (ed. 1591), O. didst.
“ 453, v. 104, curelesse, O. carelesse.
“ 464, v. 145, yead (ed. 1611), O. yeeld.
“ 474, v. 103, waightye, O. wightye.
“ 478, v. 63, on, O. of.
“ 478, v. 78, you, O. omitted.
“ 479, v. 85, hath displayde, O. doth disp aye.
“ 486, v. 29, recked (ed. 1611), O. wreaked.
“ 488, v. 75, youthly, O. younthly.
“ 489, v. 89, t' enrage, O. to tenrage.
“ 497, v. 1, knowen, O. knowne.
“ 500, v. 88, lasse, O. losse.
“ 508, v. 315, bordrags, O. bodrags.
“ 515, v. 487, Urania, O. Uriana.
“ 519, v. 600, clusters (ed. 1611), O. glusters.
“ 522, v. 670, durst (ed. 1611), O. darest.
“ 526, v. 861, life-giving, O. like giving.
“ 529, v. 884, the (ed. 1611), O. their.
“ 538, v. 89, needeth (ed. 1611), O. need.
“ 545, v. 35, him did see (ed. 1611), O. him see.
“ 549, v. 20, thy, O. their.
“ 564, v. 3, glasse, (ed. 1611), O. grasse.
“ 567, v. 72, night, O. might.
“ 568, v. 109, never (ed. 1611), O. ever.
“ 571, v. 181, this (ed. 1611), O. his.
“ 578, v. 25, parallels (ed. 1611), O. parables.
“ 579, v. 39, seeke (ed. 1611), O. seekes.

1872. The year was a very successful one for the
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APPENDIX II.

*To the Worshipfull, his very singular good friend,
Maister G. H., Fellow of Trinitie Hall in Cam-
bridge.**

GOOD MAISTER G. :—

I perceiue, by your most curteous and frendly letters, your good will to be no lesse in deed than I alwayes esteemed. In recompence wherof, think, I beseech you, that I wil spare neither speech, nor wryting, nor aught else, whensoever and wheresoeuer occasion shal be offred me; yea, I will not stay till it be offred, but will seeke it in al that possibly I may. And that you may perceiue how much your counsel in al things preuaileth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and ouer-ruled thereby, I am now determined to alter mine owne former purpose, and to subscribe to your advizement; being, notwithstanding, resolved stil to abide your farther resolution. My principal doubts are these. First, I was minded for a while to haue intermitted the vttering of my writings; leaste by ouer-much cloying their noble eares, I should gather a contempt of myself, or else seeme rather for gaine and commoditie to doe it, for some sweetnesse that I haue already tasted. Then also me seemeth the work too base for his excellent lordship, being made in honour of a priuate personage vnknowne, which of some ylwillers might be vpbraided, not to be so worthie as you knowe she is; or the matter not so weightie that it should be offred to so weightie a personage, or the like. The selfe former title still liketh me well ynough, and your fine addition no lesse. If these and the like doubttes maye be of importaunce, in your

* Reprinted from "Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy. Edited by Joseph Haslewood." Vol. II

seeming, to frustrate any parte of your aduice, I beeseeche you without the leaste selfe loue of your own purpose, counsell me for the beste: and the rather doe it faithfullie and carefully, for that, in all things, I attribute so much to your iudgement, that I am euermore content to adnihilate mine owne determinations in respect thereof. And, indeede, for your selfe to, it sitteth with you now to call your wits & senses together (which are alwaies at call) when occasion is so fairely offered of estimation and preferment. For whiles the yron is hote it is good striking, and minds of nobles varie, as their estates. *Verum ne quid durius.*

I pray you bethinke you well hereof, good Maister G., and forthwith write me those two or three special points and caueats for the nonce; *De quibus in superioribus illis mellitissimis longissimisque litteris tuis.* Your desire to heare of my late beeing with hir Maiestie muste dye in it selfe. As for the twoo worthy gentlemen, Master Sidney and Master Dyer, they haue me, I thanke them, in some vse of familiarity; of whom and to whome what speache passeth for youre credite and estimation I leaue your selfe to conceiue, hauing alwayes so well conceiued of my vnfaigned affection and zeale towardses you. And nowe they haue proclaimed in their ἀπειροπάγῳ a generall surceasing and silence of balde rymers, and also of the verie beste to; in steade whereof they haue, by authoritie of their whole senate, prescribed certaine lawes and rules of quantities of English sillables for English verse; hauing had thereof already greate practise, and drawen mee to their faction. Newe bookes I heare of none, but only of one,* that writing a certaine booke called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for hys labor scorned: if, at leaste, it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne. Such follie is it not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him to whome wee dedicate oure bookes. Suche mighte I happily incurre, entituling *My Slomber*, and the other pamphlets, vnto his honor. I meant them rather to Maister Dyer. But I am of late more in loue wyth my Englishe versifying than with ryming: whyche I should haue done long since, if I would then haue followed your counsell. *Sed te solum iam tum suspicabar cum Aschamo sapere; nunc aulam video egregios alere poetas Anglicos.* Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be commended vnto your worshippe: of whome what accompte he maketh youre selfe shall hereafter perceiue by hys paynefull and dutifull verses of your selfe.

* Stephen Gosson.

Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight; but coming this morning, beeyng the sixteenth of October [1579], to Mysteresse Kerkes, to haue it deliuered to the carrier, I receyued youre letter, sente me the laste weeke; whereby I perceiue you otherwhiles continue your old exercise of versifying in English,—whych glorie I had now thought shoulde haue bene onely ours heere at London and the court.

Truste me, your verses I like passingly well, and enuye your hidden paines in this kinde, or rather maligne and grudge at your selfe, that woulde not once imparte so muche to me. But once or twice you make a breache in Maister Drants rules: *quod tamen condonabimus tanto poetæ, tuæque ipsius maximæ in his rebus auctoritati*. You shall see, when we meete in London, (whiche when it shall be, certifiye vs,) howe fast I haue followed after you in that course: beware, leaste in time I ouertake you. *Veruntamen te solum sequar, (vt sæpenumero sum professus,) nunquam sane assequar, dum viuam*. And nowe requite I you with the like, not with the verye beste, but with the verye shortest, namely, with a few *Iambickes*. I dare warrant, they be precisely perfect for the feete, (as you can easily iudge,) and varie not one inch from the rule. I will imparte yours to Maister Sidney and Maister Dyer, at my nexte going to the courte. I praye you keepe mine close to your selfe, or your verie entire friendes, Maister Preston, Maister Still, and the reste.

Iambicum Trimetrum.

Vnhappie Verse, the witnesse of my vnhappie state,
Make thy selfe fluttring wings of thy fast flying
Thought, and fly forth vnto my love whersoever she be:

Whether lying reastlesse in heauy bedde, or else
Sitting so cheerelesse at the cheerfull boorde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on hir heauenlie virginals.

If in bed, tell hir, that my eyes can take no reste;
If at boorde, tell hir, that my mouth can eate no meate;
If at hir virginals, tel hir, I can heare no mirth.

Asked why? say, Waking loue suffereth no sleepe;
Say, that raging loue dothe appall the weake stomacke;
Say, that lamenting loue marreth the musicall.

Tell hir, that hir pleasures were wonte to lull me asleepe;
 Tell hir, that hir beautie was wonte to feede mine eyes;
 Tell hir, that hir sweete tongue was wonte to make me mirth

Nowe doe I nightly waste, wanting my kindly reste;
 Nowe doe I dayly starue, wanting my liuely foode;
 Nowe doe I alwayes dye, wanting thy timely mirth.

And if I waste, who will bewaile my heauy chaunce?
 And if I starue, who will record my cursed end?
 And if I dye, who will saye, *This was Immerito?*

I thought once agayne here to haue made an ende, with a heartie *Vale*, of the best fashion; but loe, an ylfavoured myschaunce. My last farewell, whereof I made great accompt, and muche maruelled you shoulde make no mention thereof, I am nowe tolde, (in the diuel's name,) was thorough one mans negligence quite forgotten, but shoulde nowe vndoubtedly haue beene sent, whether I hadde come or no. Seing it can now be no otherwise, I pray you take all together, wyth all their faultes: and nowe I hope you will vouchsafe mee an answeare of the largest size, or else I tell you true, you shall bee verye deepe in my debte; notwithstanding thys other sweete but shorte letter, and fine, but fewe verses. But I woulde rather I might yet see youre owne good selfe, and receiue a reciprocall farewell from your owne sweete mouth.

*Ad ornatissimum virum, multis iam diu nominibus clarissimum,
 G. H., Immerito sui, mox in Gallias nauigaturi, Εὐτυχέιν.*

Sic malus egregium, sic non inimicus amicum,
 Sicque nouus veterem iubet ipse poeta poetam
 Saluere, ac cælo, post secula multa, secundo,
 Iam reducem, (cælo mage quam nunc ipse secundo)
 Vtier. Ecce deus, (modo sit deus ille, renixum
 Qui vocet in scelus, et iuratos perdat amores)
 Ecce deus mihi clara dedit modo signa marinus,
 Et sua veligero lenis parat æquora ligno
 Mox sulcanda; suas etiam pater Æolus iras
 Ponit, et ingentes animos Aquilonis.
 Cuncta vijs sic apta meis: ego solus ineptus.
 Nam mihi nescio quo mens saucia vulnere, dudum

Fluctuat ancipiti pelago, dum navita proram
 Invalidam validus rapit huc Amor, et rapit illuc
 Consilij Ratio melioribus vsa, Decusque
 Immortale leui diffissa Cupidinis arcu: *
 Angimur hoc dubio, et portu vexamur in ipso.
 Magne pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris,
 (Id tibi Dij nomen precor haud impune remittant)
 Hos nodos exsolue, et eris mihi magnus Apollo!
 Spiritus ad summos, scio, te generosus honores
 Exstimulat, majusque docet spirare poetam.
 Quam levis est Amor, et tamen haud levis est Amor omnis:
 Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
 Præque sacrosancta splendoris imagine tanti,
 Cætera, quæ vecors, vti numina, vulgus adorat,
 Prædia, amicitias, vrbana peculia, nummos,
 Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, amores,
 Conculcare soles, vt humum, et ludibria sensus:
 Digna meo certe Haruejo sententia, digna
 Oratore amplo, et generoso pectore, quam non
 Stoica formidet veterum sapientia vinclis
 Sancire æternis: sapor haud tamen omnibus idem
 Dicitur effœti proies facunda Laertæ,
 Quamlibet ignoti iactata per æquora cæli,
 Inque procelloso longum exsul gurgite ponto,
 Præ tamen amplexu lachrymosæ conjugis, ortus
 Cælestes, Diuûmque thoros spreuisse beatos.
 Tantum amor, et mulier, vel amore potentior. Illum
 Tu tamen illudis: tua magnificentia tanta est:
 Præque subumbrata splendoris imagine tanti,
 Præque illo meritis famosis nomine parto,
 Cætera, quæ vecors, vti numina, vulgus adorat,
 Prædia, amicitias, armenta, peculia, nummos,
 Quæque placent oculis, formas, spectacula, amores,
 Quæque placent ori, quæque auribus, omnia temnis.
 Næ tu grande sapis! sapor at sapientia non est:
 Omnis et in paruis bene qui scit desipuisse,
 Sæpe supercilijs palmam sapientibus aufert.
 Ludit Aristippum modo tetrica turba sophorum,
 Mitia purpureo moderantem verba tyranno;

* This line appears to be corrupt.

Ludit Aristippus dictamina vana sophorum,
 Quos levis emensi male torquet Culicis vmbra:
 Et quisquis placuisse studet heroibus altis,
 Desipuisse studet; sic gratia crescit ineptis.
 Denique laurigeris quisquis sua tempora vittis
 Insignire volet, populoque placere fauenti,
 Desipere insanus discit, turpemque pudendæ
 Stultitiæ laudem quærit. Pater Ennius vnus
 Dictus in innumeris sapiens: laudatur at ipse
 Carmina vesano fudisse liquentia vino.
 Nec tu, pace tua, nostri Cato Maxime sæcli,
 Nomen honorati sacrum mereare poetæ,
 Quantumvis illustre canas, et nobile carmen,
 Ni *stultire* velis; sic stultorum omnia plena.
 Tuta sed in medio superest via gurgite; nam qui
 Nec reliquis nimium vult desipuisse videri,
 Nec sapuisse nimis, sapientem dixeris vnum:
 Hinc te merserit vnda, illinc combusserit ignis.
 Nec tu delicias nimis aspernare fluentes,
 Nec sero dominam venientem in vota, nec aurum,
 Si sapis, oblatum: (Curijs ea, Fabricijsque
 Linque viris miseris miseranda sophismata, quondam
 Grande sui decus ij, nostri sed dedecus æui;)
 Nec sectare nimis: res vtraque crimine plena.
 Hoc bene qui callet, (si quis tamen hoc bene callet,) *Scribe*
 vel invito sapientem hunc Socrate solum.
 Vis facit vna pios, iustos facit alterc, et alt'ra
 Egregie cordata ac fortia pectora: verum
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit vtile dolci.
 Dij mihi dulce diu dederant, verum vtile nunquam:
 Vtile nunc etiam, o vtinam quoque dulce dedissent.
 Dij mihi, (quippe Dijs æqualia maxima paruis,) *Ni*
 nimis inuideant mortalibus esse beatis,
 Dulce simul tribuisse queant, simul vtile: tanta
 Sed fortuna tua est: pariter quæque vtile, quæque
 Dulce dat ad placitum: sæuo nos sydere nati
 Quæsitum imus eam per inhospita Caucasa longe,
 Perque Pyrenæos montes, Babilonaque turpem.
 Quod si quæsitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
 Æquor inexhaustis permensi erroribus vltra
 Fluctibus in medijs socij quæremus Vlyssis:

Passibus inde deam fessis comitabimur ægram,
 Nobile cui furtum quærenti defuit orbis.
 Namque sinu pudet in patrio tenebrisque pudendis,
 Non nimis ingenio iuuenem infœlice virentes
 Officijs frustra deperdere vilibus annos,
 Frugibus et vacuas speratis cernere spicas.
 Ibimus ergo statim, (quis eunti fausta precetur?)
 Et pede clivosas fesso calcabimus Alpes.
 Quis dabit interea, conditas rore Britanno,
 Quis tibi litterulas, quis carmen amore petulcum!
 Musa sub Oebalij desueta cacumine montis,
 Flebit inexhausto tam longa silentia planctu,
 Lugebitque sacrum lacrymis Heliconæ tacentem.
 Harueiusque bonus, (charus licet omnibus idem,)

Idque suo merito prope suauior omnibus, vnus
 Angelus et Gabriel, quamuis comitatus amicis
 Innumeris, geniûmque choro stipatus amæno,
Immerito tamen vnum absentem sæpe requiret;
 Optabitque, Utinam meus hic *Edmundus* adesset,
 Qui noua scripsisset, nec amores conticuisset,
 Ipse suos; et sæpe animo verbisque benignis
 Fausta precaretur, *Deus illum aliquando reducat.* &c.

Plura vellem per Charites, sed non licet per Musas.
 Vale, Vale plurimum, Mi amabilissime Harueie, meo cordi, meorum
 omnium longe charissime.

I was minded also to haue sent you some English verses, or
 rymes, for a farewell; but, by my troth, I haue no spare time in
 the world to thinke on such toyes, that, you knowe, will demaund
 a freer head than mine is presently. I beseeche you by all your
 curtesies and graces, let me be answered ere I goe; which will be
 (I hope, I feare, I thinke) the next weeke, if I can be dispatched
 of my Lorde. I goe thither, as sent by him, and maintained most
 what of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my
 minde, to his Honours seruice. Thus, with many superhartie
 commendations and recommendations to your selfe, and all my
 friendes with you, I ende my last farewell, not thinking any more
 to write vnto you before I goe; and withall committing to your
 faithfull credence the eternall memorie of our euerlasting friend-
 ship; the inuiolable memorie of our vnspotted friendshippe, the

sacred memorie of our vowed friendship; which I beseech you continue with vsuall writings, as you may, and of all things let me heare some newes from you: as gentle M. Sidney, I thanke his good worship, hath required of me, and so promised to doe againe. *Qui monet, vt facias, quod iam facis*, you knowe the rest. You may alwayes send them most safely to me by Mistrresse Kerke, and by none other. So once againe, and yet once more, farewell most hartily, mine owne good Master H., and loue me, as I loue you, and thinke vpon poore *Immerito*, as he thinketh vppon you.

Leycester House, this 5 [16*] of October, 1579.

*Per mare, per terras,
Viuus mortuusque,
Tuus Immerito.*

*To my long approoued and singular good frende,
Master G. H.*

GOOD MASTER H.:—

I doubt not but you haue some great important matter in hande, which al this while restraineth your penne, and wonted readinesse in prouoking me vnto that wherein your selfe nowe faulte. If there bee any such thing in hatching, I pray you hartily lette vs knowe, before al the worlde see it. But if happily you dwell altogether in Iustinians Courte, and giue your selfe to be deuoured of secreate studies, as of all likelyhood you doe, yet at least imparte some your olde or newe, Latine or Englishe, eloquent and gallant poesies to vs, from whose eyes, you saye, you keepe in a manner nothing hidden. Little newes is here stirred, but that olde greate matter still depending. His Honoure neuer better. I thinke the earthquake was also there wyth you (which I would gladly learne), as it was here with vs; ouerthrowing diuers old buildings and peeces of churches. Sure verye straunge to be hearde of in these countries, and yet I heare some saye (I knowe

* See p. 383, l. 2.

not howe truely) that they haue knowne the like before in their dayes. *Sed quid vobis videtur magnis philosophis?* I like your late Englishe hexameters so exceedingly well, that I also enure my penne sometime in that kinde: whyche I fynd, indeede, as I haue heard you often defende in worde, neither so harde nor so harshe, that it will easily and fairely yeelde it selfe to oure moother tongue. For the onely or chiefest hardnesse whych seemeth is in the accente, whyche sometime gapeth, and as it were yawneth ilfauouredly, comming shorte of that it should, and sometime exceeding the measure of the number; as in *carpenter*, the middle sillable being vsed shorte in speache, when it shall be read long in verse, seemeth like a lame gosling, that draweth one legge after hir; and *heauen*, beeing vsed shorte as one sillable, when it is in verse, stretched out with a *diastole*, is like a lame dogge that holdes vp one legge. But it is to be wonne with custome, and rough words must be subdued with vse. For why, a God's name, may not we, as else the Greekes, haue the kingdome of oure owne language, and measure our accentus by the sounde, reseruing the quantitie to the verse? Loe, here I let you see my olde vse of toying in rymes, turned into your artificiall straightnesse of verse by this *tetrasticon*. I beseech you tell me your fancie, without parcialitie.

See yee the blindfolded pretie god, that feathered archer,
Of louers miseries which maketh his bloodie game?
Wote ye why his moother with a veale hath couered his face?
Trust me, least he my looue happely chaunce to beholde.

Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you *ex tempore* in bed, the last time we lay together in Westminster?

That which I eate, did I ioy, and that which I greedily gorged;
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.

I would hartily wish you would either send me the rules and precepts of arte which you obserue in quantities, or else followe mine, that M. Philip Sidney gave me, being the very same which M. Drant deuised, but enlarged with M. Sidney's own iudgement, and augmented with my obseruations, that we might both accorde and agree in one; leaste we ouerthrowe one an other, and be ouerthrown of the rest. Truste me, you will hardly beleue what greate good liking and estimation Maister Dyer had of your *Satyr*-

icall Verses, and I, since the viewe thereof, hauing before of my selfe had speciall liking of Englishe versifying, am euen nowe aboute to giue you some token what and howe well therein I am able to doe: for, to tell you trueth, I minde shortely, at conuenient leysure, to sette forth a booke in this kinde, whyche I entitle, *Epithalamion Thamesis*, whyche booke I dare vndertake wil be very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the inuention and manner of handling. For in setting forth the marriage of the Thames, I shewe his first beginning, and offspring, and all the countrey that he passeth thorough, and also describe all the riuers throughout Englande, whyche came to this wedding, and their righte names and right passage, &c.; a worke, beleene me, of much labour, wherein notwithstanding Master Holinshed hath mucche furthered and aduantaged me, who therein hath bestowed singular paines in searching oute their firste heades and sourses, and also in tracing and dogging oute all their course, til they fall into the sea.

*O Tite, siquid ego,
Ecquid erit pretij?*

But of that more hereafter. Nowe, my *Dreames* and *Dying Pellicane* being fully finished (as I partelye signified in my laste letters) and presentlye to bee imprinted, I wil in hande forthwith with my *Faery Queene*, whyche I praye you hartily send me with al expedition: and your frendly letters, and long expected judgement wythal, whyche let not be shorte, but in all pointes suche as you ordinarilye vse and I extraordinarily desire. *Multum vale. Westminster. Quarto Nonas Aprilis, 1580. Sed, amabo te, meum Corculum tibi se ex animo commendat plurimum: iamdiu mirata, te nihil ad literas suas responsi dedisse. Vide quæso, ne id tibi capitale sit: mihi certe quidem erit, neque tibi hercle impune, vt opinor. Iterum vale, et quam voles sæpe.*

Yours alwayes to commaunde,

IMMERITO.

Postscripte.

I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being growen, by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of a paraphrase), full as great as my *Calendar*. Therin be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K., and the pictures so singularly set forth and purtrayed, as if

Michael Angelo were there, he could (I think) nor amende the beste, nor reprehende the worst. I knowe you woulde lyke them passing wel. Of my *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and especially of the sundry apostrophes therein, addressed you knowe to whome, muste more aduisement be had, than so lightly to sende them abroad: howbeit, trust me, (though I doe never very well,) yet, in my owne fancie, I neuer dyd better: *Veruntamen te sequor solum: nunquam vero assequar.*

Extract from Harvey's Reply.

But Master Collin Cloute is not euery body, and albeit his olde companions, Master Cuddy & Master Hobbinoll, be as little beholding to their Mistresse Poetrie as euer you wist, yet he peradventure, by the meanes of hir speciall fauour, and some personall priuiledge, may happely liue by Dying Pellicanes, and purchase great landes and lordshippes with the money which his Calendar and Dreames haue and will affourde him. *Extra iocum*, I like your Dreames passingly well; and the rather, bicause they sauour of that singular extraordinarie veine and inuention whiche I euer fancied moste, and in a manner admired onelye in Lucian, Petrarche, Aretine, Pasquill, and all the most delicate and fine conceited Grecians and Italians, (for the Romanes to speake of are but verye ciphars in this kinde,) whose chieftest endeuour and drifte was to haue nothing vulgare, but, in some respectes or other, and especially in liuely hyperbolicall amplifications, rare, queint, and odde in euery pointe, and, as a man woulde saye, a degree or two, at the leaste, aboue the reache and compasse of a common scholars capacitie. In whiche respectes notwithstanding, as well for the singularitie of the manner as the diuinitie of the matter, I hearde once a diuine preferre Saint Iohns Reuelation before al the veriest metaphysicall visions and iolliest conceited dreames or extasies that euer were deuised by one or other, howe admirable or super excellent soeuer they seemed otherwise to the worlde. And truely I am so confirmed in this opinion, that when I be thinke me of the verie notablest and moste wonderful prophetically or poetically vision that euer I read, or hearde, meseemeth the pro-

portion is so vnequall, that there hardly appeareth anye semblaunce of comparison: no more in a manner (specially for poets) than doth betweene the incomprehensible wisdom of God and the sensible wit of man. But what needeth this digression betweene you and me? I dare saye you wyll holde your selfe reasonably wel satisfied, if youre Dreames be but as well esteemed of in Englande as Petrarches Visions be in Italy; whiche, I assure you, is the very worst I wish you. But see how I haue the arte memoratiue at commaundement. In good faith, I had once again nigh forgotten your Faerie Queene: howbeit, by good chaunce, I haue nowe sent hir home at the laste, neither in better nor worse case than I founde hir. And must you of necessitie haue my iudgement of hir indeede? To be plaine, I am voyde of al iudgement, if your nine Comœdies, whervnto, in imitation of Herodotus, you giue the names of the nine Muses, (and in one mans fansie not vnworthily), come not neerer Ariostoes comœdies, eyther for the finesse of plausible elocution or the rarenesse of poetical inuention, than that Eluish Queene doth to his Orlando Furioso; which, notwithstanding, you wil needes seeme to emulate, and hope to ouergo, as you flatly professed yourself in one of your last letters. Besides that, you know, it hath bene the vsual practise of the most exquisite and odde wittes in all nations, and specially in Italie, rather to shewe and aduaunce themselues that way than any other; as, namely, those three notorious dyscoursing heads, Bibiena, Machiauel, and Aretine, did, (to let Bembo and Ariosto passe,) with the great admiration and wonderment of the whole countrey: being, in deede, reputed matchable in all points, both for conceyt of witte and eloquent decyphering of matters, either with Aristophanes and Menander in Greek, or with Plautus and Terence in Latin, or with any other in any other tong. But I wil not stand greatly with you in your owne matters. If so be the Faerye Queene be fairer in your eie than the nine Muses, and Hobgoblin runne away with the garland from Apollo, marke what I saye: and yet I will not say that I thought, but there an end for this once, and fare you well, till God or some good aungell putte you in a better minde.

APPENDIX III.

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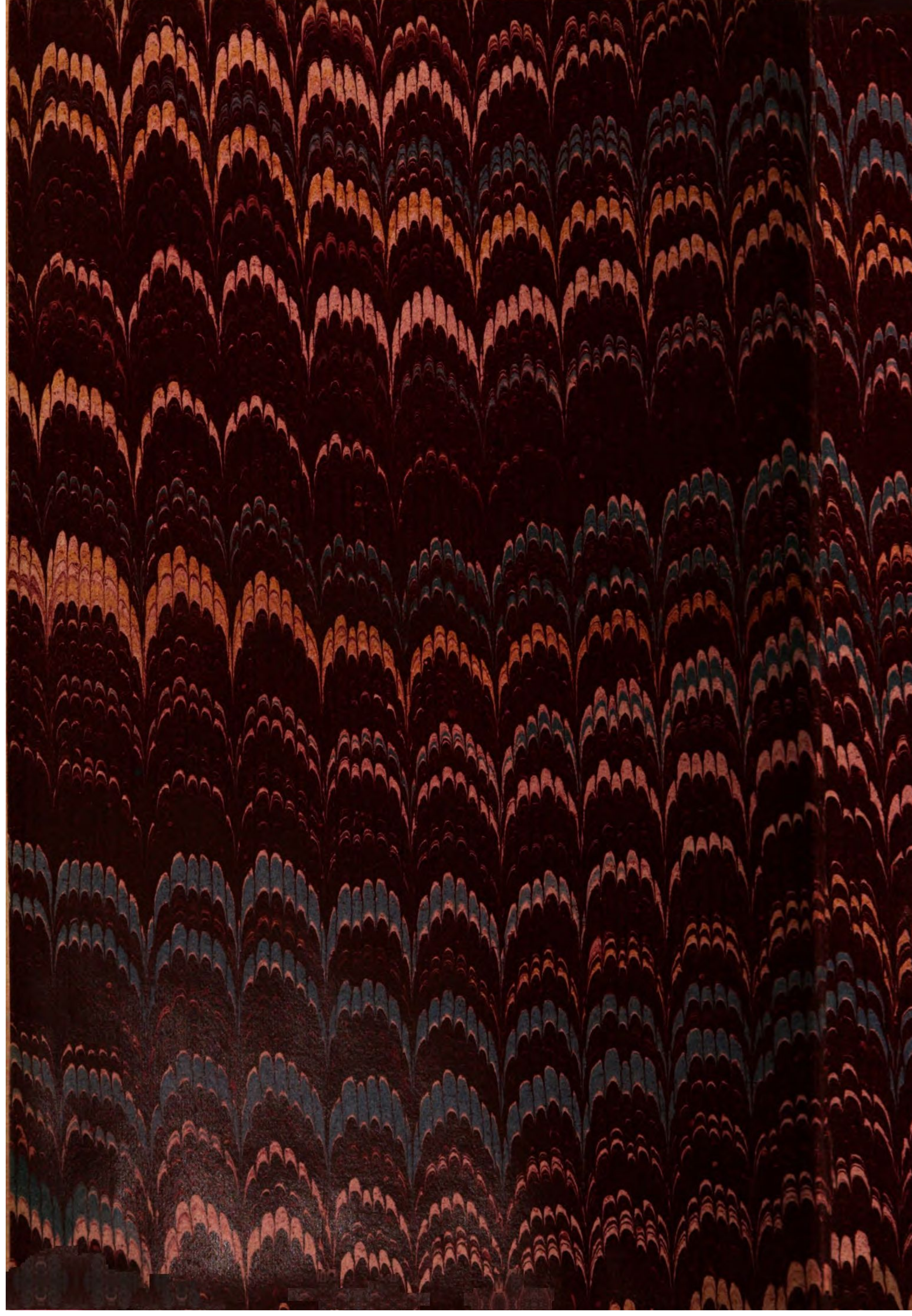
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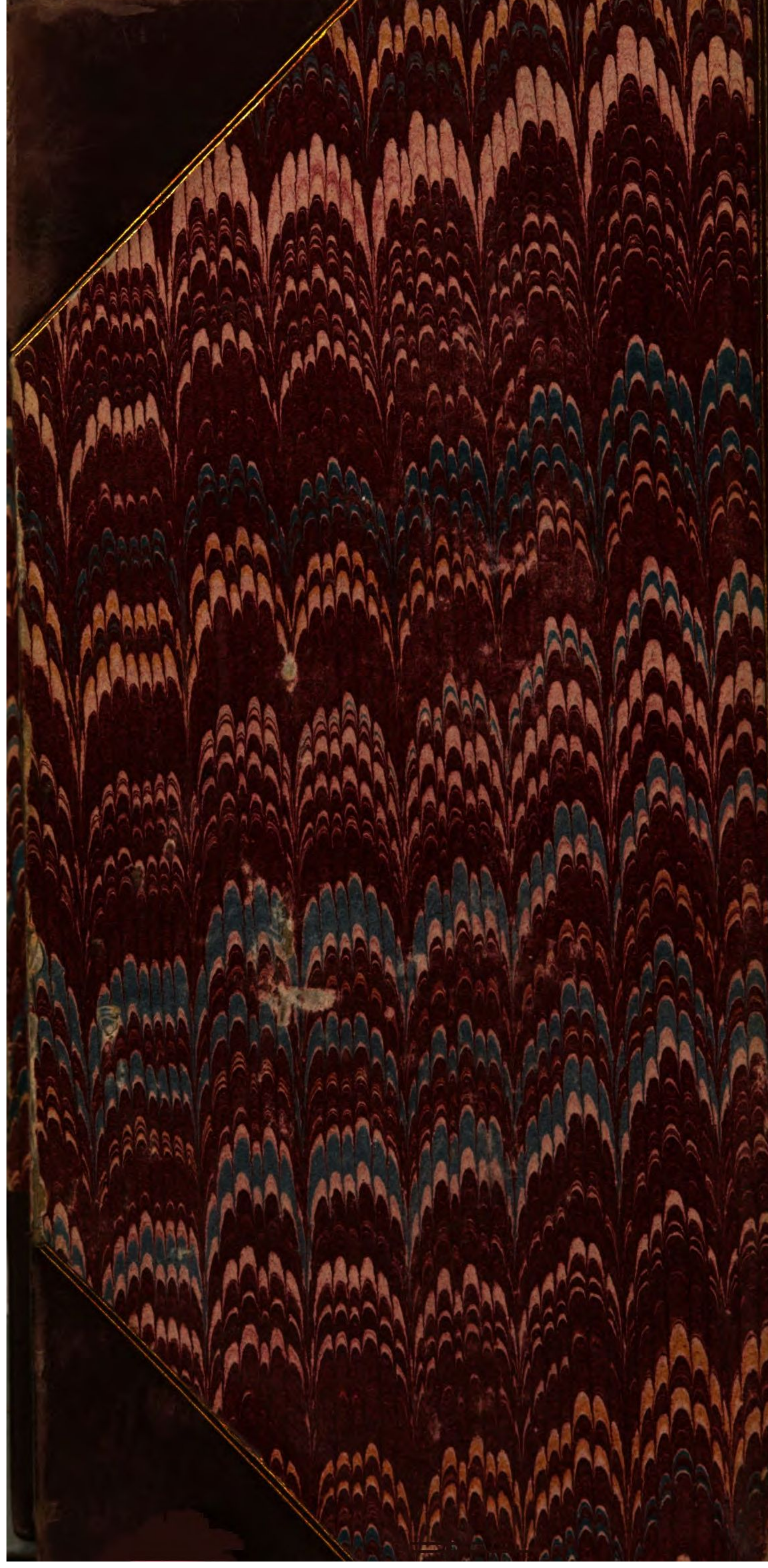
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